Black Eyes (Acoustic)

Lagwagon

He knows no shame
and takes no blamethis simpleton
sees everything.He's only satisfied
to point out other's mistakesnever 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 value 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 peace of mind.When one too 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 peace of mind.All of thier gods died with his peace.I should know him,
that heathen's me.

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