

Bright Eyes, Arc Of Time

You can make a plan
Carve it into stone
Like a feather falling
That is still unknown

Until the clock speaks up
Says its time to go
You can choose the high
Or the lower road

You might clench your fist
You might fork your tongue
As you curse or praise
All the things youve done

And the faders move
And the music dies
As we pass over
On the arc of time

So youll nurse your love
like a wounded dove
in the covered cage of night
Every star is crossed
by phrenetic thoughts
they separate and then collide
and they twist like sheets
til you fall asleep
and they finally unwind
its a black balloon,
its a dream youll soon
deny

I hear if you make friends
With Jesus Christ
Youll get right up
From that chalk outline

And then you'll get dolled up
And you'll dress in white
All to take your place
In his chorus line

And then in youll come
With those marching drums
In a saintly compromise
No more whiskey slurs
No more blonde hair girls
For your whole eternal life
And youll do the dance
That was choreographed
At the very dawn of time
Singing I told you son,
The day would come,
You would die, you die, you die, you die

To the deepest part
Of the human heart
The fear of death expands
til we crack the code,
weve always known
But could never understand
On a circuit board
Well soon be born

Again, again, again, again