

The Discipline Of Self Loathing

Turmoil

save me from my self save me from giving in give me
the distance i need give me some distance so i can
breath wrapped in a cloth of deceit i made this bed in
which i lie but i won't accept this plastic lie fueled
by my failure sell me salvation tell me what i lack
make me a product well packaged make me a victim of
compromise behind a shield of denial i made this bed
in which i lie but i don't accept this plastic lie can
i amend this average existence growing weary of
staring at these walls caught between myself and my
desire for change fueled by failure can i break this
cycle will i stand the test of time i question this
trial of life will i survive this plastic lie