

Murphy Peter

"Blind Sublime"

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It looks a dream
And feels the same
I could conquer it
And still feel sane
The soft hills and shores
Beguiled and silent nights
The sun waits softly
We talk a lot
Too much to say
We're still too proud
It looks a dream
And feels the same
I could conquer it
And still feel sane
(Repeat X 1)
The people best
Are simple here
And thoughts escape me
No fear, no judge
No burning fear

Their eyes don't pierce

Slowly worked

Smoke ringed arms

It's too hot to mention

Slowly worked

Smoke ringed arms

Luck turned an ear

I shout to time that nothing stays

Nothing lasts and damn to change

Though then I read a book a line

Which says we sleep in blind sublime

Deaf and dumb in human lands

To break and free needs different hands

To pull us to a different space

Where things are wider, out of place

It looks a dream

And smells the same

I could conquer it

And still feel sane

It looks like a dream

And smells the same

I'd submit to it

And still feel sane

I'd submit to it

And still feel sane

I'd submit to it

And still feel sane

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