

I Am a Ruin

Born Without Bones

I am a ruin, ancient, dated
Fell too close to the end of the rope
Now I'm missing, overgrown
What if you're frozen and I'm not there
To talk it out and thaw you out anymore?
Your golden hammer took its final bow and spit you out
And I don't know what to sing

Say, hey, it keeps coming around
I keep turning my back on this city
I won't change

You are blooming, poison azalea
Fell too close to the end of your rope
Now I'm wasted, unknown
The tide is rolling and they're coming with torches
So burn out their retinas, rally supporters
And get your cameras and catch the reaction
No satisfaction
You don't know what to sing

But it's coming around
I keep turning my back on this city
I won't change
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
And I can't sit
Alright

I was crawling for weeks
I kept hurting my back and now I can't sit down
Got these aches in my arms and my legs still shake
And now I can't sit down
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
And now I can't sit down
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
And now I kiss it down
I was crawling for weeks
I kept hurting my back and now I can't sit down
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
It keeps coming around
And now I can't sit down

It keeps coming around
I keep turning my back on this city
It's okay