Imitation Is The Sincerest Form Of Battery

Every Time I Die

Don't try to resist
You're coming with us
Provisions are made
Accommodations have met
Your words are encoded
In the bleak genetics of the mob
Praise apocrypha, omitted offense
To relieve us of guilt but not of our sin
We've sacrificed discourse at the feet
Of your clever turn of phrase
Now you owe it to us
We demand to be taken aback
To be shown the revival of hope
For which your words are responsible
Oh, it's the end of the line
I'm cornered by a precedent
The sneering public eye
My job here is done
My job here is done
You're fucking welcome
Retract the accolade the candid acclaim
Inspiration is cutting its loss
Regurgitate headlines or a theory on modern art
You've been fooled again, the red herrings a joke
I've tried so hard to tell you
That I've tapped the well dry
But there's no word
Stay wistful and young
The affected are banking on oblivion
In the drone of embittered hope
And we're sold by the way they wrote it
Oh, it's the end of the line
I'm cornered by a precedent
The sneering public eye
My job here is done
My job here is done
It is better to destroy
Than to create what is meaningless
So the picture will not be finished

Get out of here

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