

# 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?