

Divine Comedy, The "Death Of A Supernaturalist"

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"My father says there's only one perfect view
and that's the view of the sky over our heads"
"I expect your father has been reading Dante"

See my solitude, where once was truth now only doubt
Touch my tortured skin, torn from within and from
without
Kiss my blistered lips, my fingertips frost-bitten and
grey
Heal my wound within, and watch the dead skin fall
away

See what can't be seen, between the table and tha chair
Touch what can't be touched, The National Trust don't
own
the air.
Kiss what can't be kissed, this is the risk we have to
take
Heal what can't be healed, and feel the dead skin fall
away

Only you and I exactly know how it feels
To unblinker a narrow mind
And by doing so reveal the obscurity of life
The intensity of dreams
Only you and I have realised exactly what it means

See the infant sun, whose time has come to climb the
mist
Touch the autumn sky, burned by the supernaturalist
Kiss the purest lips, the morning slips into the day
Rising from the bed, we feel our dead skin fall away

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