

Covered Eyes

Social Code

Someone turn off the sun
Its loud on my eyes
Mask my face with an orangery haze
Its on my body and it turns my face

Apply a thin coat let set to dry
I'm oven roasted blackened sky
My urban brain can't refrain
Oh, It's a tender morsel for all to taste

Yeah, yeah, yeah

All join hands and realize
I hold my ears to dull the noise
Shaking hands with hollow minds
I'm not the one with covered eyes

This is beauty they're telling you
Your blackened lungs through and through
The terror reigns on and on
There's no glory in this war song

Your life will slowly fade
The sun you breathe is mostly shade
And It will shine for minutes a day
But only if you have pre-paid

Yeah, yeah, yeah

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