

Dark Eyes

Weyland

Oh, the gentlemen are talking and the midnight moon is on the riverside

They're drinking up and walking and it is time for me to slide

I live in another world where life and death are memorized

Where the earth is strung with lover's pearls and all I see are dark eyes.

A cock is crowing far away and another soldier's deep in prayer

Some mother's child has gone astray, she can't find him anywhere

But I hear another rum beating for the dead that rise

Whom nature's beast fear as they come and all I see are dark eyes.

They tell me to be discreet for all intended purposes

They tell me revenge is sweet, I'm sure it is

But I feel nothing for their game, where beauty goes unrecognized

All I feel is heat and flame, and all I see are dark eyes.

Oh, the French girl, she's in paradise and a drunken man is at the wheel

Hunger pays a heavy prize to the falling god of speed and steel

Oh, time is short and the days are sweet and passion rules the arrow that flies

A million faces at my feet but all I see are dark eyes.

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