

I'll Fall With Your Knife

Peter Murphy

To the crowd to the world you were so dry
And with a token bird I made sent it to fly
Right to your side with a broken wing you sail
Oh like winter in July a barren river wide
I'll pray for the flood to wash on you it's here, I'll be with
you

Well if the birds can reach the sky to this land
I'll be with you till the sun bursts from your side
With my hands I reach to you when you think your chance is pass
ing by
When you blow your moon away I'll bleed like the reed
Fall with your knife it's here I'll be with you

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Oh like winter in July a barren river wide
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It's here, I'll be with you, oh
I'll fall, I'll fall, I'll fall, I'll fall
I'll fall, I'll fall, I'll fall, I'll fall, oh