

# Deadeye (2005 Remastered Version)

## New Model Army

To the thoughts of the many from the minds of the few  
Voice of reason, censored view  
The truth is the news and the news is the truth  
As if that'll do as a lame excuse for Killing the slavers, taking the slaves  
Burying the dead, then robbing the graves  
Stealing the modesty from heroes brave  
Making the tears gush like waves Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on  
To the rhythm of the gunfire and the voices of concern  
Deadeye claims to be some conscience for us all  
But I was never born to be some fly upon the wall Window dressing and the tinsel wreath  
Stealing the pity and the widow's grief  
Sentimental with a furrowed brow  
Pinning the heart on the blooded sleeve Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on  
To the rhythm of the gunfire and the voices of concern  
Deadeye claims to be some conscience for us all  
But I was never born to be some fly upon the wall And yes, I've crouched beneath the glow, dazzled by it all  
But this is not the world I know or people I recall  
To the thoughts of the many from the minds of the few  
Voice of reason, censored view A little knowledge is a dangerous thing  
Here is the butterfly, here's the wing Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on  
To the rhythm of the gunfire and the voices of concern  
Deadeye claims to be some conscience for us all  
But I was never born to be some fly upon the wall

Songwriters

SULLIVAN, JUSTIN Published by  
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