

Painting the Blue Eyes

Twilightning

I was led a blind man through delusions
Fed by my shallow strength of sense
Within the confines of confusions
I cannot tell my real means from pretence

You were led in to the dreams of these illusions
Fed with loneliness ways of pain

So, who the hell am I to tell you
How to walk your way when I cannot find my own lucidity
And who the hell am I to yell
Before my own transgression

Like feining in disguise
Descending senses or pretending, I used to have much more than
this
Painting the blue eyes
Within delusions, they'll never leave me be

And if I paint my eyes with lies
Please rip 'em off and you'll see
Disguise will fail in daylight
And if you eat my feckless lies
Just throw'em up before me...

Like feining in disguise
Descending senses or pretending, I used to have much more than
this
Painting the blue eyes
Within delusions, they'll never leave me be

Like feining in disguise
Descending senses or pretending, I used to have much more than
this
Painting the blue eyes
Within delusions, they'll never leave me be

So, who the hell am I to tell you
How to walk your way when I cannot find my own lucidity
Oh please, I'm on my knees to tell you
What we could have been, but never show me sympathy