

Dead Poetic "Copy Of A Copy"

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She told me don't let them in
You're a copy of a copy
She told me don't come again
This is awful, this is all wrong

Now I feel it coming back again
Slide down the walls on the floor
Oh, I'll pretend
This isn't happening this time

She told me, stop listening
To the voices and what they said
She told me don't fall again
I am wretched, I am loathed

She told me, don't kill the villains
The pain is not escaping
She told me, don't kill the villains
Just let them feast on their own perfection

She told me, don't kill the villains
The pain is not escaping
She told me you cannot stay
But I'm stable, I'm okay

I said it, we all regret it
Now this room is cold and spinning
Give us cause to keep them
Breathing again this time

She told me don't let them in
You're a copy of a copy

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