

# Dead Behind the Eyes

## While She Sleeps

Surrounding me is a picture of a world gone wrong,  
Paved with sickness and the broken young.  
Count the saved, count the graves. Count the cuts and taste the blood of the rain.  
They are worthless unforgiving, the murdered amongst the living.  
So why spend you're time, waiting and wishing and praying for a better living.  
Oh, when you're force-fed their decisions.

You'll all just get bitten again.  
I can't piece together the problems, I'm telling you to think for yourself.  
I can't put peace in the violence; I'm not going to fight it.  
I can feel the breath on the back of my neck,  
I'm spitting blood to get your voice out of my head.  
I'm feeding on the pain of the sick, the needle and the hospital bed.

We are nothing like these creatures. Guilty, scarred, I can't forget.  
You starve pride to feed your selfishness.  
We are nothing like these creatures. Guilty, scarred, I can't forget.

You still feed the hunger leading you to your death;  
You'll give it up when you've got no time left.  
You're breeding in a national debt. You starve pride to feed your selfishness.  
Surrounding me is a picture of a world gone wrong,  
Paved with sickness and the broken young.  
Count the saved, count the graves. Count the cuts and taste the blood in the rain.  
Have we given up? Should we hang our bastard young?  
To save them from the nothing that so many have become.

We're all dead behind the eyes, we're just dreaming of a better life. x2  
We are nothing like these creatures.

Hey! x4

Guilty, scarred, I can't forget. You starve pride to feed your selfishness.  
We are nothing like those creatures.

Hey! x4

Guilty, scarred, I can't forget.  
I let the bastards surround me. x3

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Lyrics submitted by Bridget Assinde.