

Turn the Bells

White Lies

The market-place has nothing to sell
Left alone its awnings shiver
Wind whistles through the wood
Fish teeth snapping in a river
Peaks puncture the sky
Like a child's icy toes
Dipped in a stream
That a few of us know
And the cloud just a ripple?
A shock from the impact?

Shadows on the streets
Look like veils at morning
Ice blots in the stone cracks
Where tears must have fallen

Oil by the bucket feeds flares to the heavens
Offerings of incense, small bills and lemons
Drumbeats in the caves
And heartbeats in the huts
Protectors unveiled for the first time in months

You find some best friends,
We'll hold each other
And I'll turn the bells
I'll turn the bells (2x)

The storm clouds pass and everything's for sale
The chattering of rapids,
And bartering of sunset
Beads crunch like bones
Through fingers and knuckles
Poor hans pick cheap quartz
In the quarries and cliff-edge

A group of sandalwood trees
With clotted blood coloured bark
Candle-lit teeth
Half-moon smiles in the dark

The biker gangs smoking
On the edge of the lake
The smoke like white horses
A white-eyed mistake
There's spirits in the water
Like photos in a box
They're torn by the current
And crushed by the rocks

You find some best friends,
We'll hold each other
And I'll turn the bells
I'll turn the bells (4x)