

Brian Courtney Wilson**"37 Chambers"**

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So criticize me any way you want.

I've been gripping to the sides of my pillow,
I've been grinding my teeth to dust.
With you often lost in the foreground,
I've been dying to lose your trust.

So criticize me any way you want,
I've been dying to let you know that you can
Rationalize this any way you want,
Forgive me if I say it ain't so.

I begged and I pleaded
For what I thought I needed,
A sense of balance and tranquility.
But now I know we cease to even search for peace,
Leaving no hope left for me.

I've never been on your level,
Remained content to resemble
A reflection of my former self.

I've been thrown to the lions,
An act of defiance against you and your point of view
So eager to sob against a backdrop
Of a sky so beautiful.

Come on, you're wrong,
Corrupt and flawed.
It's old, your end all be all.
Beginning to an end,
Lost in the moat, lusting for castle walls.
You're falling apart and forgetting one thing,
Wasting away on the inside of thighs.
And I know that regret will scar.
What's left that isn't split and marred.
Return you back to dirt, you will be seeping into the
earth

