

## The Bland Within

Sick of It All

This is what I am  
I cant make it stop  
No matter how much I want to change.  
This is who I am  
And I've made my peace.  
Now the boredom can set in  
I can't make it go away.  
Progress made towards self discovery  
Might not be progress at all.  
Making light of the banality  
Might be the only recourse.  
Look out  
See life close around you  
The routine becomes what you are.  
Look out  
See all the mistakes  
That you'll make a hundred times more.  
Look out see life close around you  
The routine becomes what you are  
Look out see all the mistakes  
You'll be making a hundred times  
A thousand times  
A million times more  
This is what I am  
I cant make it stop  
No matter how much I want to change.  
This is who I am  
And I've made my peace  
Now the boredom can set in  
I can't make it go away.  
The same old words  
The same old voice  
The same old options without much choice.  
Now you know yourself  
Now you see just how fucked up  
You're predisposed to be.