

# Covernant, Dead Stars

we find our songs  
in fashion magazines  
we read the story  
in the morning paper  
I touch their hearts  
and they touch my skin  
I'm on your screen  
and you are just so wide  
put us on display for everyone to see  
we write the words for all to understand  
though I get my kicks  
it's slowly wasting me  
don't try to be an artist  
I try to be a man  
dead stars still burn  
dead still stars burn  
we find ourselves  
in pictures on the net  
blinded by science  
addicted to devotion  
I'm in your hold  
eager to abuse  
my favourite game  
I suffer from misuse  
I just want to know  
the man in front of them  
to read their minds  
for me to understand  
though I get my kicks  
it's slowly wasting me  
don't try to be an artist  
I try to be a man