

Turmion Katilot

"The Discipline Of Self Loathing"

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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

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