

## Turmoil

# "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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