

Unmanageable

My Ruin

Pure
self contained
i can feel the weight of my body
as my voice strains
densensitized
from beauty scenes
the enemy is the fear
that falls inbetween
insomniac
i sleep awake
displaced from my unconscious state
unmanageable
refuse to break
i talk back
everyone needs a scapegoat
someone to throw the rocks at

The standard of comparison
the standard of comparison
the standard of comparison

Stab
my soul is not for sale
i have not forgotten my past
but i will remove the nails
force-fed your insecurities
i have bled with no regrets
for what i have said...before
or for what...i plan to say next!

The standard of comparison
the standard of comparison
the standard of comparison

Odor of sanctity
is not what you smell on me
can't make the dirty clean...
Control the magazine
under the influence
i've learned to live with this...
So i will be your standard...of comparison

The standard of comparison
the standard of comparison
the standard of comparison

Your standard...for comparison