

Saraband for Dead Lovers

Sex Gang Children

I dreamed a race, a Theban harvest, golden face broken
down
mother most scorned please take these flowers
Touch my face and tell me who I am
Fall asleep you timeless beings
Stand me straight, but don't blow me down
I learnt in the woods that all speech is related
Touch my face and I'll tell you who I am
When I sleep I wonder
Holy child stones come alive, I can see all that you see
The Saints that weep are the ones that I keep
Save us from the rain
Make believe all you believe, sweet and soul it's hard to
explain
Gravy for the brain
When I sleep, I wonder