

GoodBooks, Beautiful To Watch

You killed him too in search for something beautiful
You let yourself go
And killed him cos it's beautiful to watch him too
In search for something beautiful
You let yourself go
And killed him cos it's beautiful to watch

You're running circles in a sweat of fear
You've been spinning for years with your vain ideas
The mirror tells you all need to know
But you can't bear to look in
You say you believe in the acts that you practice
But somehow you had to stop
It's not important; what's important to you any more

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You are a forward thinking, a modernizer in your own mind
You are a visionary, the world owes a debt to you
You say you believe in your loving forgiveness
But where was your mercy today?
It's not important what your reasons were any more

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In all that you did, where was the reason?
Could reason disarm you?
Or would it alarm you?