

# Pillow Of Your Bones

[Chris Cornell](#)

The embers of the saint inside of you  
Are growing as I'm bathing in your glow  
I'm swallowing the poison of your flower  
And hanging on the rising of my low  
Colorful and falling from your mouth  
Like a painted fever in recoil  
Like a lie without the pain  
On a pillow of your bones  
I will lay across the stones of your shore  
Until the tide comes crawling  
Throw my pillow on the fire  
Make my bed under the eye of your moon  
Until the tide comes crawling back  
A waning hand on silver granite ways  
Will mend my broken limbs and bend my haze  
I'm sleeping in the silence of your voice  
I'm cradling the peril of my only choice  
Colorful and falling from your mouth  
Like a painted fever in recoil  
Like a lie without the pain  
On a pillow of your bones  
I will lay across the stones of your shore  
Until the tide comes crawling  
Throw my pillow on the fire  
Make my bed under the eye of your moon  
Until the tide comes crawling back  
Even though the truth can burn inside or fall behind  
I will wander through your open mind  
And you will find no lie can hide  
Until the tide comes crawling  
On a pillow of your bones  
I will lay across the stones of your shore  
Until the tide comes crawling  
Throw my pillow on the fire  
Make my bed under the eye of your moon  
Until the tide comes crawling  
On a pillow of your bones  
I will lay across the stones of your shore  
Until the tide comes crawling back

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