

Strung to Your Ribcage

[Biffy Clyro](#)

You'll never catch me.

My belly is black, and, red.

Black and red. [x3]You complete me.

Fucking say it, fucking say it, fucking say it. It's like you're meant to be a hostage, another hostage, will eat you alive.

Fucking say it, fucking say it, fucking say it. I take it for granted, that you'll feel at home.

You complete me. When you flirt it makes me nauseous, I'm fucking nauseous, and I'll eat you... alive. I take it for granted, that you'll feel at home. Emotions never change, only towards you.

Look down, I'm strung to your ribcage.

Look down, I'm strung to your ribcage. Inflamed, in every other way, in every other way.

Look down, I'm strung to your ribcage.

Look down, I'm strung to your ribcage. Inhale, the splinters and the rain, the splinters and the rain.

Look down, I'm strung to your ribcage.

Look down, I'm strung to your ribs. Ooh, ooh. [x4]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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