

Blind Sublime

Peter Murphy

It looks a dream, I could conquer it
The soft hills and shores, beguiled and silent lights
It looks a dream and smells the same
I could conquer it and still feel sane
The soft hills and shores, beguiled and silent lights
The sun waits softly, we talk a lot
Too much to say, we're still too proud
It looks a dream and feels the same
I could conquer it and still feel sane
It looks a dream and smells the same
I submit to it and still feel sane
I submit to it and still feel sane
The people best are simple here
And thought escapes me, no judge, no fear
No burning fear, their eyes don't pierce
Slowly worked, smoke ringed arms
It's too hot to mention, slow worked
Slow smoked arms, luck turned an ear
I shout to time that nothing stays
Nothing lasts and damn to change
Though then I read a book a line
Which says we sleep in blind sublime
Deaf and dumb in human lands
To break and free needs different hands
To pull us to a different space
Where things are wider, out of place
It looks a dream and smells the same
I could conquer it and still feel sane
It looks a dream and smells the same
I'd submit to it and still feel sane
I'd submit to it and still feel sane
I'd submit to it and still feel sane

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