

# Dead Poet

## Butcher Babies

She likens herself as  
To one of the greats  
But if you look in her eyes  
All you see is hate  
She screams her insecurities and  
The foolish things she thinks  
She's just a broken toy in  
A land of make believe You're dead inside  
With no regret  
When the lights go down  
You're standing alone  
Your dead inside  
And there's no end  
Left with nothing here  
But your crown of thorns  
Your fear is what I've suffocated  
Your lie is what was fornicated  
Your fear is what I've suffocated  
Your lie is what was fornicated Mother playing the game  
Father playing the game  
My lover always the same  
But when you stand back and look  
You are the only one to blame  
Mother playing the game  
Father playing the game  
My lover always the same  
But take a good hard look  
You are the only one to blame  
You're dead inside  
With no regret  
When the lights go down  
You're standing alone  
Your dead inside  
And there's no end  
Left with nothing here  
But your crown of thorns Each scar has a story where  
They came from no one knows  
Fabricating the past  
Blow by blow

Where's the sense of reason  
When does her run end  
Cause when the lights go down  
She's cold and dead Your fear is what I've suffocated  
Your lie is what was fornicated  
Your fear is what I've suffocated  
Your lie is what was fornicated Mother playing the game  
Father playing the game  
My lover always the same  
But when you stand back and look  
You are the only one to blame  
Mother playing the game  
Father playing the game  
My lover always the same  
But take a good hard look  
You are the only one to blame You're living in fear  
I'm living right here  
You're living in fear  
I'm living right here You smile at me like  
A long lost friend  
Extend your hand to mine  
As if we could amend Your fear is what I've suffocated  
Your lie is what was fornicated Mother playing the game  
Father playing the game  
My lover always the same  
But when you stand back and look  
You are the only one to blame  
Mother playing the game  
Father playing the game  
My lover always the same  
But take a good hard look  
You are the only one to blame

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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