

# Gone to Earth

**David Sylvian**

With a burning candle  
A book of holy things  
They'll throw you up against the wall  
Bind your hands with string Caught in the sudden shower  
Our host of heavenly kings  
They're all victims of circumstance  
Of ancient bells that bring All the fear in the world  
Naked and shy  
Down upon our heads  
With no reason, why? {It's so goes beyond being  
[Incomprehensible] enters this defined world}

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