

# 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  
Hear my heart-smash  
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That first stone