

Dead Poetic, Vices

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

Oh, but Child. Ive 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 dont hate you, I just hate where Im heading.
Im left here asking, when did I trade in my bleeding heart for a selfish win?

Oh, but Mother. Ive got Vices like any other man.
Vices that youre not used to. Vices thatll make you think less of me.

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

Oh, but Lover. Ive got Vices like any other man.
Vices that youre not used to. Vices thatll make you think...
Oh, but Lover. Ive got Vices like any other man.
Vices that youre not used to. Vices thatll 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.
Ill exist as if I dont 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. Ive got Vices like any other man.
Vices that youre so used to. Vices that wont make you think less of me.