

Arienne (Sandra Teatern)

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

Songwriters

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