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:
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 won't be content 'til I see me in Hell.

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