Ribs

The Crane Wives

Marrow made a wife of Eve,
But no one gave up a rib for me and mine.
And my heart stayed exposed to the elements,
Calloused and untouched by a man's designOh, my ugly organs,
How lucky we areBrick and mortar between my bones--
Built a kingdom fierce and fortified.
And my name faded from a yellow page,
But my stones are laid upon the mountainsideOh, my savage empire,
How lucky we are,
Never to be moved by
The words of a liarThe dark doesn't frighten me,
I chose to close my eyes--
It is mine, it is mine.
The night doesn't frighten me,
I chose to let it thrive--
It is mine, it is mineTime has changed the metaphor:
Now dust is not the origin of bone.
Little girl, don't let them sell you any armor,
All your ribs are still your own.Oh, my precious child,
How lucky you are
Handed down a shield for
Your tender partsThe dark doesn't frighten me,
I chose to close my eyes--
It is mine, it is mine.
The night doesn't frighten me,
I chose to let it thrive--
It is mine, it is mineThe dark doesn't frighten me,
I chose to close my eyes--
It is mine, it is mine.
The night doesn't frighten me,
I chose to let it thrive--
It is mine, it is mine

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

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