

## My Ruin

### "Feed"

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(Pollock/Wright/Ivanovich/Gohde)  
Ask man for a sacrifice  
He'll give excuses  
Look deep in his callous vices  
It's what he's made of  
It's me  
I'm his greed  
Look not to the face we're given  
It's hidden deeper  
Look in at the truth that's spoken  
It's what we're made of  
It's me  
This is me  
My love is a burning fire  
My love is a cage  
My love is a funeral pyre  
We're coming down to what we feed  
Breathe in a smokestack burning  
This is the future  
Take in the dead crack yearning  
It's what we're made of  
It's me  
This is me  
Ask man for a sacrifice  
He'll give excuses  
Look deep in his callous vices  
It's what he's made of  
It's me  
Look at me  
My love is a burning fire  
My love is a cage  
My love is a funeral pyre  
We're coming down to what we feed  
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