

## Vices

### Dead Poetic

Capo 6th!

Verse 1:

**Am**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G**  
Feeling cold, feeling empty. Set the stage, where you want me.  
**Am**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G**  
And this crowd right before me doesnâ€™t care that Iâ€™m dying.  
**Am**    **F**    **C**    **G**  
And the audience stands with their eyes fixed on the preconceived version of me.  
**Am**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G**  
Iâ€™m so betrayed by your hopes, but I will not hide myself for your peace of mind.

Chorus 1:

**Am**                    **F**                    **C**  
Oh, but Child. Iâ€™ve got Vices like any other man.

Verse2: (same Chords as verse 1)

Raise a boy to a cynic. Take his love, and then let it turn into something passionate.  
Something sick, something rabid.  
And I vent to keep myself from caving. I donâ€™t hate you, I just hate where Iâ€™m heading.  
Iâ€™m left here asking, when did I trade in my bleeding heart for a selfish win?

Chorus 2:

**Am**                    **F**                    **C**  
Oh, but Mother. Iâ€™ve got Vices like any other man.  
**Am**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G**  
Vices that youâ€™re not used to. Vices thatâ€™ll make you think less of me.

Verse 3:

Leave me numb. Leave me jaded. Sheâ€™s a dream, I just play dead.  
Iâ€™ve been blessed, Iâ€™ve been hated. Sheâ€™s the constant, and Iâ€™m her addict.  
Sheâ€™s the only peace in this world, uneasy.  
While I bite my tongue to keep from breaking the heart that Iâ€™ve spent my whole life seeking.  
The only heart Iâ€™ve ever needed.

Chorus 3:

**Am** **F** **C** **G**  
 Oh, but Lover. Iâ€™ve got Vices like any other man.  
**Am** **F** **C** **G**  
 Vices that youâ€™re not used to. Vices thatâ€™ll make you think...  
**Am** **F** **C** **G**  
 Oh, but Lover. Iâ€™ve got Vices like any other man.  
**Am** **F** **C** **G**  
 Vices that youâ€™re not used to. Vices thatâ€™ll make you think less of me. Less  
 of me.

Verse 4:

Feeling cold, feeling empty. I am low, unworthy.  
 Bleed the God. Bleed the blessing. Like a vulture feasting.  
 Iâ€™ll exist as if I donâ€™t feel conviction of my ignorance to my perfect  
 prison.  
 But I feel the stabs on my wrists and ankles every time I try...

**Am** **F**  
 To forget you.  
**C** **G**  
 To forget you.

Chorus 4

**Am** **F** **C** **G**  
 Oh, but Jesus. Iâ€™ve got Vices like any other man.  
**Am** **F** **C** **G** **Am**  
 Vices that youâ€™re so used to. Vices that wonâ€™t make you think less of me.