

Whippersnapper, Blinded

Blinded by sight.
Blinded by vision.
Blinded by touch.
Is that all you think there
Is this what you want?
Is this what you needed?
A body of warmth, borrowed for comfort.
And pushed to the side.
Used for a feeling.
Used for the night.
Abandoned for reasons that you'd rather hide.
Afraid to reveal them to even yourself.
What are you running from?

Late that night, your eyes were burning.
Left inside, a wound still open.
Close your eyes, you feel that yearning.
Trust subsides, you've lost that feeling.

Money's never gone.
You have to want it.
Some things you never lose.
You have to find them.
Somewhere along the way,
You paint the picture.
And if you wanna hear yourself,
You have to try then.

Blinded by sight.
Blinded by vision.
Is this what you want?
Is this what you needed?
Pushed to the side.
Used for a feeling.
Used for the night.
Abandoned for reasons that you'd rather hide.
Afraid to reveal them.
And what is it worth?
It keeps you from asking the question inside.
What are you running from?
Late that night, your eyes were burning.
Left inside, a wound still open.
Close your eyes, you feel that yearning.
Trust subsides, you've lost that feeling.
Late that night, your eyes were burning.
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