

Stereo Child (Dead Poetic)

Dead Poetic

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, tour 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

Songwriters

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