

Wooden Bones

Pilot Speed

Our suicide was waiting at the door
We'd clawed and crawled our way across the floor
The record that we'd played a thousand times
We're still alive, still alive in our minds
We've wooden bones, wooden bones
We've wooden bones, wooden bones
We've wooden bones, wooden bones
We couldn't find a way to save our heads
We couldn't find a god that even cared
When all of this descended into ash
What did they do, did they do with the guns and cash?
We've wooden bones, wooden bones
(don't miss the point here, we'd rip the gods down, we'd leave the child with the hell we've found)
Don't miss the point now
Don't shut your eyes dear
Our time is soon up
Our days are numbered here
We'd rape our own world
And we'd rip the Gods down
Then leave the child with the hell we'd found...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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