

# Blind Sublime (Demo)

Peter Murphy

It looks a dream  
And feels the same  
I could conquer it  
And still feel sane  
The soft hills and shores  
Beguiled and silent nights  
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 feels the same  
I could conquer it  
And still feel sane  
The people best  
Are simple here  
And thoughts escape me  
No fear, no judge  
No burning fear  
Their eyes don't pierce  
Slowly worked  
Smoke ringed arms  
It's too hot to mention  
Slowly worked  
Smoke ringed 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 like 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

Songwriters

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