

Dead Poetic, Vices

Feeling cold, feeling empty. Set the stage, where you want me.
And this crowd right before me doesn't care that I'm dying.
And the audience stands with their eyes fixed on the preconceived version of me.
I'm so betrayed by your hopes, but I will not hide myself for your peace of mind.

Oh, but Child. I've got Vices like any other man.

Raise a boy to a cynic. Take his love, and then let it turn into something passionate.
Something sick, something rabid.
And I vent to keep myself from caving. I don't hate you, I just hate where I'm heading.
I'm left here asking, when did I trade in my bleeding heart for a selfish win?

Oh, but Mother. I've got Vices like any other man.
Vices that you're not used to. Vices that'll make you think less of me.

Leave me numb. Leave me jaded. She's a dream, I just play dead.
I've been blessed, I've been hated. She's the constant, and I'm her addict.
She's the only peace in this world, uneasy.
While I bite my tongue to keep from breaking the heart that I've spent my whole life seeking.
The only heart I've ever needed.

Oh, but Lover. I've got Vices like any other man.
Vices that you're not used to. Vices that'll make you think...
Oh, but Lover. I've got Vices like any other man.
Vices that you're not used to. Vices that'll make you think less of me. Less of me.

Feeling cold, feeling empty. I am low, unworthy.
Bleed the God. Bleed the blessing. Like a vulture feasting.
I'll exist as if I don't feel conviction of my ignorance to my perfect prison.
But I feel the stabs on my wrists and ankles every time I try...

To forget you. To forget you.

Oh, but Jesus. I've got Vices like any other man.
Vices that you're so used to. Vices that won't make you think less of me.