

Dead Poetic, Sinless City

In this sinless city, we wear calluses on our hands.
From empty, vain hand-shaking, we see the guilt has left again.
And all will fall, with or without our good will.
So we fool them all, who pray for those who never will.

And we both let go.

Never been much for pity. Never been much for wishing them well.
But I cant help but sever the ties they tied so tight, so well.
And on one side theyre holding on to what we were.
And here we are, holding the hands that we severed.

And we both let go.

The fire burns like cancer. The scarring lasts forever.
We all play tricks on fools that see us as their sinless answer.

And over and over again.

Dont say this isnt what youre used to.
Ive seen followers like you. Ive let down followers like you.

The fire burns like cancer. The scarring lasts forever.
We all play tricks on fools that see us as their sinless answer.