

Every Time I Die, Imitation Is The Sincerest Form

Don't try to resist , you're coming with us.
Provisions are made, accommodations have been met.
Your words are encoded in the bleak genetics of the mob.
Praise apocrypha - omitted offense - to relieve us
of guilt but not of our sin.
We've sacrificed discourse at the feet of your clever turn of phrase.
Now you owe it to us, we demand to be taken aback
To be shown the revival of hope for which your words are responsible.

Oh, it's the end of the line
I'm cornered by a precedent
The sneering public eye
My job here is done

You're fucking welcome...

Retract the accolade
The candid acclaim
Inspiration is cutting its loss
Regurgitate headlines or a theory on modern art
You've been fooled again, the red herrings a joke

I've tried so hard to tell you
That I've tapped the well dry
But there's no word

Stay wistful and young
The affected are banking on oblivion
In the drone of embittered hope
And we're sold by the way they wrote it

Oh, it's the end of the line
I'm cornered by a precedent
The sneering public eye

It is better to destroy than to create what is meaningless.
So the picture will not be finished...