Leonard Cohen "The Throne Of Desire"

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(Written By Cohen, Performed In "Night Magic")

(Michael) Their bodies Triumphant Their power unfurled I know I am nothing And women the world!

A slave to their favours Their no and their yes I'm crushed in the crease Of a cotton dress

And I'm dead except In their company And I'm only at rest When they motion to me

And night after night
I turn to myself
And I raise them
Out of my panic
And they come to me
Willing at last
Inflamed and fast
Mutual and graphic.

And suddenly they drill my heart
With cavities of absence
And they cover their thighs
With cellophane
And they cover their breasts
With a shadow
And they nail my good right hand
To a wall in the attic

O take me away From the thorns and the fire And let me recline On the Throne of Desire

From the Throne of Desire I make this solemn decree

Every woman I want Will want, will want, will want Will more than want me!

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