

Dead Poetic, Crashing Down

Dont fool the crowd with all your sentiments in vain.
We are alive again. We will survive again.
Dont turn your back to every move you ever made.
We are alive again. We will survive again.

And all these sinners count on us to ease their pain.
Were just as lost as them, we feel the sting from it.
Convincing masses that were all the same.
We are alive again. We will survive again.

Oh, until we all come crashing down.
We are what we are.

Weve turned our back to every holy war youve played.
Will you weep when you feel this love you have killed?
We paint our faces til we leave a stain.
Then all the chemicals are racing in our veins.

Oh, until we all come crashing down.
We are what we are.

They paint us immaculate.
Ignoring the fact that were shoving our faults in their faces.
They wanted more.
Of the fame, of the scripted, the same,
Of the sacred, the fraud, fabricated.
They wanted more.
Of the fame, of the scripted, the same,
Of the sacred, the fraud, fabricated.
They want it.