

# Spine

## Page France

You were my beliefs all rusting over  
And I was disappoint within your spine  
We noticed that the stars were all exploding  
So we stared into the sky till we were blind  
Then cut off both our arms and reached for nothing  
And rewound the frames that twisted in our minds  
And we watched their separate lives in backwards motion  
So we ended up connected at the sides  
And I wondered if the sky was just a ceiling  
And you wondered if the ground was just a floor  
Oh, how the world will make a fool of a believer  
I was a believer once before  
You will come home  
You will come home  
You will come home  
You will come home

(x many)

But the airwaves in our stomachs never seem to find it funny  
As we float above the ocean  
While I loved you from a corner through the bridge and through the borders  
Without motions  
So we'll place all our remains within a freezer  
And believe that they won't spoil  
And I'll trade being your spine with another one  
Who thinks that he can keep your bones alive  
And I'll watch him till he finds that I'm your home  
You will come home  
(x many)

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