

# Building A Ruin

## Skyclad

My life is a sentence that carries no pardon,  
I can't put you out of my misery now.  
So stunned by the beauty of this madhouse garden -  
I've taken my chances (then lost them somehow).  
This body's a temple - a shoddy construction,  
I'm digging my grave - while boring the well,  
I'm paving a path to my own self destruction,  
I won't be content 'til I see me in Hell.  
No I won't be content 'til I see me in Hell.  
I've looked back on my time - the names and the faces,  
A child long ago that I nearly fogot,  
And felt like someone who'd just step on the place  
where teh last stair should have benn - (then found it was not).  
Life's just a process of delamination,  
Stripping your hopes- dissecting them gently.  
I've opened my heart - and to my consternation  
when I peered inside it was small, dark and empty.

Chorus:

My friends turn to me - wonder what I am doing,  
drinking and smoking like somebody died.  
I said "Leave me alone I'm just building a ruin,  
The spirits have sunken - so the wreckage must rise."  
I'm building aruin - I ruin a building,  
My bridges are burned up - my tunnels are filled in.  
It's all a game I believe - the longer you play it the harder it gets.  
The most I can hope to achieve now's my breakfast,  
a priest with a blindfold an last cigarette...

Chorus:

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I said "Leave me alone I'm just building a ruin,  
The spirits have sunken - so the wreckage must rise."  
I won't be content 'til I see me in Hell.

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