

The Victim

Dead Poetic

To me, you were just dead weight.
A diluted filter blurring the color away from what this used to
be or
Or what it could have been.

But nothing's changed. I still see you as a toxin. I still see
you as the same.

I'll let you stand on your own again, while you're playing the
victim.

To me, you were just the same.
Like all of the others, accusing the leader of inflicting all t
he pain
that you've been feeling, feeling.
But I'd wait to find any tears of mine. I tried to let you come
undone.

But nothing's changed. I still see you as a toxin. I still see
you as the same.

I'll let you stand on your own again, while you're playing the
victim.
I'll let you stand on your own, your own.

Find a new way in, and take them all way. If I'm the villain, w
ell then take me all away.
If I had the blade, I'd cut the strings down from your limbs, a
nd let you get away.

I'll let you stand on your own again, while you're playing the
victim.
I'll let you stand on your own, your own.