

## Western Eyes

Portishead

Forgotten throes of anothers life  
The heart of love is their only light  
Faithless greeds, consolidating  
Holding down sweet charity  
With western eyes and serpents breath  
We lay our own conscience to rest

But I'm aching at the view  
Yes I'm breaking at the scenes just like you

They have values of a certain taste  
The innocent they can hardly wait  
To crucify, invalidating  
Turning to dishonesty  
With western eyes and serpents breath  
They lay their own conscience to rest  
But then they lie and then they dare to be  
Hidden heros candidly

So I'm aching at the view  
Yes I'm breaking at the scenes just like you

(I feel so cold on hookers and gin...this mess we're in!)