Hungry Eyes

Glass House Point

Steadfast in prudence and in folly; all the same
Seldom does a fever bite to start another flame
My eyes open up to feed again
On the angst of our father's kin
My Hungry Eyes wake for you.
Swallowed by an angry tide
Of emotional decay
It surrounds you too
And it's baying for another tast of prey
My eyes open up to feed again
On the angst of our father's kin
My Hungry Eyes wake for you.
Lie here with me
Lie here with me
And rain down on me!
My Hungry Eyes wake for-

Lyrics Submitted by Rob Campbell

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