Dashboard Confessional, Clean Breaks

I believe in clean breaks, I keep the old troubles away

But you're making sure
I was lying when I said

"I can leave,
This behind"

I need you to ruin me
For this, finally,
'Cause it's burying me

Now, I'm in these old knots
Each move keeps me locked away

With each new embrace,
I have tied myself up.

More tightly,
Into you

Oh, but the more I fight
Then the deeper I'm trapped
And I can't break free of this hold that you have

And I crave you more
Under the heat of your touch
And I need your skin

To ruin me
For this wicked town
Where your ghosts are bound
To me

One last sacrifice
Of this ritual escape

I was lying when I said...
"I believe,
in clean breaks"