Dead Stars (version)

Covenant

We find our songs
In fashion magazines
We read the story
In the morning paperI touch their hearts
And they touch my skin
I'm on your screen
And you are just so widePut us on display for everyone to see
We write the words for all to understandThough I get my kicks
It's slowly wasting me
Don't try to be an artist
I try to be a manDead stars still burn
Dead still stars burnWe find ourselves
In pictures on the net
Blinded by science
Addicted to devotionI'm in your hold
Eager to abuse
My favourite game
I suffer from misuseI just want to know
The man in front of them
To read their minds
For me to understandThough I get my kicks
It's slowly wasting me
Don't try to be an artist
I try to be a man

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