

Dead Poetic, New Medicines

These are the words that tear you apart.
And these are the words that take you away.
And these are just words they'll tear you apart.
When no one here will say what needs to say.

New medicines should ease this pain.
They're the only ailment for it.

It's this air and time that's bringing me home again.
A lame attempt at playing the part again now.
In a place you don't know.
And this stance as sturdy as leaves in a storm.
The premise and motive fueling blank faces.
The fool in a place you don't know.
In this place, you don't

New medicines should ease this pain.
They're the only ailment for it. All over again.

These are the words that tore me apart.
And these are the words that'll take me away.
I'm not in the business of faking to please vain opposers.
A dead legion of new, cloned followers.
You're cornered in a place you don't know.
In this world, you don't.

New medicines should ease this pain.
They're the only ailment for it. All over again.