

Indigo Eyes

Peter Murphy

Fire burning in a hill
The lines are rocky rough
Red angels wait to pick remains

The cindered shoulder
Of confused men
Separate from them, their awe

With gray desire
He looks out mad
His soft gray 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 gray desire
He looks out mad
His soft gray indigo eyes
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 gray desire
He looks out mad
His soft gray, indigo eyes
Indigo eyes