

Indigo Eyes (Single edit)

Peter Murphy

Fire burning in a hill
The lines are rocky rough
Red angels wait to pick remains
The cindered shoulder
Of confused menseparate from their awe
With grey desire
He looks out mad
His soft grey indigo eyesIndigo eyesAskingHis heaven is uncovered not
A black tree blocks his way
His way is skating round a dome
(His way is in dismay)The playmate singsLike Orphee in some thunder world
Asking to be bathed in light
To be exemplifiedWith grey desire he looks out mad
His soft grey indigo eyesSaw his past
He had dug for trust
With blind infected handsAnd wondered as the hurt bit hard
Why the sacred weren't at handOnly when his ears were deaf
To the angels light burst waves
Only when his ears were deafDid life turn from fog to fog
But not evil but estranged
But not evil but estrangedIndigo eyes, Indigo eyes
Indigo eyes, Indigo eyesWith grey desire
He looks out mad
His soft greyIndigo eyes
Indigo eyes

Songwriters

MURPHY, PETER JOHN / STATHAM, PAULPublished by

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