

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 riverPeaks puncture the sky
Like a child's icy toes
Dipped in a stream
That a few of us knowAnd the cloud just a ripple
A shock from the impactShadows on the streets
Look like veils at morning
Ice blots in the stone cracks
Where tears must have fallenOil by the bucket feeds
Flares to the heavens
Offerings of incense
Small bills and lemonsDrumbeats in the caves
And heartbeats in the huts
Protectors unveiled
For the first time in monthsYou find some best friends
We'll hold each other
And I'll turn the bells
I'll turn the bellsYou find some best friends
We'll hold each other
And I'll turn the bells
I'll turn the bellsThe storm clouds pass
And everything's for sale
The chattering of rapids
And bartering of sunsetBeads crunch like bones
Through fingers and knuckles
Poor hams pick cheap quartz
In the quarries and cliff-edgeA group of sandalwood trees
With clotted blood colored bark
Candle-lit teeth
Half-moon smiles in the darkThe biker gang smoking
On the edge of the lake
The smoke like white horses
A white-eyed mistakeThere's spirits in the water
Like photos in a box
They're torn by the current
And crushed by the rocksYou find some best friends
We'll hold each other

And I'll turn the bells
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