

## 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