

# Famine

## Death Angel

Turning knot rotting in my gut  
Got me feeling so corrupt

Like a second hand politician  
I'm a study in malnutrition  
Every star I see I'm wishing  
Got a deathbed at 12th and mission

New kind of

Long ago once upon a time  
Hundred miles an hour time flew by

Now gravestones become friends  
Practice voo doo superstition  
Like an archangel from heaven  
Got a deathbed at 12th and mission

In need of sleep we crawl the street  
American dream gone  
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme  
American dream gone  
In need of sleep we crawl the street  
American dream gone  
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme  
American dream gone

Mentally unfed  
Spiritually dead  
The flock's been misled  
New kind of wicked

Turning knot rotting in my gut  
Got me feeling so corrupt  
Stomach's screaming deep inside  
Another day got no place to hide

In need of sleep we crawl the street  
American dream gone  
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme  
American dream gone  
In need of sleep we crawl the street  
American dream gone  
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme  
American dream gone  
In need of sleep we crawl the street  
American dream gone  
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme  
Gone