

## Leeches

## In Flames

Leeches like leeches  
Ignorance we trust

If you say this way  
I will take that way  
Fuel for the fire  
on which I thrive

Spit me out  
I'm glad I don't belong  
Save me the speech  
I know you'll be forgotten and gone

It burns  
It rips  
It hurts

Leeches  
They preach to us  
Words of wisdom from blocked minds

Spit me out  
I'm glad I don't belong  
Save me the speech  
I know you'll be forgotten and gone

It burns  
It rips  
It hurts  
They make you bleed your turn  
The chance of a lifetime  
How does it feel to be alive?

A tear for the poet  
That can't be heard  
And praise the artist that steals

Spit me out  
I'm glad I don't belong  
Save me the speech  
I know you'll be forgotten and gone

It burns  
It rips  
It hurts  
They make you bleed your turn  
The chance of a lifetime  
How does it feel to be alive?