

# 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  
THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON  
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  
THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON  
THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

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  
THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON  
THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

Your standard...for comparison