

Blind

The Echoing Green

Staring in the face of fallacy
Stepping on the glass of serenity
Sleeping in the arms of irony...

I find you.

You taste the crime
And slowly remind me
Of times when the "light"

Was blinding to meAnd the glow is getting bright...
But it's not light.Sipping from the cup of tragedy

Entangled in the web of vanity
While spitting in the face of sanity...

I find you.

The peace in your mind
Is deceptive by design
The pride behind your eyes

Is blindingAnd the glow is getting white...But it's not light
It's the daylight breaking down

In your mind

As the darkness tells its solitary lieIt's not light
It's not light
It's not the light
That's blinding

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