

## Aiden

# "A Portrait Of The Artist"

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I watched as the black sky parted back  
Through fields of tar and thread  
A tourniquet of lace and dialect  
Our ceremony  
I fall as the comfort rushes in  
No terrifying dreams  
I'll she'd my skin for you

Have I broken my addiction?  
Dead inside, dead inside  
Have I broken my addiction?  
Dead inside  
A picture of my genocide

Paralyze the light fell from your eyes  
My hope is faded grey  
Our wickedness we share  
This ceremony  
I watched as the antique sky turned black  
Through fields of heroin  
I'll she'd my skin for you

Have I broken my addiction?  
Dead inside, dead inside  
Have I broken my addiction?  
Dead inside  
A portrait of my genocide

Have I broken my addiction?  
Dead inside, dead inside  
Have I broken my addiction?  
Dead inside  
A portrait of my genocide

A portrait of the artist, a portrait of a young man  
To sing this song in silence is grand,  
Yeah,  
Yeah!

My addiction!  
Dead inside!  
Broken!

Genocide!

My addiction!

Dead inside!

Broken!

My genocide!

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