

Peter Murphy

"I'll Fall With Your Knife"

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To the crowd
To the world
You were so dry
And with the token bird I made
Send it to fly right to your side
With the broken wing you sailed
Oh like winter in July
A barren river wide
I'll pray for the flood
To wash on you
It's here I'll be with you

Well if the birds can reach the sky
To this land I'll be with you
'Til the sun bursts from your side
With my hands I reach to you
When you think your chance is passing by
When you blow your moon away
I'll bleed like the reed
Fall with your knife
It's here I'll be with you

I'll fall

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