

# 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 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 Orpheus 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>