

# Vicarious

## Piano Tribute Players

Eye on the TV  
Cause tragedy thrills me  
Whatever flavor it happens to be  
Like  
Killed by the husband"  
"Drowned by the ocean"  
Shot by his own son  
She used a poison  
In his tea  
And kissed him goodbye  
That's my kind of story  
It's no fun until 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  
Were writers of the stories told  
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  
Drum on grave and ground

Part vampire

Part warrior

Carnivore and voyeur

Still have the transmitter

Synched to the death rattle

La, la, la, la, la, la-la-lie (x4)

Credulous at best

Your desire to believe in

Angels in the hearts of men

Pull your head of your hippie haze, and 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

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