

October Project, Sunday Morning Yellow Sky

(When the darkness falls like a curtain
And the night ahead is a long and uncertain dream
Beyond the loss and the hope of redemption)

At the broken heart of the city
Where the hollow light of day never reaches in
A man can break down and fall into pieces
He will fall asleep like a baby
And the unforgiving arms of the cradle
Rock as hard as the face of the city pavement
Hide your eyes
Hide your eyes

He can see the face of a lover
In the lonely face of the angel above him
Carved into the stone that is changing around him
He can feel her breathing inside him
And the unforgiving visions deny him
Life can only be what a man can make it
Hide your eyes
Hide your eyes

Sunday morning
Yellow sky
The sun is floating diamond high
Hours passing
A baby cries
In the arms of someone you imagine
Close your eyes
This is your lullaby
Close your eyes
This is your lullaby

He can feel his skin like a prison
Like a dying cage he struggles to live inside
He tries to call out but nobody hears him
At the ragged edge of the silence
In the calm that only comes with the violent sleep
Inside the heart and the hope of redemption
Hide your eyes
Hide your eyes

In the heart of someone you imagine
Close your eyes
This is your lullaby
Close your eyes
This is your lullaby

(Down, down, down
Would the fall never come to an end?
Wonder how many miles I've fallen
Must be somewhere near the centre of the earth
How funny it will seem to come out among the people
Who walk with their heads downwards
Down, down, down
Down, down, down
Would the fall never come to an end?)