

40 WATT SUN

Perfect Light

lyrics

Reveal

Whatever you've lost; whatever you leave;
whatever your lonely stifled need;
whenever the night is tightening;
wherever you are, the light will reach.

Whatever you touch; whatever you feel;
whatever the cut that life won't heal;
however wide the silence seems;
wherever you want me, I will be.

I will hear you;
I'll cross the distance in your eyes.

Whatever you want to never reveal;
whatever your broken eyes conceal;
wherever the shells of lightning lead;
wherever you want me, I will be.

Whatever you find; whatever you see;
whenever you're not in sight of me;
whenever the arms of darkness breach;
wherever you are, the light will reach.

Oh, Ophelia,
I'm strong enough to lift you up.

Behind My Eyes

Meet the measure of my mind.
Nothing in this life is unchangeable
or unchanging.
We are wakening our lives together;
we are unmaking everything we're ashamed of.

In the meshes of the night,
never was I blinded to anything so completely.
Take what's left behind my eyes;
whatever you can find, refine it
and make it in to something beautiful.

Leave the sentence of your side;
these moments in mine transcend
everything that is failing.
And lead a little with your light;
the level of my light is paler now.
It is paling.

Where peace and darkness divide,
I am beside you
in the tatters of my weakness.
Meet the measure of my mind;
this night won't define us – it reveals us.
Let's believe ourselves,
and time may prove to us.

Please, what can I tell you
which adds not little that's lost to our lives?
Raise your eyes;
hold the reins with your hungering hands;
heave your heart from the weight;
and let life break through to us;
let life make new to us;
let life taste true to us;
because sometimes it's so hard to find.

Until

Look at you sleeping.

How could you ever know
the darkest levels you have grown painfully in to me?
or hold the kind of weight
that you do?

You know, in my life
I had come to feel there was a screen
between me and the heart of things,
and which I felt you
slide away.

There is silence in the way that you uncloze me.
There is lightning in the gaze in which you hold me.

Let life lift me over the dark of my design
and fold me in your perfect light,
where I'll find a closure,
and questions I confined, a freedom
that I went the wrong ways to feel.

Show me all I ever translated in to pain
that, knowing, I might see better with – and I will.
You'll hold me together
wholly in your arms,
and know how much I need you then;
and until.

Colours

Too well I remember
(or well it remembers me)
one hollow night
with fateful fidelity.
Defined there forever,
when you touched me like broken glass.
The light never left me.

I raised my sacrifice,
I made my offering,
and I am the measure of all things.

Has memory made a filter to life?
A dam to all other experience?

You are the last light;
you hold the glory;
you throw the levels of life before me;
you know my colours;
you span the best of me;
but you could never understand a human heart.

The Spaces In Between

The hardest single time that we fell upon
overcame us like a god.
Tonight, I will not try to harden truth with reasons,
but I turn the pieces over like I need them,
and maybe in some way I do.

I dare not now return for the roar of memories,
or to see how slight a trace we left of our lives.
In another time, in another place,
you are standing there,
above me,
my head in your hands,
and you know.

You live in everything I love
and everything I'll never be.
You're traced in everything I touch.
You are the rhythm of my days
and the spaces in between.

The darkness I defined has not forgotten me,
but ever presses closer the bounds of my reach.
Tonight, I will not try to harden truth with reasons -
a silence says it all;
it comes to remind me who I am.

Raise Me Up

I am here at the heart of my life' -

the line falls between the weight of moments.

And then the future pulls you from my sight;
frames of light flicker past me,
reeling forward.

The way they go by reminds me of my pain.

But even there it falls upon my eyes,
and I falter out in to the night of London Street;
a swollen darkness you can't imagine,
that sways and holds my resigned better selves.

Maybe I'm losing both of us –
tell me I'm not.
Maybe our lives are tipping over;
take me;
raise me up.
And lately my heart has slipped my hold,
but maybe,
maybe I can reach.

And maybe I'm an island, but make me like the sea,
to pour across your shores and borders
before it covers me.
I will cover up the scars for you,
and the dead parts of the past for you;
uncover your eyes for you to see
that no one has loved you this way;
nobody will love you this way;
and though I know you feel it,
I need you more to know.

Am I strong enough to carry this?
or too weak to let it go?

A Thousand Miles

Vast and awful,
the night hardens between us.

I dig deep, pulling up lines,
to cleave through a thousand miles.

Ghosts of shattered memory
rise and pour through me like a river,
of all the days of my life I knew you
here beside me.
Stretching rainy riversides;
from Daniel Street to Dublin;
watching me from the edge of the light;
to the streets and parks of London.

A cry in an empty room;
a run down an open hill;
a spirit that defies every ill;
and I loved you for that.
And in the sweeping tide of time,
with the surging bank of despair,
I'd hear the voice of your eyes
in the knowing silence.

And that alone would make me smile.

I carried more than your love –
that's not what I was wary of;
I could live with any amount
if I could learn to live with myself.

Love, what have I become?
Did I pass through your life blindly?
Outside, black ribbons of rain
fall like an answer.

Closure

Years have grown between us,
and changes for the good;
but John, you knew me better
than almost anybody would.

Through all our conversation,
it's strange to think of how
we would walk away from it all,
the weight of which still lingers now.

And all that I thought mattered brings me back to you.

If you were here to ask me
what I now believe, I'd say,
'life can never be held
but only lived.'