

# 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.