

# Miss Ann Thrope

## My Ruin

You're so pretty when you lie  
Love songs always make me cry  
I don't think you have a choice  
There's no truth left in your voice Remember when we used to laugh  
Just try to forget all that  
Wear my heart upon your lips  
I hope it tastes just like shit Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope You're so pretty when you die  
Love songs always make me cry  
I don't think you realize  
There's no blue left in your eyes Remember when we used to sing  
Just try to forget those things  
Fill your hole inside with dirt  
I hope that it fucking hurts Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Just call me me  
Miss Ann Thrope You have left a trail of deceit  
Assault an flattery  
Blasting through my wounds  
Imprisoned me in God and poetry A ritual to mend my angry heart  
A breeding ground for your untruth  
If God created man in his own image  
Then fuck you Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
My hate for you defines my lust  
Bridges to bridges, you're nothing to me  
Welcome world Miss Ann Thrope Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
My hate for you defines my lust  
Bridges to bridges, you're nothing to me  
Welcome world Miss Ann Thrope Fuck, cunt  
Miss Ann Thrope  
Cunt, fuck  
Miss Ann Thrope

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