

Bright Eyes, Arienette

The fragile keep secrets, gathered in pockets,
and they will sell them for nothing a cheap watch or locket
that kind of gold washes off.

The sad act like lepers, they stick to the shadows
and long to ring bells of warning to tell of their coming
so that the pure can shut their doors.

The angry are animals senseless and savage.

They act without order in logical lapses,
they stain their mouths with blood.

So take my hand, this barren land is alive tonight.

The corn has grown stalks that form a wall too high.

The wind carries sounds that I can't see from beyond that line.

Then the stalks begin to sway

oh stay with me Arienette until the wolves are away.

Yeah

Well the wicked are vultures, and they bake in the canyons.

They circle in sunlight and wait for their victims
to collapse and call to them.

And the desperate are water. They will run down forever
as they soak into silence mend up together,
in a dark and distant, dark and distant place.

So don't leave me here with only mirrors watching me.

This house it holds nothing but the memories.

And the moon it leaves silver but never sleep.

And then the silver turns to gray

so stay with me Arienette until the wolves are away.