

Famine

Death Angel

Turning knot rotting in my gut
Got me feeling so corrupt

Like a second hand politician
I'm a study in malnutrition
Every star I see I'm wishing
Got a deathbed at 12th and mission

New kind of

Long ago once upon a time
Hundred miles an hour time flew by

Now gravestones become friends
Practice voo doo superstition
Like an archangel from heaven
Got a deathbed at 12th and mission

In need of sleep we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme
American dream gone
In need of sleep we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme
American dream gone

Mentally unfed
Spiritually dead
The flock's been misled
New kind of wicked

Turning knot rotting in my gut
Got me feeling so corrupt
Stomach's screaming deep inside
Another day got no place to hide

In need of sleep we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme
American dream gone
In need of sleep we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme
American dream gone
In need of sleep we crawl the street
American dream gone
Blood dirt money hustle and scheme
Gone