

Peter Murphy

"Crème de la Crème"

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We joined this land, where they paint the ice

To the new: we thrown saturn dice

We dream in gold and simurg blue CrÃ©me de la
CrÃ©me-it's to death

Adieu now we're laying on new waves our guns have

Lost thier victims' names

Our concrete minds have turned to dust angelic police
have killed our lust

(Now we're laying on new waves our guns have lost
thier victims' names our
Concrete minds have turned to dust angelic police
have killed our lust)

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 CrÃ©me de la CrÃ©me --
it's

To death adieu)

(Instrumental)...

Now we're laying...

On new waves...

Our guns have lost

Thier victims names...

Out of ourselves (4x)

Out of ourselves (4x)

Out of ourselves (4x)

(Instrumental)...

[The|seÂ•cret|soul]

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