

# 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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