

Take My Bones Away

Baroness

You lead the way
I'll follow...

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I'll follow...

What was the plan here? I can't seem to stop
Pissing and spitting from bottom to top
Picking up viscera, tendons and broken remains

Did you find another way?
Was it my turn, or yours, to say?
"Did you find another way?"

Take my bones away
I'll find them every day

I took your advice and the requisite pills
And the forbidden pies from a white windowsill
Swallowing caveats, Baphomet's breath and migraines

Did I tell you "don't come home"?
Why was your mouth beginning to foam?
Did I tell you "don't come home"?

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I'll find them every day

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