

Dead Poetic "Stereo Child"

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Your tradition, I'm getting so sick of creating
Your tradition, this music to please you
Your tradition, the way it used to be
Your tradition is the very thing that blinds you

That's why you can't see my God move
That's why you can't see my God move
That's why you can't see my God move
'Cause this is not then, and I'm not like you

Damnation, your excuse for good advice
Damnation, their mouths are wide, but you feed them
lies
Reputation, you're full of indecency
Reputation, you are exactly the portrait they painted
you to be

Stereochild, stereochild
Stereochild, stereochild
Stereochild, stereochild
Stereochild, stereochild

That's why you can't see my God move
That's why you can't see my God move
That's why you can't see my God move
'Cause this is not then, and I'm not like you

You refuse to speak, and they'll listen
You refuse to speak, and they'll listen
You refuse to speak, and they'll listen
You refuse to speak, and they'll listen

But I won't be predicted
I won't be your stereo
I won't be predicted
Never

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