

The Shadow of Heaven

Money

Don't you think we're something like God?
Angry, tempestuous, human?
We suffer from wide-eyed loneliness
In the sky
I have walked in Heaven
So must talk in Hell
The cruelty of godliness within us
Is his loneliness
Take me wherever you will go, far
To your mind, to your mine, to your street and to your son
Where the cars, and the eyes, and the people are on fire
And your god cries love
I'm going out into madness to wander
I'm going to build a cell up in the sky
And when the world it swims inside of me
Then I'm going to drown
My girl screams in the company of her bedsheets
Whilst I speak with angel in the bar
I'll meet you in the shadow of Heaven
Tomorrow, or in some other life