

## **My Ruin "Miss Ann Thrope"**

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You're so pretty when you lie  
Love songs always make me cry  
I don't think you have a choice  
There's no truth left in your voice

Remember when we used to laugh  
Just try to forget all that  
Wear my heart upon your lips  
I hope it tastes just like shit

Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope

You're so pretty when you die  
Love songs always make me cry  
I don't think you realize  
There's no blue left in your eyes

Remember when we used to sing  
Just try to forget those things  
Fill your hole inside with dirt  
I hope that it fucking hurts

Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope

Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope

You have left a trail of deceit  
Assault an flattery  
Blasting through my wounds  
Imprisoned me in God and poetry

A ritual to mend my angry heart  
A breeding ground for your untruth

If God created man in his own image  
Then fuck you

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
My hate for you defines my lust  
Bridges to bridges, you're nothing to me  
Welcome world Miss Ann Thrope

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
My hate for you defines my lust  
Bridges to bridges, you're nothing to me  
Welcome world Miss Ann Thrope

Fuck, cunt  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Cunt, fuck  
Miss Ann Thrope

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