Western Eyes

Portishead

Forgotten throes of anothers life
The heart of love is their only light
Faithless greeds, consolidating
Holding down sweet charity
With western eyes and serpents breath
We lay our own conscience to rest
But I'm aching at the view
Yes I'm breaking at the scenes just like you
They have values of a certain taste
The innocent they can hardly wait
To crucify, invalidating
Turning to dishonesty
With western eyes and serpents breath
They lay their own conscience to rest
But then they lie and then they dare to be
Hidden heros candidly
So I'm aching at the view
Yes I'm breaking at the scenes just like you
(I feel so cold on hookers and gin...this mess we're in!)

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