

Through My Eyes
Musings from "Blindfold"
by Brit

I watch you, drowning in a sea of regret
Trading comfort's hand for guilt's searing grip
You just can't see that you're a tool of circumstance
and the pain is not your own

You mourn what could have been
Your soul held hostage in penitence -
condemned by a loathing black as sin
for another's foolish choice

But if you could see yourself through my eyes...
you'd see the man you really are
a heart so generous that it overflows
onto a world undeserving and cold

If you could see yourself through my eyes...
you'd see a man once ravaged by pain
who went to hell, and rose from the ashes
refined and as strong as steel

If you could see yourself through my eyes...
you'd see the integrity of the man
though you could have turned away from a violent world
you met it head on, and didn't back down

If you could see yourself through my eyes...
you'd see a man with a lion's fierceness
champion to the wounded and worn
a hero left unsung

If you could see yourself through my eyes...
you'd see a man with a poet's soul
and a tenderness that pours itself out like an offering
to a parched and thirsty friend

If you could see yourself through my eyes...
you'd see a man consumed with sorrow
who's been forgiven by the wounds you bleed
...if you'd only forgive yourself

If you could see yourself through my eyes...