Dilana, Behind Blue Eyes

No one knows what its like, to be the bad man,
to be the sad man, behind blue eyes.
no one knows what its like, to be hated,
to be fated, to telling only lies.

but my dreams they aren't as empty,
as my concscience seems to be.
I have hours, only lonely.
My love is vengence, that's never free.

No one knows what its like, to feel these feelings,
like i do, and i blame you
No one bites as hard, on their anger,
none of my pain or woe, can show through.

But my dreams, they aren't as empty,
as my concscience seems to be.
i have hours, only lonely
my love is vengeneance, thats never free

when my fist clenches, crack it open,
before i use it and lose my cool.
when i smile, tell me some bad news
before i laugh and act like a fool.

and if i swallow anything evil,
put your finger down my throat.
and if i shiver, please give me your blanket,
keep me warm, let me wear your coat.

no one knows what its like, to be the bad man,
to be the sad man, behind blue eyes.