

411**"Borrowed Time, Borrowed Eyes"**Visit "[Borrowed Time, Borrowed Eyes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Heads on spikes, symbols on skulls
Give me a reason to go on
The winter sky is full of ash
Broken homes, endless trash

But in the darkness he holds his son
He's all that's left, the only one

In the hills, the people hide
Join together, rot inside
In this land, the only hope
Is to die young, to not get old

But in the darkness he holds his son
He's all that's left, the only one
In the darkness he holds his son
There is no God, there is no love

Stripped to the marrow,
Their empty platitudes can't
Clothe them, feed them, heal them
They shuck them off like a thin, useless skin
That they've outgrown when hunger calls

How long must my journey go?
And my sorrow no one know?

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