

Bury Our Friends

Sleater-Kinney

Today I am stitched, I am sewn
Patch me up, I've got want in my bones
Like some doll you thought you could throw away
I found my legs

Ready to climb out from under concrete
Only I get to be sickened by me
My body a smudge
Can't make out the details
Want to start over and come into being

Exhume our idols and bury our friends
We're wild and weary but we won't give in
We're sick with worry
These nerve less days
We live on dread in our own gilded age

This dark world is precious to me
My scars make me breathe in so deep
My body has no need for sleep
This time around

Ready to find fragments of stillness
Only I get to be punished by me
Your voice is a crumb, it leads me from the wildness
Wanna start over, forget everything

Make me a headline
I wanna be that bold
Make me a spotlight
So I can see the gold

Make me a headline
I wanna feel that bold
Make me a spotlight
So I can see the gold

We speak in circles
We dance in code
Untame and hungry
On fire in the cold
Exhume our idols and bury our friends
We're wild and weary but we won't give in