

Famine

Death Angel

Turning knot, rotting in my gut
Got me feeling so corrupt Like a second hand politician
I'm a study in malnutrition
Every star I see I'm wishing
Got a deathbed at 12th and Mission
New kind of Long ago once upon a time
Hundred miles an hour, time flew by Now gravestones become friends
Practice voodoo superstition
Like an archangel from heaven
Got a deathbed at 12th and Mission In need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream gone In need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream gone Mentally unfed, spiritually dead
The flock's been misled
New kind of wicked Turning knot, rotting in my gut
Got me feeling so corrupt
Stomach's screaming deep inside
Another day, got no place to hide In need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream gone In need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
Gone

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