

# Western Eyes

## Portishead

Forgotten throes at another's lie  
The heart of love is their only light  
Faithless greeds consolidating  
Holding down sweet charity  
With western eyes  
And serpent's 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 serpent's breath  
They lay their own  
Conscience to rest  
But then they lie  
And then they dare to be  
Hidden heroes 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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