Vices

Dead Poetic

Feeling cold, feeling empty
Set the stage where you want me
And this crowd right before me
Doesn't care that I'm dyingAnd the audience stands with their eyes fixed
On the preconceived version of me
I'm so betrayed by your hopes
But I will not hide myself for your peace of mindOh but child, I've got vices like any other manRaise a boy to a cynic
Take his love and then let it turn
Into something passionate
Something sick, something rabidAnd I vent to keep myself from caving
I don't hate you, I just hate where I'm heading
I'm left here asking, when did I trade in
My bleeding heart for a selfish win?Oh but Mother, I've got vices like any other man
Vices that you're not used to
Vices that'll make you think less of meLeave me numb, leave me jaded
She's a dream, I just play dead
I've been blessed, I've been hated
She's the constant and I'm her addictShe's the only peace in this world, uneasy
While I bite my tongue to keep from breaking the heart
That I've spent my whole life seeking
The only heart I've ever neededOh but Lover, I've got vices like any other man
Vices that you're not used to
Vices that'll make you thinkOh but Lover, I've got vices like any other man
Vices that you're not used to
Vices that'll make you think less of me, less of meFeeling cold, feeling empty
I am low, unworthy
Bleed the God, bleed the blessing
Like a vulture feastingI'll exist as if I don't feel conviction
Of my ignorance to my perfect prison
But I feel the stabs on my wrists
And ankles every time I tryTo forget you, to forget youOh but Jesus, I've got vices like any other man
Vices that you're so used to
Vices that won't make you think less of me

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