

Sick Of It All, The Bland Within

This is what I am
I cant make it stop
No matter how much I want to change.
This is who I am
And I've made my peace.
Now the boredom can set in
I can't make it go away.
Progress made towards self discovery
Might not be progress at all.
Making light of the banality
Might be the only recourse.
Look out
See life close around you
The routine becomes what you are.
Look out
See all the mistakes
That you'll make a hundred times more.
Look out see life close around you
The routine becomes what you are
Look out see all the mistakes
You'll be making a hundred times
A thousand times
A million times more
This is what I am
I cant make it stop
No matter how much I want to change.
This is who I am
And I've made my peace
Now the boredom can set in
I can't make it go away.
The same old words
The same old voice
The same old options without much choice.
Now you know yourself
Now you see just how fucked up
You're predisposed to be.