Turn The Bells

White Lies

The market-place has nothing to sell
Left alone it's awnings shiver
Wind whistles through the wood
Fish teeth snapping in a river
Peaks puncture the sky
Like a child's icy toes
Dipped in a stream
That a few of us know
And the cloud just a ripple
A shock from the impact
Shadows on the streets
Look like veils at morning
Ice blots in the stone cracks
Where tears must have fallen
Oil by the bucket feeds
Flares to the heavens
Offerings of incense
Small bills and lemons
Drumbeats in the caves
And heartbeats in the huts
Protectors unveiled
For the first time in months
You find some best friends
We'll hold each other
And I'll turn the bells
I'll turn the bells
You find some best friends
We'll hold each other
And I'll turn the bells
I'll turn the bells
The storm clouds pass
And everything's for sale
The chattering of rapids
And bartering of sunset
Beads crunch like bones
Through fingers and knuckles
Poor hams pick cheap quartz
In the quarries and cliff-edge
A group of sandalwood trees

With clotted blood colored bark
Candle-lit teeth
Half-moon smiles in the dark
The biker gang smoking
On the edge of the lake
The smoke like white horses
A white-eyed mistake
There's spirits in the water
Like photos in a box
They're torn by the current
And crushed by the rocks
You find some best friends
We'll hold each other
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