Narcotic

Dead Poetic

You sure sold your soul for an ounce of attention
Gaining the world and demanding affection
Will you ever be pleased with your own skin?
Will you ever refuse what they're asking?You can't hide your insecurities with a pretty faceBreed it and bear it and make it your narcotic
Begging face down on the floor
Breed it and bear it and make it your narcotic
You sold your soul now they want moreVanity's gun left you dead in Hollywood
Empty, addicted and screaming for comfort
From a world devoid of compassion
Exchanging hopes for rejectionYou can't hide your insecurities with a pretty faceBreed it and bear it and make it your narcotic
Begging face down on the floor
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