

Lay My Love

John Cale

I am the crow of desperation
I need no fact or validation
I spin relentless variation
I scramble in the dust of a failing nation
I was concealed
Now I am stirring
And I have waited for this time

I am the termite of temptation
I multiply and fly my population
I am the wheel I am the turning
And I will lay my love around you

I am the sea of permutation
I live beyond interpretation
I scramble all the names and the combinations
I penetrate the walls of explanation
I am the will
I am the burning
And I will lay my love around you

I am the will
I am the yearning
And I will lay my love around you