

## **Bison B. C. "Die Of Devotion"**

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Vagabonds of the old war, drink and fight and fuck  
some more.  
Feel the pull, like lover's prize.  
Feel a hate lovers find, pulling in a new bride.  
Drunken sleep and lovelessness.  
Die of devotion, chasing a veiled dream.  
Die of devotion.  
Your blood, the needle.  
Your heart, the bottle.  
We feel the pull of need.  
Black mood, a reason to live thirsty without breath.  
Asleep in the flames.  
Sprinkle us with the fire, no love just desire.  
All or nothing, nothing's higher.  
Die of devotion, our soul rises.  
So does the fire.  
A wakefulness between the dreams, the clouds press.  
Your blood, the needle.  
Your heart, the bottle.  
We feel the pull of need.  
Our world of liars.  
Proof of habit.

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