

**Murphy Peter****"Shy"**

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One day

You will be the one

To say I'm sick of empty fun

It means if your faith is strong

It means you are no longer astray

See I see all the light

It comes straight from the sun

And I want to get near

So I can be clear

Soon I will

Merge with the one

Soon I will

Be with the love

One day

When the lights turn green

There is no time

This love I thirst

Don't get shy

Don't get caught

With the world

And its thoughts

I'm not asking for worship

Or lazy sleazy thoughts

Soon I will

Merge with the one

Soon I will

Be with the Ivoe

One day

When the light turns green

There is no time

This love I thirst

Don't get shy

Don't get caught

With the world

And its thoughts

I'm not asking for worship

Or lazy sleazy thoughts

(The Sister of Sleep)

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He was thought of as strange

A good looking man

And shallow eyes

Like two hidden from view and

Empty puddles of hue

His views on death

Spread like two anecdotal tales

Although he reclining declining  
To disclose in public  
These opinions in public  
The tales held the key  
Death is the surname of sleep  
But the surname unknown to us  
Sleep is the daily end of life  
A small exercise in death  
Which is it's sister  
But not every brother and sister  
Are equally close  
Giving to the enemy  
A small exercise in submission  
And holding onto nothing  
He was thought of as strange  
A good looking man  
And shallow eyes  
Like two hidden from view  
And empty puddles of hue  
His views on death.  
One day  
You will be the one  
To say  
I'm sick of empty fun  
It means  
If your faith is strong

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You are no longer astray

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