

Dead Poetic, A Hoax To Live For

You're all just staring, angry faces, begging for a place to die.
Or I could leave you where you stand,
Up upon that hill that'll fall to the wayside.

This hoax to live for, dictating regulation of thoughts.
This hoax to live for, the very plague that kills us all.

And in this scene, I play the protagonist, and as well I play the opposed.
Or I could leave you where you stand.
All alone in the hall, your trap for the meantime.
And you call this home, no home I've ever known.

This hoax to live for, dictating regulation of thoughts.
This hoax to live for, the very plague that kills us all.

This isn't war, but these are still battles
And battles make it all die out.

This hoax to live for, dictating regulation of thoughts.
This hoax to live for, the very plague that kills us all.