

# 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 dying And 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 mind Oh but child, I've got vices like any other man Raise a boy to a  
cynic  
Take his love and then let it turn  
Into something passionate  
Something sick, something rabid And 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 me Leave 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 addict She'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 needed Oh but Lover, I've got vices like any other man  
Vices that you're not used to  
Vices that'll make you think Oh 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 me Feeling cold, feeling empty  
I am low, unworthy  
Bleed the God, bleed the blessing  
Like a vulture feasting I'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 try To forget you, to forget you Oh 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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