

Uneven & Brittle

Peter Murphy

I stay away when you burn me like fire
I'm unmatched as I'm lazy, you spit as you say
I get crushed by my dreams that I clawed and begged for

It's myself I deceive
I got all I asked for
If I wait in deep sleep
There's nothing there to pray for
Uneven and brittle
Is there fruit on our tree?

Those altered dreams that I saw there now look back at us crack
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And loving care notions break as they retract
It's the morning here now, there's some peace, but no laughter

It's myself I deceive
I got all I asked for
If I wait in deep sleep
There's nothing there to pray for
Uneven and brittle
Is there fruit on our tree?

The spirit master from whom we spent
I sit now & see, all mine was pretence

Eh
Eh

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