

Arc of Time (Time Code)

Bright Eyes

You can make a plan
Carve it into stone
Like a feather falling
It is still unknown Until the clock speaks up
Says it's time to go
You could choose the high
Or the lower road You might clinch your fist
You might fork your tongue
As you curse or praise
All the things you've done And the faders move
And the music dies
As we pass over
On the arc of time So you nurse your love
Like a wounded dove
In the covered cage of night Every star is crossed
By frenetic thoughts
That separate and then collide And they twist like sheets
Till you fall asleep
And they finally unwind It's a black balloon
It's a dream you'll soon deny I hear if you make friends
With Jesus Christ
You will get right up
From that chalk outline And then you'll get dolled up
And you'll dress in white
All to take your place
In his chorus line And then in you'll come
With those marching drums
In a saintly compromise No more whiskey slurs
No more blonde haired girls
For your whole eternal life And you'll do the dance
That was choreographed
At the very dawn of time Singing, I told you son
The day would come
You would die, you'd die, you'd die, you'd die You would die, you'd die, you'd die, you'd die
You would die, you'd die, you'd die, you'd die
You would die, you'd die, you'd die To the deepest part
Of the human heart
The fear of death expands Till we crack the code
We have always known

But could never understand On a circuit board
We will soon be born
Again, again, again, again And again, again, again, again
And again, again, again, again
And again, again, again

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