

To Death's Heart (In Three Parts)

Bright Eyes

Didn't hallucinate
It wasn't strange
Inside the lines I drew
Been staying in my lane
Wasn't assigned to me
I'm not to blame
Brown bottles of Jameson
Grey ashes in a tray
I put out
Got cancer sick
Got on a plane
Visited the Vatican
To watch the pontiff wave
And he say
"Benedicente... benedicente... benedicente..."
On a long hot Sunday

Got to get out of here
I can't remain
Limbs they hang like chandeliers
From alcohol and age
Down in the weeds again
Tough to explain
Mattress soaked in gasoline
Makes iridescent flames
I lay down
I'll ask my love
What will she say?
What's it like to live with me here
Every fucking day?
But she stays
"Agotante... agotante... agotante..."
In her most gentle way

Still think of New York every time
I see your face now it just feels like another life
I'm up late
With an imaginary pain
Always did come in waves
All that's constant is that change

Just grab the kids real quick
Can't start the car
Fading like a photograph
Your taillights in the dark
There's nothing left no more
To tear apart
Agonies are infinite
And sympathies just aren't
They run out
I've seen that void
Tried not to stare
There's bodies in the Bataclan
There's music in the air
And they sing
"Éphémère... éphémère... éphémère..."
And Wish You Were Here

Enough blood to fill up this fish bowl
Keep swimming around
The exit's blocked
There's nowhere to go
All these same fears
Year after year
All the old ones reappear
Only difference is you're not here