

# From A Balance Beam

## Bright Eyes

There is a man holding a megaphone  
He must have been the voice of God  
The bystanders claimed they saw Angels  
Flying up and down the block They must have been attached to wires  
I'd seen one laying in the lawn  
With a broken arm, so I called 911 Well, that's one less founded opinion  
One more cause for a dispute  
So the street filled, like a basin  
Up with cameras and their crews And they washed away the rumors  
Leaving just the concrete truth  
It was a spectacle  
No, I, I mean a miracle So then I fell like that girl from a balance beam  
A gymnasium of eyes all were holding on to me  
I lifted one foot to cross the other and I felt myself slipping  
It was a small mistake, sometimes that is all it takes Now I'm staring at my wrist, hoping that the time is right  
When the planets will align, there will be no planets to align  
Just the carcass of the sun  
And little painted marbles spinning senseless  
Through an endless black sky It was in a foreign hotel's bathtub, I baptized myself in change  
And one by one I drowned all of the people I had been  
I emerged to find the parallels were fewer, I was cleansed  
I looked in the mirror and someone new was there But, I was as helpless as a chess piece  
When I was lifted up by someone's hand  
And delivered from the corner, my enemies had got me in  
But in all of my salvation I still felt imprisoned inside  
That holding cell that is myself So I wait for the day when I'll hear the key  
As it turns in the lock and the guard will say to me  
"Oh my patient prisoner, you waited for this day and finally  
You are free, you are free, you are freezing" Now I'm staring at the sun, waiting for it to explode  
This day is gonna come, don't know when but it will come  
And we will finally know the way out of here And I will throw away this wrinkled map  
And my chart of stars and compass, cracked  
And I'll climb out that tree all wet with sap  
To avoid the hungry beasts below I'll cut out my lover's tongue and sing  
Of a graveyard gray and a garden green  
And then we won't have to worry no more  
No, we won't have to until again About how this song or story ends  
About how this song and story will end

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