

Mest

"Return To Self Loathing"

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Sick of the way I am feeling
Waking up, watching myself slipping
Should I just take out my eyes?
No longer want them for this life

Acting strong only on the outside
Hiding shame and pain on the inside
I've tried to block my mind of this
And pretend that this doesn't exist

Losing my mind once again
Stranding my thoughts
(No matter what I said)

Sleepless nights staring at the ceiling
Sanity running on empty
Try to block my mind of this
And pretend it doesn't exist

Losing my mind once again
Stranding my thoughts
(No matter what I said)

Taken for granted again
Stranding my thoughts
No matter what I said

Torn inside broken mind
Torn on the inside
Broken mind, torn inside
Torn on the inside

Torn on the inside
(Torn on the inside)
Constantly reminded

Losing my mind again
Stranding my thoughts
No matter what I said

Losing my mind once again
Stranding my thoughts

No matter what I said

Losing my mind
Stranding my thoughts
No matter what I said

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