

## Pretty Pretty

## Dead Poetic

Pretty, pretty, she looks so needy  
She's calm in the face  
But she's never forgetting every other time I've been  
Angry, raging, clenched up hands  
But I know better than to mix you in my  
Raging cycle in this unstable mind

I don't want to let you down  
I want this to feel the same  
I don't want to let you down  
I'm all that's in our way

Pretty, pretty, she's slowing fading  
I've drained her empty and left her missing  
How I was when I was sane  
I'm drowning in what I became  
Stretched so thin that I am slowly tearing  
I'm left unfulfilled and deteriorating

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Waiting, hoping, praying for a settle to this dizzy mind  
Feeling that my sanity will be coupled with my demise  
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