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 bladesAnd 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

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