

August Winterman

Dead Poetic

And if I could teach the world to be
I'd teach them all to be something just like me
Frustrated, bitter, depressing Perfect, as if my wings were like yours
Perfect, but I'm falling down And if you could hold your tongue long enough
You'd see that all I am is love but I don't like me
I despise me Perfect, as if my wings were like yours
Perfect, but I'm falling down Perfect, as if my wings were like yours
Perfect, but I'm falling down It's a disease they'll never have a cure for
You're the only way to dry my eyes
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure
But I'm the one who's wrong, I'm the one who cries It's a disease, they'll never have a cure for
It's a disease, they'll never have a cure
But I'm the one who's wrong, I'm the one who cries I cry, I despise me
I cry, I despise me
I cry, I despise me
I cry, I despise me

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