

# The Vice

## D.B.C.

0:25

Number nine out of eleven little littermates  
Rotten apples, all the way...  
Littermates, all with different fates...  
Taught them almost all I knew  
and now, the best, the primus  
Number Nine of eleven little littermates,  
feeling almighty,  
is after my throne.

0:53

In the bright daylight, little Number Nine  
Dressed to kill, much like me  
Takes a look at the free world behind the gate  
Of a castle and escapes.

1:03

I leave the baits, the night awaits  
Snare well hidden for the littermate.  
Evaded all but one, one by one.

1:11

Eleven little littermates  
Annihilate.  
Only Number Nine's not in sight...  
Hiding, for the moonlight eats the day  
Kisses burn the paperthin wings away

1:47.

Hate me, hate me, if they want you to break me  
Love ? is ? for - the weak  
And the restless, relief in the end.  
A broken lock and a twisted dream

1:56

for an early tomb, destiny's overruled  
Trailed it back to the Pagan Cathedral."

2:03

Don't love me, don't you dare!  
I lie, I cheat and I don't care  
Don't you go telling me tales about fidelity.  
truth ain't safe with me

2:13

In (sane), in (pain)  
Ran into a needle  
Eye (love), Eye (hate)  
don't need anyone  
Lights (on), Lights (out)  
read it loud and clear...  
and hear the lion roar.  
without my eyes, they failed me,  
knots untied.  
I turned my weakness into a  
fine profession  
more I hear, more I see  
I can feel  
the path I choose  
What I did was a must,  
Faced the music, away from the light, alone...  
Without a view.  
Someone thought to know me well  
Drowned me in a wishing well...  
Making mistakes, we all do,  
Worst of mine was trusting in a stranger.  
For now I'm feeling fine  
Drank poison, liked the sign  
Now touch the greatest fear  
Impaired, to look sincere.  
One step behind you, turn around and I am gone with what I need.  
The essence of timely death, cold and dark, Love Less Hard.

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