

Dead Poetic, August Winterman

And If I could teach the world to be..
I'd teach them all to be something just like me.
Frustrated, bitter, depressing.

Perfect - As if my wings were like yours
But I'm falling down.

And if you could hold your tongue long enough..
You'd see that all I am is love, but I don't like me.
I despise me.

Perfect - As if my wings were like yours
But I'm falling down.
Perfect - As if my wings were like yours
But I'm falling down.

It's a disease they'll never have a cure for.
You're the only way to dry my eyes.
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure.
But I'm the one whose wrong. I'm the one who cries.
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure for.
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure.
But I'm the one whose wrong. I'm the one who cries.

I cry - I despise me.