

Dead Man

Of Virtue

When you're stuck right under the thumb of the devil it's hard to make the choice to live or die.

Or just stay stuck right between where the sunset's and where the whiskey collides.

A place where the only clothes on your back smell of sewer heat and sweat.

And your cold dry face is caked in dirt and grease.

It's getting colder outside and you start to believe it might never change the cold city streets,

These cold city nights,

This cold city heart.

We're a generation of young men and women struggling to get the best we can.

Trying to outlive the failures of the past, dying to make a change that you can truly see.

Living for the moment when feeling right doesn't seem so impossible,

but the harder you push it only hurts worse when you fall again.

Just let it be known that when the sky turns grey, you tried your best.

Just never try hard enough to believe it.

Most of the time there's nothing we can do to change the ways our days have tangled

themselves up in the fence and vines, that we hide behind.

We stress and frustrate the sunlight away, by the time night falls we lay awake and ache,

for tomorrow destiny might show its face.

For the first time in my life.

Although we have lost ourselves along the way,

The stars above the sea will guide us home.

It's like being born the only one with eyes, the rest of the world is blind.

But then you realize you have nothing to hide.

It's like having wings preparing to fly out of this shit that we call our lives.

But then you realize you're afraid of heights.

Dead men live again.