Crystal Wrists

Peter Murphy

Crystal WristsI 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 doomShoes 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 inWhile 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 thighsI 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
Clerarly 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

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