

# Crystal Wrists

Peter Murphy

Crystal Wrists I can't see the light  
I'm thrown in disgust  
They speak of feats  
The housed forever  
A howling wind  
Changed my course  
It blew me out  
Of bounds so sore  
All the walls  
All the walls that bound me  
Descending bleak and put upon  
I chew my cheeks  
To wake up from  
The vase grows bigger  
To my eyes  
These eyes that snigger  
And despise  
The wall grows taller up to doom Shoes in my room  
Thrown in disgust  
At how I fall  
To my worst  
Of course you say  
You don't understand  
Your words your fiction  
Your crooked hands  
But clearly now  
I tell you man  
That all I say  
Is all I can  
For I am nothing  
But my sin  
Until I learn  
To caste them in While young girls fangs  
And crystal wrists  
Wait patiently  
For me to twist  
I look away  
To distant rains  
To water falls  
And honey days  
And boys in black  
And blue rinse eyes

Gaze whistly at my slender thighs I twist a shade to my right  
And spit at beelzebub on sight  
And go on loving all I see  
For here I live on patiently  
Clearly now I tell you man  
That all I say is all I can  
For I am nothing but my sin  
Until I learn to cast them in

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