

Spilling Open

My Ruin

I watch the buzzards gather,
But no ones dead today,
Like sheep they follow after,
And promise not to stray,

I'm spilling open,
Inside my house of leaves,
It doesn't matter what's been said,
It's what my heart believes

It seems the hive is buzzing
the bees protect their queen
while snakes with poison venom
appear upon the scene
so ugly in their hatred
god bless the maybeline
so arrogant that when she cuts
it's done for all to see

I'm spilling open,
Inside my house of leaves,
It doesn't matter what's been said,
It's what my heart believes
I'm spilling open
it's killing all of me
and I hate what I've become
from what0s been done to me

I'm spilling open,
Inside my house of leaves,
It doesn't matter what's been said,
It's what my heart believes
I'm spilling open
it's killing all of me
and I hate what I've become
from what0s been done to me

Homecoming queens are petty from being dressed in pink
But perfume can't disguise a pig and I can smell her stink
Miss Anne Thropy once sang to me with words that tasted sweet
But now the slaughterhouse has turned her voice to meat

Not everybody's everything they ever claim to be
Not everything is black or white, friend or my enemy
I guess it really doesn't matter when there's nothing left
Sometimes you gotta let it go and just enjoy the death