

Devilinside

"The Outlook"

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I can't feel the greed through your eyes
Fixes we need are not the same
You want the drug that told you to walk away
I want an answer for the past decade
It's not what you say to me that bothers me
Just what you left in haste in reality
Never believed you were real, so I never relied on you
For the gin-blackened soul that left me behind
He's a father a man now- a life of his own
He fell for the you, that has nothing to show and
Knows you'll die alone
Ten years' gone- a ruined man
Too hard to fight the bottle in hand
Time has been taken to understand
Fitting harder as time goes on

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