

Black Eyes

Lagwagon

He knows no shame, and takes no blame
This simpleton, sees everything
He's only satisfied, to point out other's mistakes
Never afraid, to use his pride

His tradition is old, his faith a hand-me-down, the family
He wears them on his sleeve, morale and values left under a christmas tree
He once had the gift, this image in his grandparents eyes
No guns, no drugs, no rape, no end

This vacant soul, is pale and blue, in empty gaze, his crow's feet are
A vision of defeat sick and tired of the meaninglessness
The irrationale he's desensitized, his every need and emotion
A cup half empty, but full of euphoria he's,
Searching for the light switch in the dark, to switch his routine
To find a reason, to find faith in piece of mind
When one to many beliefs die, it's tough to see through these black eyes

Everyone forgives everyone forgets
Everyone is true and no one here will lie to you

He knows the truth, he knows the truth, here nothing's certain
Disregard what you've learned, to find faith in piece of mind
All of their gods died with his peace, I should know him that heathen's me