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