

Self-Destruct & Die

Dead Poetic

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 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
If you don't allow me breathing room
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