

Mendeed, Through Dead Eyes

Through dead eyes I see what you've become
Eweak and vile to me-nothing that you can resist
Your pain I can't heal-your own choice your destiny?
Still I do my best for you

Holding on through the storm
Giving all I have for you I can't decide if I'm holding on for you
Or if I see myself
Walking in your path again have I become you? Living on through you

Giving me another confession
How you lied of your redemption
How did we turn into this hatred?
Gonna lose it all
As I think of that conversation
Whispers of another generation
Pushing for a conclusion
Fighting for the power that could end it all

As I fade you're dead unto these eyes