This Is

Titiyo

These are the hands of a tired man,
This is the old man's shroud,
These are the eyes of the blood crazed tiger...
Staring at the maddening crowd,
This is the face of a teenage mother,
This is the child she bears,
This is the soul of her broken lover,
Searching for the smiles she shared,
These are the feet of the punished pilgrim
And in his book of punished love,
Tou see his eyes,
You see no surprise...
Waiting for a lie that's true.
Everybody hits you with this feeling
Nobody seems to understand
You stop, you look...
You're searching for the meaning
Wasting your life away
These are the dreams of a sleeping father
And in his long lost days,
He sees a child...
He sees his eyes...
Waiting for the price he's paid
These are the tears of a fallen idol,
And in his smile of shattered love,
You see his eyes...
You see no surprise...
You just see lights then realise
Here with you
No one here but you
No one moves but you
Nobody touches like you
You...
Nobody moves like you
But everybody hits you
Everybody knocks you down
These are the feet of a punished pilgrim
And to the book he prays
You see his eyes

You see no surprise
You just see lights then you realise

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