

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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