

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,
has with their eyes fixed on,
preconcieved part of me,
I'm so betrayed by our hopes but,
I want to hide myself for your peace of mind.

(There's more...but I'm outta time)

Lyrics submitted by Tyler.

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