

The Argus

Ween

Yesterday we lost our lives, tomorrow we were born
Fortunes smiled upon us, sacrifice the Argus
All that he might help us see

Magna eyes that track for miles, looking for disease
Puzzled by the mountains, tricked by the sea
and the argus is practiced compassion
with an eye on you, as one is on me
will the god eye grant his forgiveness
and allow he that's lived, a reason to see
Counting days and building walls, bells ring so's to warn
All the sings that guide us, chosen by the Argus
Tell me has chosen you

Led by form we shed our soul
Trusting like a child
See the dark face that saved us
Drink from his empty eyes

and the argus is practiced compassion
with an eye on you, as one is on me
will the god eye grant his forgiveness
letting droplets of light erupt from the sea

Lying in beds of garlic and orchid, he closes an eye, which closes another
And in sleep he dreams, of watching and looking and feather clouds dancing
He curls up his lid and sleeps

Swirling with visions on man's confusion
All of the work, done just to appease him
The Argus he cries, though love has it's place in the sun
It's only man's fear that carries him on