

## Teargas

Katatonia

Why have you put so many things into my eyes  
(that I can't see clear)  
Who's paid you for telling me what I'm worth  
(and run in fear)  
It has been for me a strain to see already  
(what have you done)  
The rising noise  
The sharpened smells  
The deadened sight

What is it in my eyes  
A piece of broken glass  
Is this the time I should be on my knees for you  
Is this your way of telling  
Another has been found  
Now I know it's teargas in my eyes

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