

Western eyes - 1/1

Interprété par Portishead.

Forgotten throes at anothers lie,
The heart of love is their only light,
Faithless greeds consolidating,
Holding down sweet charity,

With western eyes and serpent's breath,
We lay our own conscience to rest.

But I'll aching,
At the view,
Yes I'm breaking,
At the scenes just like you.

They have values of a certain taste,
The innocent they can hardly wait,
To crucify invalidating,
Turning to dishonesty.

With western eyes and serpent's breath
They lay their own conscience to rest.

But then they lie and then they dare to be,
Hidden heroes candidly.

So I'm aching,
At the view,
Yes I'm breaking,
At the scenes just like you.

I feel so cold,
On hookers and gin,
This mess we're in.