

Tired Eyes

The Trophy Fire

grey town square with towering walls where exit seems like something in a tale in a factory where machines
push and pull and you stand there silent with your hands at your side

masquerade hide your face tired eyes

at the pub downtown where solace seems tied so tightly to the bottom of your glass you ask yourself is work the
measure of a man? is there color to have, to hold?

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stuck against the rails your spirits frail tired eyes

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