

## Frankenbok "Monk Discipline"

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Fuck!

Then fall it's you why bend and mend for fruits that  
won't come undone?  
Scathed and unsung!  
Because you can abort the bliss cemented with its  
hands  
I've said it once or twice but the follow through  
Ain't as savoury for some  
I'm severing the tie - the seems I've sown are coming  
undone  
Cold turkey. I'm severing the tie that has severed me  
so dismal  
I have shedded but it keeps on growing back  
I've said it once or twice perhaps  
with or not enough conviction  
I've shedded but it keeps on growing back  
It's the sentiment of my entwined regrets  
That has left me spent and alone

If I don't get through this if I don't clever it  
I fear I might progress  
But will it fill me up or seat me up?  
I'm considering monk discipline but when?  
I'm going monk discipline!  
Progression. Sterile this mind I can shape it but it  
leaks temptation so vile  
This progression carve out of the child and then  
replace with the tools that will slum you servile  
This monk discipline is in stone  
To break my back again  
I fold and figure it's wrong  
What I am lacking in  
Comes down to monk discipline  
I can't be more than this I can't be taunt

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