

A Portrait of the Artist

Aiden

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 shed my skin for you

Have I broken my addiction 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 shed my skin for you

Have I broken my addiction 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

My addiction
Dead inside
Broken
Genocide