

Copy Of A Copy

Dead Poetic

She told me don't let them in
You're a copy of a copy
She told me don't come again
This is awful, this is all wrong Now I feel it coming back again
Slide down the walls on the floor
Oh, I'll pretend
This isn't happening this time She told me, stop listening
To the voices and what they said
She told me don't fall again
I am wretched, I am loathed She told me, don't kill the villains
The pain is not escaping
She told me, don't kill the villains
Just let them feast on their own perfection She told me, don't kill the villains
The pain is not escaping
She told me you cannot stay
But I'm stable, I'm okay I said it, we all regret it
Now this room is cold and spinning
Give us cause to keep them
Breathing again this time She told me don't let them in
You're a copy of a copy

Songwriters

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