

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.