

# When Poets Dreamed Of Angels

David Sylvian

She rises early from bed  
Runs to the mirror  
The bruises inflicted in moments of furyHe kneels beside her once more  
Whispers a promise  
"Next time I'll break every bone in your body" And the well-wishers let the devil in  
And if the river ran dry they'd deny it happeningAs the card players deal their hands  
From the bottom of te deck  
Row upon row of feudal houses blown away  
Medicine for the popular complaintWhen the poets dreamed of angels  
What did they see?  
History lined up in a flash at their backsWhen the poets dreamed of angels  
What did they see?  
The bishops and knights well placed to attack

Songwriters

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