

# It Is

## Vices I Admire

I am master of few and I am lover of less and I've gotten weaker with age and I am buried by guilt and I'm the simplest form: a plastic face, but well dressed--another sad impersonation of intrigue. Would if I could swallow words, but the melody cries out for a blanket, hold her under water, keep her 'til heart stops, until she sleeps at last.

I am full of contempt and you are worse than money and all I dream are big things and if I ache it's for time and if I'm old then I'm prime and if I'm dead then all my body's blood has run out and all the easy breath gone dry. Pardon my weak resolve, but the memory cries out for a stronger voice to hold the waters back, to put the dead to rest, to push the night aside.

My catalogs breed paper entrails to know me by.

Here it is: another fool for a king, another king turned fool for a day. Here it is: another world for your own, another chance to ruin or live with what you know. Pursue me, victory--talismans and healing words--triumph is fleeting and failure is forever so hedge your bets on a promise to your pulse.

Here it is: another glorious boast, another requiem to soul's misery. Here it is: another wretched outcast denying self so desperately. Here it is: another slow dirge, another slow decay. Here I am: another mess to clean up, another warrior who wants to go back home. I want to go back home

You wear the martyr, I'll wear his makeup and we'll pretend we're both okay. You make me happy, but I am bored now, I left the disguise on all day.

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