Western Eyes

Portishead

Forgotten throes at another's lie
The heart of love is their only light
Faithless greeds consolidating
Holding down sweet charityWith western eyes
And serpent's breath
We lay our own
Conscience to restBut I'm aching
At the view
Yes, I'm breaking
At the scenes just like youThey have values of a certain taste
The innocent they can hardly wait
To crucify invalidating
Turning to dishonestyWith western eyes
And serpent's breath
They lay their own
Conscience to restBut then they lie
And then they dare to be
Hidden heroes candidlySo I'm aching
At the view
Yes, I'm breaking
At the scenes just like youI feel so cold
On hookers and gin
This mess we're in

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