

Dead Poetic "August Winterman"

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And If I could teach the world to be..
I'd teach them all to be something just like me.
Frustrated, bitter, depressing.

Perfect.
As if my wings were like yours.
Perfect.
But I'm falling down.
As if my wings were like yours.
But I'm falling down.

And if you could hold your tongue long enough..
You'd see that all I am is love, but I don't like me.
I despise me.

Perfect.
As if my wings were like yours
But I'm falling down.
Perfect.
As if my wings were like yours
Perfect.
But I'm falling down.

It's a disease they'll never have a cure.
But you're the only way to dry my eyes.
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure.
But I'm the one who's wrong.
I'm the one who cries.
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure for.
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure.
But I'm the one whose wrong. I'm the one who cries.

I cry.
I despise me.

I cry.
I despise me.

I cry.
I despise me.

I cry.

I despise me.

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