

## Arc of Time (Time Code)

Bright Eyes

You can make a plan  
Carve it into stone  
Like a feather falling  
It is still unknown

Until the clock speaks up  
Says it's time to go  
You could choose the high  
Or the lower road

You might clench your fist  
You might fork your tongue  
As you curse or praise  
All the things you've done

And the faders move  
And the music dies  
As we pass over  
On the arc of time

So you nurse your love  
Like a wounded dove  
In the covered cage of night

Every star is crossed  
By frenetic thoughts  
That separate and then collide

And they twist like sheets  
Till you fall asleep  
And they finally unwind

It's a black balloon  
It's a dream you'll soon deny

I hear if you make friends  
With Jesus Christ  
You will get right up  
From that chalk outline

And then you'll get dolled up  
And you'll dress in white  
All to take your place  
In his chorus line

And then in you'll come  
With those marching drums  
In a saintly compromise

No more whiskey slurs  
No more blonde haired girls  
For your whole eternal life

And you'll do the dance  
That was choreographed  
At the very dawn of time

Singing, I told you son  
The day would come  
You would die, you'd die, you'd die, you'd die

You would die, you'd die, you'd die, you'd die  
You would die, you'd die, you'd die, you'd die  
You would die, you'd die, you'd die

To the deepest part  
Of the human heart  
The fear of death expands

Till we crack the code  
We have always known  
But could never understand

On a circuit board  
We will soon be born  
Again, again, again, again

And again, again, again, again  
And again, again, again, again  
And again, again, again