

White Lies

"Turn the Bells"

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The market-place has nothing to sell
Left alone it's awnings shiver
Wind whistles through the wood
Fish teeth snapping in a river

Peaks puncture the sky
Like a child's icy toes
Dipped in a stream
That a few of us know

And the cloud just a ripple
A shock from the impact

Shadows on the streets
Look like veils at morning
Ice blots in the stone cracks
Where tears must have fallen

Oil by the bucket feeds
Flares to the heavens
Offerings of incense
Small bills and lemons

Drumbeats in the caves
And heartbeats in the huts
Protectors unveiled
For the first time in months

You find some best friends
We'll hold each other
And I'll turn the bells
I'll turn the bells

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The storm clouds pass
And everything's for sale
The chattering of rapids
And bartering of sunset

Beads crunch like bones
Through fingers and knuckles
Poor hams pick cheap quartz
In the quarries and cliff-edge

A group of sandalwood trees
With clotted blood colored bark
Candle-lit teeth
Half-moon smiles in the dark

The biker gang smoking
On the edge of the lake
The smoke like white horses
A white-eyed mistake

There's spirits in the water
Like photos in a box
They're torn by the current
And crushed by the rocks

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