

## Blind

The Echoing Green

Staring in the face of fallacy  
Stepping on the glass of serenity  
Sleeping in the arms of irony...  
I find you.  
You taste the crime  
And slowly remind me  
Of times when the "light"  
Was blinding to me

And the glow is getting bright...  
But it's not light.

Sipping from the cup of tragedy  
Entangled in the web of vanity  
While spitting in the face of sanity...  
I find you.  
The peace in your mind  
Is deceptive by design  
The pride behind your eyes  
Is blinding

And the glow is getting white...

But it's not light  
It's the daylight breaking down  
In your mind  
As the darkness tells its solitary lie

It's not light  
It's not light  
It's not the light  
That's blinding