Famine

Death Angel

Turning knot, rotting in my gut
Got me feeling so corruptLike 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 ofLong ago once upon a time
Hundred miles an hour, time flew byNow gravestones become friends
Practice voodoo superstition
Like an archangel from heaven
Got a deathbed at 12th and MissionIn need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream goneIn need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream goneMentally unfed, spiritually dead
The flock's been misled
New kind of wickedTurning knot, rotting in my gut
Got me feeling so corrupt
Stomach's screaming deep inside
Another day, got no place to hideIn need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream goneIn need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
American dream goneIn need of sleep, we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood, dirt, money, hustle and scheme
Gone

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