

The Devil's Own

David Sylvian

The night is dark and cold
The strong winds and the rain
Crack the branches upon my window
The devil beats his drum
Casting out his spell
Dragging all his own down into hell

The ticking of the clock
Inexorably goes on
The howling of the stray souls of heaven
The treasures of the cove
Where the traders stored their gold
Echo voices still dead to the world

Underneath the vine
Shaded by the leaves
I still hold you close to me
Beneath the open stars
Beneath the pillows and the sheets
I still hold you dear to me

The ticking of the clock
Surely sunrise won't be long
When darkness hides inside it's own shadow
The devil beats his drum
Casting out his name
Dragging all his own down into shame