

Dead Poetic, Stereo Child

(Your tradition)

I'm getting so sick of creating this music to please you
The way it used to be is the very thing that blinds you.

That's why you can't see my God move
'Cause this is not then, and I'm not like you.

(Damnation)

Your excuse for good advice. Their mouths are wide, but you feed them lies

(Reputation)

You're full of indecency. You are exactly the portrait they painted you to be.

Stereo Child

That's why you can't see my God move
'Cause this is not then, and I'm not like you.

You refuse to speak, and they'll listen.

But I won't be predicted.
I won't be your stereo.
I won't be predicted, never.