

The Bled

"Starving Artiste"

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I made a pact not to sleep through the end
All of the dreamers are stuck in their beds
Fight off the attraction to always play dead
I'm tortured by white noise in half hour sets

Ears ringing, your mouth ran for miles
But hasn't gone anywhere, you're lost

I heard the word on the street
And it means nothing to me
So how do you like me now?

Where's your passion?
The renaissance man is a thing of the past
To you it's fashion
Dress up, don't address
What keeps us from resting

The jackals circle for the feast
I try to fight it off but it's consuming me

The rapture has only begun
While you sleep, they watch you breathing
And you can bet it gets worse
When the moon crashes into the sun
While you dream, both ends are burning

Pray for one more chance
They will steal the air from your lungs
In the back of the hearse
Overturned as your insides prolapse
Wake before, before it's too fucking late

When everyone has a skeleton key
When everyone rots in captivity
When everyone is sleeping off the heat

You shut the blinds
As they cauterize what lives inside
You shut the blinds
As they cauterize what lives inside

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