

None More Black

"Mr. Artistic"

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Feral children of the night
You're hungry. I get it.
It's all been fashioned, so get in line;
or draw one, it don't matter.
You got another itch to satisfy.
Just wait til your mother finds out.
Same old songs on the jukebox.
Art that swallows its vomit, over and over.
In the nose, out the mouth.
I just do what I can to calm down.
Caught on the heels and yet somehow I stumble forth.
Try to feed off a city whose blood so estranged from
the source.
Not anymore.
Unsterile children own the night with envy; no mercy.
You got another self to express.
You're so lucky you're in the right place.
Same old routine to wear out.
Revolving doors, spin you dizzy into delirium.

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