

Sex, Drugs And Empty Souls

For All Those Sleeping

I used to think my life would be complete,
When I made it in the industry.
But it turns open, honest dreamers into lying, fucking cheaters
,
Who all want household names.
Whose ego's big enough to bring in the big bucks,
And if you don't have what it takes,
Just fake it 'cause the kids don't know a thing.

Give it up for the chance to shine,
Fell the rush when the crowd goes wild,
Then laugh it up 'cause it's all a lie.

It's all about the sex, drugs and empty souls.
Cause the money's always green, when the record hits gold.
I need it (we want it),
I'll dream it (we'll buy it),
It's safe to say that we've lost our way.
If you want sex, drugs and rock and roll,
Give up your soul.

I used to think that we would live the dreams,
Being artists in the industry.
But they just love you, fuck you, leave you,
Once you don't sell they don't need you,
They'll just find a bigger name.

Keep my music, you can frame it with my faith that I had.
I'll still believe in me, even if you can't!
Keep the spotlight, cause I don't need it to see who I am.
I'd rather be remembered for the person I was, not my fucking b
and!

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