

## Blind Sublime

Peter Murphy

It looks a dream, I could conquer it  
The soft hills and shores, beguiled and silent lights

It looks a dream and smells the same  
I could conquer it and still feel sane  
The soft hills and shores, beguiled and silent lights  
The sun waits softly, we talk a lot  
Too much to say, we're still too proud

It looks a dream and feels the same  
I could conquer it and still feel sane  
It looks a dream and smells the same  
I submit to it and still feel sane  
I submit to it and still feel sane

The people best are simple here  
And thought escapes me, no judge, no fear  
No burning fear, their eyes don't pierce  
Slowly worked, smoke ringed arms  
It's too hot to mention, slow worked  
Slow smoked arms, luck turned an ear

I shout to time that nothing stays  
Nothing lasts and damn to change  
Though then I read a book a line  
Which says we sleep in blind sublime

Deaf and dumb in human lands  
To break and free needs different hands  
To pull us to a different space  
Where things are wider, out of place

It looks a dream and smells the same  
I could conquer it and still feel sane

It looks a dream and smells the same  
I'd submit to it and still feel sane  
I'd submit to it and still feel sane  
I'd submit to it and still feel sane