

## The Red Door

### The Handsome Family

You appeared upon the white shore  
on a dark and moonless eve.  
I led you through the stone gate,  
torches spitting in the breeze.

All around our palace glistened,  
splashed with waves up from the sea,  
but you shone bright as a thousand suns  
in your gown of ivory.

One thing, I asked of you my love  
as I combed your white-gold hair.  
Only stay your hand from the red door,  
the red door beneath the stairs.

The red door under the stairs,  
the red door 'neath the stairs.  
Stay your hand from that old black lock.  
There's nothing to see in there.

Why do you stand so many hours  
staring out across the sea?  
Why do you slip out past the black drapes  
when I pretend that I'm asleep?

And even in the bright sun  
as we walk the bone-white beach.  
You put your ear to the whispering shells  
and turned away from me.

Red in your dress's hem tonight,  
a red flash in your eye.  
Why the tremor in your soft hands  
when I pull you to my side?

The red door and what's inside,  
the red door and all it hides.  
Stare away across the ocean waves,  
but I know what you've seen tonight.