

Bright Eyes, A Scale, A Mirror And Those Indifferent

Here is a scale. Weigh it out and you'll find, easily,
more than sufficient doubt that these colors, you see
were picked in advance by some careful hand
with an absolute concept of beauty.
They are smeared and these blurs come in random order
and they color the eyes of your former lovers.
Hers were green like July,
except when she cried they were red.
Now I know a disease that these doctors can't treat.
You contract on the day you accept all you see
is a mirror and a mirror is all it can be.
A reflection of something we're missing.
And language just happened. It was never planned.
And it's inadequate to describe where I am
in the room of my house where the light's never been
waiting for this day to end.
And these clocks keep unwinding and completely ignore
everything that we hate or adore.
Once the page of a calendar is turned it's no more.
So tell me then, what was it for?
Oh tell me, what was it for?