

Firepower

David Sylvian & Robert Fripp

He beats the door and breaks his watch
Raids the fridge and eats the lot
No room for silence, pause of thought
To ease the hurt inside him They placed a barrel at his head
Raging blind and rising
Cursed by saints and all the rest
He can't stand up for trying Shot through with anger and desire
A mouth to feed, a room for hire
He drinks 'Goodbyes', the bottle dry
Brutalized but smiling Causing casualties by the hour
Outweighed by stars and firepower Causing casualties by the hour
Way laid by stars and firepower
He beats the door and breaks the lock
Afraid to sleep he won't let up
No room for silence, pause or thought
To ease the hurt inside him

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