

Lou Reed, The Valley Of Unrest

[Spoken Track]

[Rowena:]

Far away far away
Are not all lovely things far away
As far at least lies that valley
as the bedridden sun in the luminous east
The paralyzed mountains, the sickly river
Are not all things lovely far away
Are not all things lovely far away

It is a valley where time is not interrupted
Where its history shall not be interpreted
Stories of satan's dart of angel wings
Unhappy things
Within the valley of unrest

The sun ray dripped all red
The dell was silent
All the people having gone to war
Leaving no interrogator to mind
the willful looting the pale past knowledge
The sly mysterious stars
The unguarded flowers leaning
The tulips overhead paler
The terror stricken sky
Rolling like a waterfall
over the horizon's fiery wall
A visage full of meaning

How the unhappy shall confess
As Roderick watches like a human eye
While violets and lilies wave
Like banners in the sky
Hovering over and above a grave
As dew drops on the freshly planted eternal dew
Coming down in gems
There's no use to pretend
Though gorgeous clouds fly
Roderick, like the human eye has closed forever
Far away far away

Roderick, whatever thy image may be
Roderick, no magic shall sever the music from thee
Thou hast bound many eyes in a dreamy sleep
Oh tortured day
The strains still arrive
I hear the bells
I have kept my vigilance
Rain dancing in the rhythm of a shower
Over what guilty spirit to not hear the beating
To not hear the beating heart
But only tears of perfect moan
Only tears of perfect moan