

The First Stone

Peter Murphy

My white visions continue
This younger skin's outgrown old ways
Given what I need
I'm listening to how the silent sway

Still there'll be poison pens
And that pick of bones
Still a stand to cast
The first stone
Still there'll be poison pens
And that pick of old bones
Still a stand to cast
The first stone

Check the day out
The human race is doing time
Locked in some flimsy cage
Made of the stuff of the free will kind

Hear my heart-smash
My self made throne
Hoping not to cast
That first stone
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That first stone