Animal Bones

Ben Babbitt

Why do you torture me so?
You sit across the table with both eyes closed.
You speak in myth and fable, and stand unopposed.
The animal bones reveal themselves from deep within your mane.
They reach for ethereal light.
The ancient spears rise from her shoulders and riddle your frame,
Marking the first time it was done right.And that's not all that haunts me - the death by fire of a child
Who waits so patiently. And we are the ones
Who set the standard by which we are to be measured.
Measured, measured!
Some things can never walk again cause sometimes a step is all too vile.
The path of five innocent men who are only capable of walking one last mile.If I could live another day over again, I'd choose not to.
The successes and failures of days passed are constant.
The horizon promises days ahead.
If you won't quit, then I won't.And this I swear to you tonight
Upon these former embers
You fanned until they were fire.We are nothing without the thousands of voices that make the choir.
Nothing without the thousands of voices that make the choir.
We are, we are, we are still life.
(We are, we are, we are still life)
We are, we are, we are... still lifeBegging and pleading, not dying, but bleeding out. (Still life, still life)
Begging and pleading, not dying, but bleeding out. (Still life, still life)
Oh, the chemical reaction, the chemical.
Oh, the chemical reaction.When the walls fell, with arms wide.

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