

## **Vices I Admire**

### **"...Go The Spoils"**

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Your episodic aphorisms plague me like the poor decision to play the disinterested listener. I'm like the old child that's grown an earache--full of manipulated tones, tired pragmatics that practice spitting verbs at their perfect prisoner. And you navigate that skill with an aristocratic arm, yeah, you brew your toxic fantasy with predatory charm, you are an a-theatric amateur who drools over every word but can't memorize one single part. And you'll get what can't be got, ain't gonna never be received. If you turn your back, boy, then you'll never leave.

You're a product of my ministry, you are crushed on open arms, you will drown in open air prepared to heal your anemic heart. Old vulture, gnarled nemesis, old cavity re-tooled I want to drive a nail through your eyes so I can get a better view. A part of me longs to wash the past, yeah that part of me is weak, a part of me works to find the faults that part of me won't seek. Carry me home, you improbable ghost, I would rot by your flesh, I will gnaw on your bones--are you calling out my name? Elutriate and evanesce. I would gorge myself on praise if you praise this.

How do you smile? You are a mystery to me. You taught me by moving slow, you do not so quickly proceed. Still you're warm and gray, a quilted memory, you market yourself by the faded company you keep. And you were already here--a shadow on my tongue--yeah, you were already here and all alone like me. You are a blister from too much sweet, you're an ulcer from too much wine. You are dead, I know that you're dead, were you ever really alive?

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