

Worthless Ode

Humanwine

There's not much left but a sign
where the crow sits and mocks your sorrows
of the dead, neatly lined and bumbling through time the stitch and paint dissolve
but the sign it lingers on while the corpses all await your visit
no more than 5 seconds long
As you fumble through your words and stumble over tongue

The houses of the bones got jumbled
The houses of the bones got jumbled
The houses of the bones
The houses of the bones
The houses of the bones got jumbled

They slip through earth, under dirt
A Jane becomes a John in mortem
"Just Seize the Day!" is all they say
to the living heartless walking dead
and to the hurt under dirt forgotten in the back of the room
"Just take my place!"
This social grace is as Worthless as an Ode it's nothing to these Bones!"

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They were in love, they were young and her father had refused their union
he had them killed their blood was spilled
when his daughter wouldn't marry another
their bodies lay miles away
both buried in their families' cemeteries
but soon one day they would lay with each other's head in hand
only if they crawled the land

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After their death without their breath
they make a pact with each other
forming plans to crawl under land so her bony hands could hold his forever
hold his forever
HOLD HIS FOR...

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz
The houses of the bones got jumbled

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