

# Blood From A Stone

**Jonatha Brooke**

It's as if we're tracing some familiar faultline  
Running down the coast from you to me  
Dark potential just beneath the surface,  
All the worlds colliding in the tragedy Blood from a stone, wine from water  
I'd die here alone, only daughter  
Blood from a stone, wine from water  
I'd die here alone, like a lamb to slaughter Silence has become our only currency  
You pay me and I'll be sure to pay you back  
But step lightly 'til you've crossed the jagged border  
'Cause the earth may shift beneath you, pull the rug out,  
All your history keeping track Blood from a stone, wine from water  
I'd die here alone, only daughter  
Blood from a stone, wine from water  
I'd die here alone, like a lamb to slaughter I'll reel in my addictions in the face of your distress  
Aches and pains all shelved and put aside  
I'll jump to my conclusions, but I'll leap to your defense  
And I'll wish I were the brave one as I breathe another lie 'Cause it runs in the family, it's coursing through our  
veins  
It lingers and gets caught in our hearts  
Running in the family, it's a little like insane  
The trimmings and the trappings of the artist and the art Blood from a stone, wine from water  
I'd die here alone, only daughter  
Blood from a stone, wine from water  
I'd die here alone, like a lamb to slaughter --

Songwriters

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