

# Brendan Perry, The Captive Heart

The old clock is ticking now  
Marks the space between us  
Your memory enshrouds my heart  
For I am held a captive

Sometimes my soul desires  
To take leave of this old world  
To spread these golden wings and fly  
To the city of angels

But then if I close my eyes  
I can see you standing there  
Your face in permanence smiles  
Your lips a chalice

Seems like I've loved you all my life  
Never thought I'd find you  
Some day the muse may lend these words wings  
So I can touch you

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But hey!  
Don't worry if the feeling's not strong for you  
I have lived my life in accordance  
To the windfalls of passion  
Though I know how it feels  
To be loved and then forgotten

I have seen too many men  
Driven insane by their distractions