

# 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)