

# Tool, Vicarious

Eye on the TV  
'cause tragedy thrills me  
Whatever flavour  
It happens to be like;  
Killed by the husband  
Drowned by the ocean  
Shot by his own son  
She used the poison in his tea  
And kissed him goodbye  
That's my kinda story  
It's no fun 'til someone dies

Don't look at me like  
I am a monster  
Frown out your one face  
But with the other  
Stare like a junkie  
Into the TV  
Stare like a zombie  
While the mother  
Holds her child  
Watches him die  
Hands to the sky crying  
Why, oh why?  
'cause I need to watch things die  
From a distance

Vicariously I, live while the whole world dies  
You all need it too, don't lie

Why can't we just admit it?  
Why can't we just admit it?

We won't give pause until the blood is flowing  
Neither the brave nor bold  
The writers of stories sold  
We won't give pause until the blood is flowing

I need to watch things die  
From a good safe distance

Vicariously I, live while the whole world dies  
You all feel the same so  
Why can't we just admit it?

Blood like rain come down  
Drawn on grave and ground

Part vampire  
Part warrior  
Carnivore and voyeur  
Stare at the transmittal  
Sing to the death rattle

La, la, la, la, la, la, la-lie

Credulous at best your desire to believe in  
Angels in the hearts of men  
Pull your head on out  
Your head believes it give a listen  
Shouldn't have to say it all again  
The universe is hostile  
So impersonal  
Devour to survive, so it is

So it's always been

We all feed on tragedy  
It's like blood to a vampire

Vicariously I, live while the whole world dies  
Much better you than I