

## Starving Artiste

The Bled

I made a pact not to sleep through the end  
All of the dreamers are stuck in their beds  
Fight off the attraction to always play dead  
I'm tortured by white noise in half hour sets

Ears ringing, your mouth ran for miles  
But hasn't gone anywhere, you're lost

I heard the word on the street  
And it means nothing to me  
So how do you like me now?

Where's your passion?  
The renaissance man is a thing of the past  
To you it's fashion  
Dress up, don't address  
What keeps us from resting

The jackals circle for the feast  
I try to fight it off but it's consuming me

The rapture has only begun  
While you sleep, they watch you breathing  
And you can bet it gets worse  
When the moon crashes into the sun  
While you dream, both ends are burning

Pray for one more chance  
They will steal the air from your lungs  
In the back of the hearse  
Overturned as your insides prolapse  
Wake before, before it's too fucking late

When everyone has a skeleton key  
When everyone rots in captivity  
When everyone is sleeping off the heat

You shut the blinds  
As they cauterize what lives inside  
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