

# Arc of Time

## Bright Eyes

You can make a plan  
Carve it into stone  
Like a feather falling  
That is still unknown  
Until the clock speaks up  
Says it's time to go  
You can choose the high  
Or the lower road  
You might clench 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'll nurse your love  
like a wounded dove  
in the covered cage of night  
Every star is crossed  
by phrenetic thoughts  
They separate and then collide  
And they twist like sheets  
'til 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'll 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 hair 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 die, you die, you die...  
You would die, you die, you die, you die...  
You would die, you die, you die, you die...  
You would die, you die, you die To the deepest part  
Of the human heart  
The fear of death expands  
'til we crack the code  
we've always known  
But could never understand On a circuit board  
We'll 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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