

Clones

Chevelle

You're just a clone of them
Have you no way to set a fire
You're just a clone of them
The Devil's in the ways we live

It's all chemicals by and large it's not you
Or your excitement
I'm caught trading blows and climbing walls for a view
Out of resentment

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But this sadness you saw in us
Comes honestly from foreign worlds
There's too many muddy feet
It's all too easy counting

So in the end, if I hold the fate, you hold a chance
Never admit, I'd simply ascend
To see what the soul looks like in the end
After all

We need a change I feel
From this saga of old past blandness
Maybe I'll tase myself
Wake up from this maze of lies built up

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After all, what do I know