

## Dead Pigeon Tricks

### Dead to Me

Dead eyes had addiction...how'd you know?  
Sick of shitting bricks and dead pigeon tricks and now I know  
I used to think I'd be somebody but now I don't think so

I think I've always felt inside, this need to escape to run and  
hide

I remember the day that I figured out that filling the void is  
what this has always been about

Pushing farther away I crawled inside, I locked myself in and n  
o one heard my cries

But when my sister showed up I knew it was time to fill the voi  
d that this has always been about

Paint all my bad away. Avoid all my pain today.

Forget my hands, forget my my face

Forget what I did in that place

Ill never change

So lock the door and forget I ever came

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I got the red light district blood on my hands,

And I could give a f\*\*k if you're a working man

Useless diatribes on fighting good fights,

Accomplish nothing more than feeding my fires

Paint all my bad away. Shooting my pain today.

Forget my hands forget my face

Forget what I did in that place

Ill never change

So lock the door and forget I ever came

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