

# Wingbone

Califone

fill my belly with your whisispering some barely on the  
thread  
orange sound water sworn and cotton fire cold light  
swallowing  
your song  
pasture moonlight newborn legs  
let the constellations drop crack  
your scorn water your  
grave only when you're half erased forget  
your lines  
bed of nails sharpening the edges of your grace  
cold  
light sifting through lift the shade and let the night  
in  
carry your bed on wingbone legs let the  
constellations drop water  
your scorn and crack your grave  
sharpening the edges of your  
face lost a day a bed of nails  
lost your lines only when you're  
wrecked only when  
you're half erased the loneliness aside it's  
alright