

## A Strange Kind Of Love

Peter Murphy

A strange kind of love  
A strange kind of feeling  
Swims through your eyes  
And like the doors  
To a wide vast dominion  
They open to your prize

This is no terror ground  
Or place for the rage  
No broken hearts  
White wash lies  
Just a taste for the truth  
Perfect taste choice and meaning  
A look into your eyes

Blind to the gemstone alone  
A smile from a frown circles round  
Should he stay or should he go  
Let him shout a rage so strong  
A rage that knows no right or wrong  
And take a little piece of you

There is no middle ground  
Or that's how it seems  
For us to walk or to take  
Instead we tumble down  
Either side left or right  
To love or to hate