

Dead Poetic, The Victim

To me, you were just dead weight.
A diluted filter blurring the color away from what this used to be or
Or what it could have been.

But nothings changed. I still see you as a toxin. I still see you as the same.

I'll let you stand on your own again, while you're playing the victim.

To me, you were just the same.
Like all of the others, accusing the leader of inflicting all the pain
that you've been feeling, feeling.
But I'd wait to find any tears of mine. I tried to let you come undone.

But nothings changed. I still see you as a toxin. I still see you as the same.

I'll let you stand on your own again, while you're playing the victim.
I'll let you stand on your own, your own.

Find a new way in, and take them all away. If I'm the villain, well then take me all away.
If I had the blade, I'd cut the strings down from your limbs, and let you get away.

I'll let you stand on your own again, while you're playing the victim.
I'll let you stand on your own, your own.