

# 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,  
Then (she) kissed him goodbye"  
That's my kind of story  
It's no fun til someone dies. Don't look me at like I am a monster  
Frown out your one face, but with the other (you)  
Stare like a junkie into the TV  
Stare like a zombie while the mother holds her child,  
Watches him die,  
Hands to the sky cryin "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 flowin'  
Neither the brave nor bold  
Nor brightest of stories told  
We won't give pause until the blood is flowin' 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 fallin' down  
Drum on grave and ground Part vampire, part warrior,  
Carnivore and voyeur  
Stare at the transmittal.  
Sing to the death rattle. La, la, la, la, la, la, la-lie (x4) Credulous at best  
Your desire to believe in  
Angels in the hearts of men.  
But pull your head on out (of) your hippie haze  
And give a listen  
Shouldn't have to say it all again The universe is hostile  
So impersonal  
Devour to survive  
So it is, so it's always been ... We all feed on tragedy.  
It's like blood to a vampire. Vicariously, I live while the whole world dies  
Much better you than I.

Lyrics provided by  
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