

My Ruin, Unmanageable

Pure
Self contained
I can feel the weight of my body
As my voice strains
Densensitized
from beauty scenes
the enemy is the fear
that falls inbetween
INSOMNIAC
I sleep awake
Displaced from my unconscious state
UNMANAGEABLE
Refuse to break
I talk back
everyone needs a SCAPEGOAT
Someone to throw the rocks at

THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON
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THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

STAB
My soul is not for sale
I have not forgotten my past
But I will remove the nails
Force-fed your insecurities
I have bled with no regrets
For what I have said...before
Or for what...I plan to say next!

THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON
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Odor of sanctity
is not what you smell on me
Can't make the dirty clean...
Control the magazine
Under the influence
I've learned to live with this...
So I will be your standard...of comparison

THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON
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Your standard...for comparison