

Katatonia, Teargas

Why have you put so many things into my eyes
That I can't see clear
Who's paid you for telling me what I'm worth
And run in fear
It has been for me a strain to see already
What have you done
The rising noise
The sharpened smells
The deadened sight

What is it in my eyes
A piece of broken glass
Is this the time I should be on my knees for you
Is this your way of telling
Another has been found
Now I know,
It's teargas in my eyes

What is it in my eyes
A piece of broken glass
Is this the time I should be on my knees for you
Is this your way of telling
Another has been found
Now I know,
It's teargas in my eyes