

## **Bitter Ruin** **"The Vice"**

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Oh neglect me my dear  
My brambles grow thick in your absence  
So next time you try to cut me down  
Your blades will blunten on my branches

You wound the vice one turn too tight  
Too much pressure makes a lesser fool out of me  
You bent the bars one inch too far  
Now they're gaping I'm escaping, who needs a key?  
I'm long gone

Oh insult me my dear  
And like a sponge I'll absorb  
But when I've soaked all I can hold  
On your head like a rain cloud I'll pour

You wound the vice one turn too tight  
Too much pressure makes a lesser fool out of me  
You bent the bars one inch too far  
Now they're gaping I'm escaping, who needs a key?  
I'm long gone

And you're gonna cry like a mourner  
And I'm done cowering in corners  
Slowly and surely I'll saw through your sordid sob  
stories  
I'm long gone

You wound the vice one turn too tight  
Too much pressure makes a lesser fool out of me  
You bent the bars one inch too far  
Now they're gaping I'm escaping, who needs a key?  
I'm long gone

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