Vision

Peter Hammill

I have a vision of you, locked inside my head;
it creeps upon my mind, and warms me in my bed...
A vision shimering, shifting
moving in false firelight;
a vision of a vision,
protecting me from fear at night,
as the seasons roll on, and my love stays strong.
I don't know where you end, and where it is that I begin.
You simply open my mind, and the memories flood on in.
I remember waking up, with you arms around me;
I remember losing myself
and finding that you'd found me,
as the seasons roll on, and my love stays strong.
Be my child, be my lover, swallow me up in your fire-glow.
Take my tongue, take my torment, take my hand and don't let go.
Let me live in your life,
for you make it all seem to matter;
Let me die in your arms,
so the vision may never shatter...
The seasons roll on;
my love stays strong.

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