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

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