

The Vice

Bitter Ruin

Oh neglect me my dear
My brambles grow thick in your absence
So next time you try to cut me down
Your blades will blunten on my branches
You wound the vice one turn too tight
Too much pressure makes a lesser fool out of me
You bent the bars one inch too far
Now they're gaping I'm escaping, who needs a key?
I'm long gone
Oh insult me my dear
And like a sponge I'll absorb
But when I've soaked all I can hold
On your head like a rain cloud I'll pour
You wound the vice one turn too tight
Too much pressure makes a lesser fool out of me
You bent the bars one inch too far
Now they're gaping I'm escaping, who needs a key?
I'm long gone
And you're gonna cry like a mourner
And I'm done cowering in corners
Slowly and surely I'll saw through your sordid sob stories
I'm long gone
You wound the vice one turn too tight
Too much pressure makes a lesser fool out of me
You bent the bars one inch too far
Now they're gaping I'm escaping, who needs a key?
I'm long gone