

Dead Poetic, Self-Destruct & Die

I'm only patient enough to please the masses for so long.
My brittle arms cannot hold up all the walls in this falling tomb.
I'm only caring enough (Drowning in expectation.)
To love oppressors for so long.
Until I begin to crack (I cannot disappoint them)
And the monster will soon come back.

I've got to cut the tube that feeds the undying need for this peace.

I'll self-destruct and die, if you don't allow me breathing room.
Save me from my phobia of failing you again.
I'll self-destruct and die, from the strain of pleasing the masses.
I'm the dying pacifist.

I don't need you to stop. I only need you to understand.
I dig this dagger myself (and twist and turn until I'm numb)
And I'll continue until you end it.

I've got to cut the tube that feeds the undying need for this peace.

I'll self-destruct and die, if you don't allow me breathing room.
Save me from my phobia of failing you again.
I'll self-destruct and die, from the strain of pleasing the masses.
I'm the dying pacifist.

I'm addicted to being something they will look up to and
I'm begging for someone, something, to bring me back to you.

I'll self-destruct and die, if you don't allow me breathing room.
Save me from my phobia of failing you again.
I'll self-destruct and die, from the strain of pleasing the masses.
I'm the dying pacifist.