

Crystal Wrists

Peter Murphy

I can't see the light. I'm thrown in disgust
They speak of feats... the housed forever
A howling wind changed my course
It blew me out of bounds so sore
All the walls, all the walls that bound me
Descending bleak and put upon

I chew my cheeks to wake up from
The vase grows bigger to my eyes
These eyes that snigger and despise
The wall grows taller up to doom

Shoes in my room, thrown in disgust
At how I fall to my worst
Of course you say you don't understand
Your words, your fiction, your crooked hands

But clearly now, I tell you man
That all I say is all I can
For I am nothing but my sin
Until I learn to cast them in

While young girls fangs and crystal wrists
Wait patiently for me to twist
I look away to distant rains
To water falls and honey days
And boys in black and blue rinse eyes
Gaze whistly at my slender thighs

I twist a shade to my right
And spit at beelzebub on sight
And go on loving all I see
For here I live on patiently
Clearly now, I tell you man
That all I say is all I can
For I am nothing but my sin
Until I learn to cast them in