

Cinema Strange

"Dead Eyes Open"

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+++Dead Eyes Open, or,

How the Woman in the Attic Fled, Never to Return+++

Prelude

My eyes are arid and cold on a portrait's insides.

I am time-hardened wax and I can see wide!

Fungus and frost have fondled my frontside and I

- Did he wonder and wander in small ages?

Did he forget that I died?

He's older and ugly and a beautiful baby, he's retinal
mist.

Far away, far away, leaning and twisting, I moan and I
list!

Middle

Not flying, not walking, porous, like curtains,

I hang on the dampness of Spring!

I've known my own scrapings for so many years,

I know that something is coming!

Not demon, not quickly, gradual breaking glass...

My knees will go out from under me!

I've borne my own weight for so many years,

I know the ground is dissolving!

Not under, not behind, not slow and torpid...

I'm far-away attic frost, free and untangled!

Conclusion

Didn't he wonder?

I shall surprise him!

Did he forget?

I shall remind him!

Please hold my hand, beautiful, ugly man!

I've come untangled, but we shall find frost again!

Dizzy and turning, you never need walk!

I shall carry you, hold you, early and blinded!

My son is no burden, I'm ancient with sorrow strength!

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