

# Incomplete Is A Leech

## As Cities Burn

Unless you can part my ribs like the sea  
And make stone beat, then there's no hope for me  
Unless the east never meets the west  
Unless you set my sin between your shoulder blades  
And forget part my ribs like the sea and change me  
'Cause stone doesn't beat and rock hearts don't pump anything  
But I've grown not to mind because at least  
Stone doesn't sling like blood or spill like guts across the floor  
Where the bloodsuckers want more and more and more

Songwriters

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