

Before the Bullfight

David Sylvian

I hear your voice
Way down inside.
A whispering sea
Of towering trees;
But no reply.
A silence so rare,
And more than I can stand.
Sweeps like a flood,
Through life's flesh and blood,
And steals away with it's heart.
If I'm losing you,
Then there's nothing more that I can say.
The fighting is on,
And battles are won,
Or thrown away.
But if I could live,
Safe and sound,
In God given fields,
Or mountains of steel;
Then here I'd stay.
Till you'd gone.
Guilty of stealing
Every thought I own.
I will take my turn
To fight the bullfight.
Every word's sunk in deep,
Like the blades of a knife through my heart,
But my strength will return
To fight the bullfight.
As time's come to show,
I'm told nothing more than I should know.
A ship on the sea that threatens to leave,
But never goes.
This island of blue,
Where life clings to your hands
Like water and sand,
Will lose it's way
When you're gone.
When all's forgiven,
Still every fault's my own,
I will take my turn
To fight the bullfight.
Say a prayer for my release,
When every hope in the world is asleep,
And my strength will return
To fight the bullfight.