

## Sleepwalkers

David Sylvian

Your poetry describing me  
It doesn't come close  
You work the handle  
You smear and turn  
But you come no closer to meaning

It's your vanity  
That's obvious  
It embarrasses  
Those that adore you  
But who's gonna talk  
Oh how it'll hurt  
You were always unstable  
But you've gotten worse

You looked into mirrors  
Where death was at work  
Of that you were certain  
But it was all surface  
And surface is numb

Something to wake us  
From cultural slumbers  
You fucking sleepwalkers  
Go on and sleep

Go on and sleep

This is tomorrow  
The underglimmering  
And everything that dies  
The underglimmering

Something to wake us  
From cultural slumbers  
You fucking sleepwalkers  
Go on and sleep

You hang behind me  
On the ladder of my spine