

# Peter Murphy, Indigo Eyes 98

Fire burning in a hill  
The lines are rocky rough  
Red angels wait to pick remains  
The cindered shoulder  
Of confused men  
Seperate from their awe  
With grey desire  
He looks out mad  
His soft grey indigo eyes  
Indigo eyes  
Asking

His heaven is uncovered not  
A black tree blocks his way  
His way is skating round a dome  
His way is in dismay  
The playmate sings  
Like Orphee in some thunder world  
Asking to be bathed in light  
To be exemplified  
Like Orphee in some thunder world  
Asking to be bathed in light  
To be exemplified

With grey desire he looks out mad  
His soft grey indigo eyes

Saw his past  
He had dug for trust  
With blind infected hands  
And wondered as the hurt bit hard  
Why the sacred weren't at hand  
Only when his ears were deaf  
To the angels light burst waves  
Only when his ears were deaf  
Did life turn from fog to fog  
But not evil but estranged  
But not evil but estranged

Indigo eyes, Indigo eyes  
Indigo eyes, Indigo eyes

With grey desire  
He looks out mad  
His soft grey  
Indigo eyes  
Indigo eyes