

# 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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