

David Sylvian "Sleepwalkers"

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Your poetry describing me
It doesn't come close
You work the handle
You smear and turn
But you come no closer to meaning

It's your vanity
That's obvious
It embarrasses
Those that adore you
But who's gonna talk
Oh how it'll hurt
You were always unstable
But you've gotten worse

You looked into mirrors
Where death was at work
Of that you were certain
But it was all surface
And surface is numb

Something to wake us
From cultural slumbers
You fucking sleepwalkers
Go on and sleep

Go on and sleep

This is tomorrow

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