

# Henry Rollins, Starve

I stay out late  
I go long  
I lose sleep  
I go without  
I go long  
I go all night, go all night  
I make the colors go  
I push my senses out  
I keep my existence lean  
I starve  
Here I am keen eyed my mind is low to the ground  
In my mind real time is mine I know what I know  
I step up and get none  
I take less and less and less than none  
I starve  
At the back of my mind I hear the engines whine  
Go all night  
I make my blood scream  
I kiss my fear on the mouth  
I make my blood burn  
When I step off I go off all the way  
When I step off I get off all the way  
When I turn my back and walk away  
I never come back  
I go without I feel the cold but I never come back  
I go long - I'm gone