

# Weary Bones

## Rusted Root

These weary bones  
They walk the earth  
I'm thinking of you  
As I unfold my pain These cathedrals were built  
Dropping daggers from the bell tower  
Rendering arms immobile  
But still the child's caress Chorus:  
It's strange, what they've done  
Arranged, every part of it  
They can, I really think it's  
Insane Tonight I'm hanging with the clowns  
Playing trombone down by the riverside  
That's where we burn our fire  
Away from this slaughter,  
Away from this sacred slaughter  
Everyone's at ease, Everyone's at ease Chorus These weary bones, weary bones  
They're thinking of you, thinking of you  
I think of you and I know  
I'm just wiping my heels  
Clean These weary bones  
They walk the earth  
Thinking of you  
As I unfold my pain These cathedrals were built  
Dropping daggers from the bell tower  
Rendering arms immobile  
But still the child's caress Chorus

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