

# Fifth Season, Covered Eyes

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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