## 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