

## Blind Eye

Project Pitchfork

wrapped in plastic  
no one seems to understand  
the reason why I cry out into the night

for justice and for peace

last night I felt a burning sting  
all of beauty stood in flames  
love condensed onto a broken glass  
and got swallowed by a deer

that's why I howl at the moon  
at least the magic seems to last  
all the tears went down the river  
and the fire eats the past

praise it - it's dead -  
poison on the fields  
not from this world  
but it grows into the sky

that's why I howl at the moon  
at least the magic seems to last  
all the tears went down the river  
and the fire eats the past

the wind carries the seed  
into all corners of the world  
you might have it when it's dead  
stunned by the evil deed

the wind carries the seed  
into all corners of the world  
you might have it when it's dead  
killed by greed

that's why I howl at the moon  
at least the magic seems to last  
all the tears went down the river  
and the fire eats the past