

# Arienne (Radio 1 Session, 10 May 2001)

## Bright Eyes

The fragile keep secrets  
Gathered in pockets  
And they will sell them for nothing.  
A cheap watch or locket  
That kind of gold washes off. And the sad act like lepers,  
They stick to the shadows,  
They long to ring bells of warning  
To tell of their coming  
So that the pure can shut their doors. The angry are animals,  
Senseless and savage,  
They act without order  
In logical lapses,  
They stain their mouths with blood.  
So take my hand,  
This barren land is alive tonight.  
Oh, the corn has grown stalks  
That form a wall to hide.  
But the wind carries sounds  
That I can't see from beyond that line.  
Then the stalks begin to sway...  
Oh, stay with me, Arienne,  
Until the wolves are away. The wicked are vultures  
And they bake in the canyons,  
They circle in sunlight  
And wait for their victims  
To collapse and call to them. The desperate are water,  
They'll run down forever  
And soak into silence,  
And end up together.  
In a dark and distant, dark and distant place,  
So don't leave me here with only mirrors watching me.  
This house, it holds nothing but the memories,  
And the moon, it leaves silver but never sleep.  
And then the silver turns to gray...  
Oh stay with me, Arienne,  
Until the wolves are away.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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