When Poets Dreamed Of Angels

David Sylvian

She rises early from bed, runs to the mirror
The bruises inflicted in moments of fury
He 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
If the river ran dry, they'd deny it happeningAs the card players deal their hands
From the bottom of the 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 backs
When the poets dreamed of angels, what did they see?
The bishops and knights well placed to attack

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