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 (x4)

Credulous at best
Your desire to believe in
Angels in the hearts of men
Pull your head 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

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