

# WING

Duran Duran

She'll never know what's eating me alive  
A hungry demi-god that will not be denied  
I am foundering on the absence  
Of desire meant for me  
Laid bare imagination for all to see

Where does she sleep?  
And where does sleep find she?  
Maybe I want my bitter visions to come real  
On a pilgrimage of lusting  
That should've come my way  
But my mind, it is a gaol called Jealousie

On a wing of innocence fly me out of here  
Surrendered faith but I'm holding dread  
And I pray to consequence if my voice you hear  
For a better man to be in my head

I'll never show the knife that's deep inside  
How with its twist the more it cuts away at pride  
Like a rabid dog at communion  
That we could not hide away  
The family's secret bloodstained history

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