

A Strange Kind of Love

Peter Murphy

A strange kind of love
A strange kind of feeling
Swims through your eyes
 And like the doors
 To a wide vast dominion
They open to your prizeThis is no terror ground
 Or place for the rage
No broken hearts, white wash lies
 Just a taste for the truth
 Perfect taste, choice and meaning
A look into your eyesBlind to the gemstone alone
 A smile from a frown circles round
 Should he stay or should he go?
 Let him shout a rage so strong
 A rage that knows no right or wrong
And take a little piece of youThere is no middle ground
 Or that's how it seems
 For us to walk or to take
 Instead we tumble down
 Either side left or right
 To love or to hate

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