

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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