

## **My Ruin "Spilling Open"**

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I watch the buzzards gather,  
But no ones dead today,  
Like sheep they follow after,  
And promise not to stray,

I'm spilling open,  
Inside my house of leaves,  
It doesn't matter what's been said,  
It's what my heart believes

It seems the hive is buzzing  
the bees protect their queen  
while snakes with poison venom  
appear upon the scene  
so ugly in their hatred  
god bless the maybeline  
so arrogant that when she cuts  
it's done for all to see

I'm spilling open,  
Inside my house of leaves,  
It doesn't matter what's been said,  
It's what my heart believes  
I'm spilling open  
it's killing all of me  
and I hate what I've become  
from what0s been done to me

I'm spilling open,  
Inside my house of leaves,  
It doesn't matter what's been said,  
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Homecoming queens are petty from being dressed in  
pink  
But perfume can't disguise a pig and I can smell her  
stink  
Miss Anne Thropy once sang to me with words that

tasted sweet

But now the slaughterhouse has turned her voice to  
meat

Not everybody's everything they ever claim to be  
Not everything is black or white, friend or my enemy  
I guess it really doesn't matter when there's nothing  
left

Sometimes you gotta let it go and just enjoy the death

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