

## Bright Eyes

# "A Scale, A Mirror, And These Indifferent Clocks"

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Here is a scale.  
Weigh it out and you will find, easily,  
More than sufficient doubt  
That these colors, you see were picked in advance  
By some careful hand with an absolute concept of  
beauty.

They are smeared  
And these blurs  
Come in random order  
To color the eyes of your former lovers.

Hers were green like July,  
Except when she cried they were red.

Now I know a disease that these doctors can't treat.  
You contract it the day you accept  
All you see is a mirror  
And a mirror is all it can be.  
A reflection of something we're missing.

And language just happened.  
It was never planned.  
And it's inadequate to describe  
Where I am in the room of my house  
Where the light has never been  
Waiting for this day to end.

And these clocks keep unwinding  
And completely ignore everything that we hate or  
adore.  
Once the page of a calendar is turned it's no more.  
So tell me then, what was it for?  
Oh tell me, what was it for?

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