

Dead Poetic, Copy Of A Copy

She told me dont let them in. Youre a copy of a copy.
She told me dont come again. This is awful. This is all wrong.

Now I feel it coming back again. Slide down the walls, on the floor.
Oh, Ill pretend this isnt happening this time.

She told me, stop listening to the voices, and what they said.
She told me dont fall again. I am wretched, I am loathed.

She told me, dont kill the villains.
The pain is not escaping.
She told me, dont kill the villains.
Just let them feast on their own perfection.
She told me, dont kill the villains.
The pain is not escaping.
She told me you cannot stay.
But Im stable. Im okay.

I said it, we all regret it. Now this room is cold and spinning.
Give us cause to keep them breathing again this time.
She told me dont let them in.
Youre a copy of a copy.