

## Clones

Chevelle

You're just a clone of them  
Have you no way to set a fire  
You're just a clone of them  
The Devil's in the ways we live

It's all chemicals by and large it's not you  
Or your excitement  
I'm caught trading blows and climbing walls for a view  
Out of resentment

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But this sadness you saw in us  
Comes honestly from foreign worlds  
There's too many muddy feet  
It's all too easy counting

So in the end, if I hold the fate, you hold a chance  
Never admit, I'd simply ascend  
To see what the soul looks like in the end  
After all

We need a change I feel  
From this saga of old past blandness  
Maybe I'll tase myself  
Wake up from this maze of lies built up

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You're just a clone of them  
The Devil's in the ways we live  
After all, what do I know