

# Sloppy Meateaters, Brand New Kind Of

Typically I'm set to lose  
you immitate my every move  
Your convictions, my invention  
I'm so sorry you're not me

No I don't wanna see your face no more  
I don't want you saying my name no more  
I don't wanna make your scene no more

Look at you now, thrown back down to where you just belong  
lying dead, you were never meant to where this  
My confessions, your next lesson, you never listen to my case

Brand new kind of