

To the thoughts of the many from the minds of the few
Voice of reason, censored view
The truth is the News and the News is the truth
As if that'll do as a lame excuse for
Killing the slavers, taking the slaves
Burying the dead, then robbing the graves
Stealing the modesty from heroes brave
Making the tears gush like waves

Ch: Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on
To the rhythm of the gunfire and the voices of concern
Deadeye claims to be some conscience for us all
But I was never born to be some fly upon the wall

Window dressing and the tinsel wreath
Stealing the pity and the widow's grief
Sentimental with a furrowed brow
Pinning the heart on the blooded sleeve

Ch: Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on...

And yes I've crouched beneath the glow - dazzled by it all
But this is not the world I know or people I recall.
To the thoughts of the many from the minds of the few:
Voice of reason, censored view
A little knowledge is a dangerous thing
Here is the butterfly, here's the wing

Ch: Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on...