

# Lagwagon, Black Eyes

He knows no shame and takes no blame  
this simpleton sees everything  
he's only satisfied to point out other's mistakes  
never afraid to use his pride  
his tradition is old  
his faith a hand-me-down  
the family  
he wears them on his sleeve  
morale and values left under a christmas tree  
his once had the gift  
this image in his grandparents eyes

no guns  
no drugs  
no rape  
no end

his vacant soul is pale and blue  
in empty gaze  
his crow's feet are a vision of defeat  
sick and tired of the meaninglessness  
the irrationale  
he's desensitized  
his every need and emotion  
a cup half empty  
but full of euphoria  
his searching for the light with in the dark  
to switch his routine  
to find a reason  
to find faith and piece of mind  
when one to many beliefs die  
it's tough to see through these black eyes  
everyone forgives  
everyone forgets  
everyone is true  
and no one here will lie to you  
he knows the truth  
he knows the truth  
here nothing's certain  
disregard what you've learned  
to find faith in piece of mind  
all of their gods died with his piece  
I should know him that heathen's me