

Fuck!

Then fall it's you why bend and mend for fruits that won't come undone?
Scathed and unsung!
Because you can abort the bliss cemented with its hands
I've said it once or twice but the follow through
Ain't as savoury for some
I'm severing the tie - the seems I've sown are coming undone
Cold turkey. I'm severing the tie that has severed me so dismal
I have shedded but it keeps on growing back
I've said it once or twice perhaps
with or not enough conviction
I've shedded but it keeps on growing back
It's the sentiment of my entwined regrets
That has left me spent and alone
If I don't get through this if I don't clever it
I fear I might progress
But will it fill me up or seat me up?
I'm considering monk discipline but when?
I'm going monk discipline!
Progression. Sterile this mind I can shape it but it
leaks temptation so vile
This progression carve out of the child and then
replace with the tools that will slum you servile
This monk discipline is in stone
To break my back again
I fold and figure it's wrong
What I am lacking in
Comes down to monk discipline
I can't be more than this I can't be taunt