

# Dead Poetic, Narcotic

You sold your soul for an ounce of attention.  
Gaining the world and demanding affection.  
Will you ever be pleased with your own skin?  
Will you ever refuse what they're asking?

You can't hide your insecurities with a pretty face.

Breed it, and bear it, and make it your narcotic.  
Begging face down on the floor.  
Breed it, and bear it, and make it your narcotic.  
You sold your soul, now they want more.

Vanity's gun left you dead in Hollywood.  
Empty, addicted, and screaming for comfort  
From a world devoid of compassion  
Exchanging hopes for rejection.

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Begging face down on the floor.  
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You sold your soul, now they want more.