

East West, Pretty Pictures

What it is I often wonder,
Turning you away.
Listen to that still small voice,
Fade away.
You see, only what you want to,
Close your eyes and sleep.
You hear only what you want to,
Clinging to your lies.
You and I we see things different now
You and I we see things differently.
Close your mouth your words are stolen,
Heard them all before,
Speaking truths you've long forgotten,
Falling to the floor.
I can see everything now that you're so blinded,
I can see everything now that it's all clear.