

Black Eyes (Acoustic)

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
his once had the gift
this image in his grandparents eyes no guns
no drugs
no rape
no end
his 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
his searching for the light with in the dark
to swith his routine
to find a reason
to find faith and piece of mind
when one to many beliefs die
it's though to see through these black eyes
everyone forgives
everyone forgets
everyone is true
and noone 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 piece
I should know him that heathen's me

