

Dinosaur Bones

White Orange

My bones don't click in place
When I sit on the machine
Not as of late do I integrate
Scarcely say what I mean This thing was built with one of my ribs
I was there when it was given a name
But I've been overpowered by those who took it away
It doesn't even look the same Those hired in to intervene
And supervise it's size
Do plot against the weakened will
Before the weak ones realize I found it's bones in my backyard
I put them on display
I set it up with leering eyes
And gave it a voice to say I am just the voice of one
Who's greater than this
But I am still a sacred voice
I will not be dismissed The bones still look out on my yard
Though the pieces are taken apart
They paint it colors I can't stand
But they will not touch it's heart They stick tacky ornaments on it
And they sell it to the kids
I can barely stand to see it now
But there's still a voice in it When I answer to the one
Who gave the bones to me
I want to say I cared for them
And say it honestly Those closest to me take it away
And twist it out of shape
But the voice within still rattles the bones
The voice still resonates I am just the voice of one
Who's greater than this
But I am still a sacred voice
I will not be dismissed I am just the voice of one
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