

Ween

"The Argus"

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Yesterday we lost our lives, tomorrow we were born
Fortune smiled upon us, sacrifice the Argus
All that he might help us see

Magna eyes the track for miles
Looking for disease
Puzzled by the mountains
Tricked by the sea

And the Argus is practiced compassion
With an eye on you, as one is on me
Will the god eye grant his forgiveness
And allow he that's lived a reason to see

Counting days and building walls, bells ring so to warn
All the signs that guide us, chosen by the Argus
Tell me he has chosen you

Led by form we'll shed our soul
Trusting like a child
See the dark face that saved us
Drink from his empty eyes

And the Argus is practiced compassion
With an eye on you, as one is on me
Will the god eye grant his forgiveness
Letting droplets of light erupt from the sea

Lying in beds of garlic and orchids
He closes an eye, which closes another
And in sleep he dreams of watching and looking
And feather clouds dancing he curls up his lid and
sleeps

Swirling with visions on man's confusion
All of the work done just to appease him
The Argus he cries, though love has its place in the
sun
It's only man's fear that carries him on

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