

Commander Venus, Uneventful Vacation, Pt. 1

Beauty is empty eyes

Completely void of any warmth or light that complicates our sight
Meaning succeeds itself and from the ashes raises new beliefs
That I've never felt
Doomed to fail, 'cause sound is directional
And I'm the only one that hears it now
And I'm the only one that's dead enough to not care, to not feel

Now I hear it every night, silence seeps in through the windows
I hear the hollows of your eyes and it becomes you
It's a nothing that you can't hide

(Ahhhhh!)
It's all wrong
(Quick)
Does this hurt?
Abandon sense of "hands don't clap"
I'll never be the same