

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

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The chance of a lifetime
How does it feel to be alive?