

# Open Your Eyes

## Eitch

And I'll admit: I think it's sick  
to think of you as something new.  
As something special, a muse.  
A poster child for the hippie tools. And I'll admit: It's nostalgic.  
And people love that shit.  
They'd eat it with a spoon if it meant they'd get to taste you. And I'll admit: I fell for it, too hard, pretty hard.  
You've got the power and the soul  
to make a different type of Rock N Roll.  
So let's take a walk to the park.  
Summer days, this is great.  
I'm with the one I love...If I knew then what I know now,  
things would be much different around here.  
I'm taking responsibility for my...I refuse.  
I refuse to hate my body, and I refuse to hate my Soul.  
I refuse to let go.  
I refuse to think that I have lost my "self-control". And at the rate I'm going,  
I might as well be blowing lines  
of my own internal hell. Open your eyes.  
Open your eyes. And at the rate I'm going,  
I might as well be blowing lines  
of my own internal hell---that I created myself. Open up your eyes, and see me for what I am.  
I ain't wearing no disguise. A face full of lies.  
Open your eyes.

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