

Indigo Eyes

Peter Murphy

Fire burning in a hill
The lines are rocky rough
Red angels wait to pick remains
The cindered shoulder
Of confused men
Separate from them, their awe
With gray desire
He looks out mad
His soft gray indigo eyes
Indigo eyes, asking
His heaven is uncovered not
A black tree blocks his way
His way is skating round a dome
His way is in dismay
The playmate sings
Like Orphee in some thunder world
Asking to be bathed in light
To be exemplified
Like Orphee in some thunder world
Asking to be bathed in light
To be exemplified
With gray desire
He looks out mad
His soft gray indigo eyes
Indigo eyes
Saw his past
He had dug for trust
With blind infected hands
And wondered as the hurt bit hard
Why the sacred weren't at hand
Only when his ears were deaf
To the angels light burst waves
Only when his ears were deaf
Did life turn from fog to fog
But not evil but estranged
But not evil but estranged
Indigo eyes
Indigo eyes
Indigo eyes
With gray desire
He looks out mad
His soft gray, indigo eyes
Indigo eyes

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