

Teargas

Katatonía

Why have you put so many things into my eyes
(that I can't see clear)
Who's paid you for telling me what I'm worth
(and run in fear)
It has been for me a strain to see already
(what have you done)
The rising noise
The sharpened smells
The deadened sight

What is it in my eyes
A piece of broken glass
Is this the time I should be on my knees for you
Is this your way of telling
Another has been found
Now I know it's teargas in my eyes

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