Beat Yourself Blind

Sebastian Bach

Give me a minute 'cause I'm wrapped in superstition
Pour me a chemical to take away the edge
Don't make up anything that's breaking all your fingers
Just slapped around a bit of what it takes to pledge

Carry out another stone as a slave
Ask general know-it-all "Who's juggling the earth?"
Tease all the natives that will walk across your grave
And shove aside your nation all for what it's worth

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Hey, hey, hey, two, three, dig it!

An open eyes and a closed mind
Look at the suit in suspended animation
A faded outline that used to be a man
A piece of paper that's fallen out a window
Has got a better chance to know where it lands

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To bleed in vain, to bleed in vain
Under my eyes are painted skies

Larry, get up there, man!

Down at the boneyard, they're diggin' up the relics
Handfuls of parasites thrown into the machine
I got the phone call, they're tearin' down the mission
The zombies had a ball, but don't know what it means
They don't know what it means
They don't know what it means, no, no
They don't know, no, no, no

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Beat yourself blind
Come on, Tokyo
Beat yourself blind
Beat yourself blind
Beat yourself blind