

And the ton shot up through the dome of a church
And the tone roared down to the crypt
And the tone danced over the Thames and filled a thousand pains
with stars and the splinters led to the tune of a thousand sca
rs

I would rather (?) that can sting the heart in a way I can unde
rstand
Than this London roar, as an open soar, and a newborn baby in m
y hand