

Officium Triste, Your Eyes

They tell me
Your eyes
Tell it all

I'm afraid
I don't see
Anything at all

Your eyes
So dull they seem
Without any light
Nothing in there to see

Nothing in sight
Just empty holes
Living a life
Without a soul

And it's like
Your eyes
Are the eyes of the blind

Without sight
Without hope
For all mankind

They tell me
Your eyes
Tell it all

Still I don't see
Don't see nothing at all

Empty eyes
Without a soul
Empty shell
Without hope
Your eyes
No light

They tell me
Your eyes
Tell it all

I'm afraid
I don't see
Anything at all

Your eyes
So dull they seem
Without any light
Nothing in there to see

Nothing in sight
Just empty holes
Living a life
Without a soul

Just a shell
With nothing inside
I cannot tell
What you might
Think or see
Or what you feel

A pointless life
It seems to me

They tell me
Your eyes
Tell it all

I'm afraid
I don't see
Anything at all

Your eyes
So dull they seem
Without any light
Nothing in there to see

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Just empty holes
Living a life
Without a soul