Skeletons

The Sound

There's a gaping hole in the way we are
With nothing to fill it up anymore
No flesh, no blood, just broken bone
A frame to hang our lives from
We're living like skeletonsWon't someone wake the dead in me?
Won't someone shake the dust off me?
Give me water, give me bread
But don't give me up for dead
We're living like skeletons

Songwriters
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