

Second Sight

Phoneheads

No-one really knows
Where this man comes from
Or if he has a name
He moved from town to town
And forging his own way
Without shame he played his game
No allies and no friends
He leaves no trace behind
There is no proof who's to blame
As the legend starts to rise
The night is filled with shadows, blood and lies

Just like a phantom blends in the night
Making his way in the dark
He's realizing the end is near
Haunted by a curse
Second sight
Looking for more pain
Driving him insane
It's all that he is living for
Excitement in his veins
Burning every day
Fighting his internal war

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