

Portugal. The Man "Blind Eyes Open"

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I was wearing blinders to stave off the reminders
Of your image
Never contemplating the incinerating
Of my image
The rites of spring had no meaning
In my brain
And I could cling icicle-ing
Just the same

And all the time you saw me
You could not thaw me

Chorus
And now you've made blind eyes open
Sunlight streams in
Everything's clear as crystal
Enlightenment

Like a frozen snowfield I could never reveal
My true colors
I would never listen to all that I was missing
With the others
You stepped into my field of view
And triggerd
My cupid snare who would have dared
To figure

That all the time you saw me
You could not thaw me

Chorus

I curse my warped perspective
Just when I least expected
The tables turned, the candles burn
At both ends, and my nerve ends send
Sensational headlines to my brain

