

# The Valley of Unrest

Lou Reed

[Rowena:]

Far away far away  
Are not all lovely things far away  
As far at least lies that valley  
as the bedridden sun in the luminous east  
The paralyzed mountains, the sickly river  
Are not all things lovely far away  
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It is a valley where time is not interrupted  
Where its history shall not be interpreted  
Stories of satan's dart of angel wings  
Unhappy things  
Within the valley of unrest  
The sun ray dripped all red  
The dell was silent  
All the people having gone to war  
Leaving no interrogator to mind  
the willful looting the pale past knowledge  
The sly mysterious stars  
The unguarded flowers leaning  
The tulips overhead paler  
The terror stricken sky  
Rolling like a waterfall  
over the horizon's fiery wall  
A visage full of meaning  
How the unhappy shall confess  
As Roderick watches like a human eye  
While violets and lilies wave  
Like banners in the sky  
Hovering over and above a grave  
As dew drops on the freshly planted eternal dew  
Coming down in gems  
There's no use to pretend  
Though gorgeous clouds fly  
Roderick, like the human eye has closed forever  
Far away far away  
Roderick, whatever thy image may be  
Roderick, no magic shall sever the music from thee  
Thou hast bound many eyes in a dreamy sleep  
Oh tortured day  
The strains still arrive  
I hear the bells  
I have kept my vigilance  
Rain dancing in the rhythm of a shower  
Over what guilty spirit to not hear the beating  
To not hear the beating heart  
But only tears of perfect moan  
Only tears of perfect moan