

# Vicarious

## Tool

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  
La, la, la, la, la, la-la-lie  
La, la, la, la, la, la-la-lie  
La, la, la, la, la, la-la-lie Credulous at best  
Your desire to believe in

Angels in the hearts of men  
Pull your head out of your hippie haze  
and give a listen  
Shouldn't have to say it all againThe universe is hostile, so impersonal  
Devour to survive, so it is, so it's always beenWe all feed on tragedy  
It's like blood to a vampireVicariously I live while the whole world dies  
Much better you than I

Songwriters

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