

Cleanse Song

Bright Eyes

Hear the chimes, did you know that the wind, when it blows
It is older than Rome and all of this sorrow
See the new pyramids, down in old Manhattan
From the roof of a friend's, I watched an empire ending
Heard it loud and long, the river's Om
Time marching on to a madman's drum Don't forget what you've learned, all you give is returned
And if life seems absurd, what you need is some laughter
And a season to sleep and a place to get clean
Maybe Los Angeles, somewhere no one's expecting On a detox loft, through a Glendale Park, over sidewalk
chalk
Someone wrote in red, "Start over"
So I muffled my scream on an Oxnard beach
Full of fever dreams that scare you sober into salt-less dinners Take the fruit from the tree, break the skin with
your teeth
Is it bitter or sweet? All depends on your timing
Like a meeting of chance with the train station glance
Many lifetimes had past In a instant, reminded of a millstone house
In a seaside town when your heart gave out in a mission bed
So your wife gave birth to a funeral dirge
As you woke up purged as a wailing infant
In Krug Thep, Thailand Hear the chimes, did you know that the wind, when it blows
It is older than Rome and our joy and our sorrow

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