

## 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

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Painting the blue eyes  
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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