

# Scott Walker, Rhymes Of Goodbye

I've come from far from chains, From metal and stone  
From makeshift designs, And seeking a star

To grab for the truth, To keep myself warm  
I turn and it's gone gone, You smile and it's born

The rhymes of our women's, A river that never ends  
The Rhymes of Dimension, Surrounds us with fire and friends  
And roaring through darkness  
The Night children fly  
I still hear them singing the rhymes of goodbye...

There's nothing within, but within says a voice  
That's still my Empire, And I've got a choice

It's healers of death, It still got a fire  
And I keep it burning, with hands of desire

The bells of our senses can cost us our pride  
Can toll out the boundaries that level our lives

Can slash like the sunlight through shadows and cracks  
Our nakedness calling, Our nakedness back

The rhyme of our passions, Find beauty in loving love  
The rhyme of our madness, Burn cities and push'n'shoves  
And roaring through darkness  
The Night children fly  
I still hear them singing the rhymes of goodbye...