Copy of a Copy

Dead Poetic

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 wrongNow I feel it coming back again Slide down the walls on the floor Oh, I'll pretend This isn't happening this timeShe told me, stop listening To the voices and what they said She told me don't fall again I am wretched, I am loathedShe 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 perfectionShe told me, don't kill the villains The pain is not escaping She told me you cannot stay But I'm stable, I'm okayI said it, we all regret it Now this room is cold and spinning Give us cause to keep them Breathing again this timeShe told me don't let them in You're a copy of a copy

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