

Gone to Earth

David Sylvian

With a burning candle,
A book of holy things,
They'll throw you up against the wall;
Bind your hands with string.
Caught in the sudden shower,
Our host of heavenly Kings,
They're all victims of circumstance,
Of ancient bells that bring.
All the fear in the world, naked and shy,
Down upon our heads, with no reason why.
And though voices may holler,
For all they're worth.
The rabbits have fled their burrows,
Gone to earth.