

The Devil's Own

David Sylvian

The night is dark and cold, the strong winds and the rain
Crack the branches upon my window
The devil beats his drum casting out his spell
Dragging all his own down into hellThe ticking of the clock inexorably goes on
The howling of the stray souls of heaven
The treasures of the cove where the traders stored their gold
Echo voices still dead to the worldUnderneath the vine shaded by the leaves
I still hold you close to me beneath the open stars
Beneath the pillows and the sheets
I still hold you dear to meThe ticking of the clock, surely sunrise won't be long
When darkness hides inside it's own shadow
The devil beats his drum, casting out his name
Dragging all his own down into shame

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