Ode To Sad Disco

Mark Lanegan

The sun?s tolling bell
subterranean eyes
a thousand to one
the factory line
stars outside the window flicker and shine
the hollow headed morning isn?t blind
a mountain of nails burn in your hands
here i give all i am
gloria
i get down on my knees
further from my own
a tower of stones
sympathy?s shade
ride a white horse
the drowned on parade
a diamond headed serpent climbs a vine
see all the lonely children lose their minds
a mountain of dust burns in your mouth

here there?s no north, just south
gloria
i get down on my knees
further from my own
thirst swollen tongue
an arcadian twist
the sleepwalk is done
yet the notion persists
cars outside the window careening by
the hollow headed morning is unkind
gloria
i get down on my knees
further from my own
under a cliff
darkness denied
here i have seen the light
here i have seen the light

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