

Eliza Doolittle

"Eyes To Form Shadows"

Visit "[Eyes To Form Shadows](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I sense this social order in decline
Our people's been assassinated by our own blind
Balance bullets off last vertebrae
Yo gunshots and lyrics if well aimed will reverberate
There's no escape
Your false Jesus promised lies
I'm... serenaded by sincere tears often
The honest only work to afford wooden coffins
Done talking cause it's speech that allows for deceit
This dalek I speak is forever bred in basements
Complacent eyes are the only witness to my changes
Abrasive words slurred with obtuse thought
Caught by the few who do watch
But lost on these blocks.

Breath below gravel
Eyes to form shadows
Despair always ample
Structure's unraveled
Breath below gravel
Eyes to form shadows
Head's nod
But we still living shackled

Ample time to sleep once this vein's collapse
Clasp hands in vain attempt to prey upon victims
Asked for incisions to sever chest from mind
Designed from remnants of nightmares broke in
sections
Blessings can't save designated slaves
Only answer that remains to subvert whole system
All systems fail
But it's patience that has failed
As our patriarchy's jailed to provide veiled income
None listen I speak with pierced larynx
Addicts move in slow increments within granite
Hands bound and damaged are weapons we brandish
Deemed savage by masses
When this anger's just average.

Breath below gravel

Eyes to form shadows
Despair always ample
Structure's unraveled
Breath below gravel
Eyes to form shadows
Head's nod
But we still living shackled

That pathetic premise of freedom is false
Futility of earthly flesh answers death's solemn call
Within these very words lie my ancestral tongue
I kept breath within collapsed left lung
As I witnessed modern tower of Babel come undone
These bloodshot eyes surmise that most meaning is lost.

Lost paradise rots
Vacant lots breed riots
Few men defiant as we tread 'mongst giants
Filthy air of liar fills lung of young lions
Pierced flesh of Mayan bleeds words on papyrus
Desires blurred in tortured minds of the pious
None stand as righteous when judged through this iris
Skin marked by man's iron
Weighted souls wake when well tired
The unsuspected conspire
Brunt smoke from pyre fills night's sky
Should we attempt to walk on water since we all
Crucified?
These questions denied
Answers just lies
Sanctify history from hands of blind scribes.

Breath below gravel
Eyes to form shadows
Despair always ample
Structure's unraveled
Breath below gravel
Eyes to form shadows
Head's nod
But we still living shackled

Visit [Eliza Doolittle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.