

Rhymes Of Goodbye

[Scott Walker](#)

I've come from far from chains, From metal and stone
From makeshift designs, And seeking a star To grab for the truth, To keep myself warm
I turn and it's gone gone, You smile and it's born The rhymes of our women's, A river that never ends
The Rhymes of Dimension, Surrounds us with fire and friends
And roaring through darkness
The Night children fly
I still hear them singing the rhymes of goodbye There's nothing within, but within says a voice
That's still my Empire, And I've got a choice It's healers of death, It still got a fire
And I keep it burning, with hands of desire The bells of our senses can cost us our pride
Can toll out the boundaries that level our lives Can slash like the sunlight through shadows and cracks
Our nakedness calling, Our nakedness back The rhyme of our passions, Find beauty in loving love
The rhyme of our madness, Burn cities and push'n'shoves
And roaring through darkness
The Night children fly
I still hear them singing the rhymes of goodbye

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