

Peter Murphy

"Indigo Eyes 98"

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Fire burning in a hill
The lines are rocky rough
Red angels wait to pick remains
The cindered shoulder
Of confused men
Seperate from their awe
With grey desire
He looks out mad
His soft grey indigo eyes
Indigo eyes
Asking

His heaven is uncovered not
A black tree blocks his way
His way is skating round a dome
His way is in dismay
The playmate sings
Like Orphee in some thunder world
Asking to be bathed in light
To be exemplified
Like Orphee in some thunder world
Asking to be bathed in light
To be exemplified
With grey desire he looks out mad
His soft grey indigo eyes
Saw his past
He had dug for trust
With blind infected hands
And wondered as the hurt bit hard
Why the sacred weren't at hand
Only when his ears were deaf
To the angels light burst waves
Only when his ears were deaf
Did life turn from fog to fog
But not evil but estranged
But not evil but estranged

Indigo eyes, Indigo eyes
Indigo eyes, Indigo eyes

With grey desire
He looks out mad

His soft grey
Indigo eyes
Indigo eyes

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