

# Creme De La Creme

**Peter Murphy**

We joined this land  
Where they paint the ice  
To find the new  
We thrown saturn dice  
We dream in gold  
And Simurg blue  
Crème de la Crème  
It's to death adieu

Now, we're laying  
On new waves  
Our guns have lost  
Their victims' names  
Our concrete minds  
Have turned to dust  
Angelic police  
Have killed our lust

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Tidal overflow  
Reads the sign  
The secret soul  
Is all that shines  
We sing our praise  
In model tones  
And Dorian's mirror  
We do not own

We're being lit by  
The shining One  
Out of ourselves  
To ourselves we've gone  
We click the heels  
Of our glitter, red shoes  
Crème de la Crème  
It's to death adieu

[illegible]

Out of ourselves  
Out of ourselves  
Out of ourselves  
Out of ourselves

Oo  
The secret soul  
The secret soul  
The secret soul  
Oo  
Oo  
Oo