

We Sleep on Stones

Cherry Ghost

Morning spinning vengeance
clings just like a dog hair
last but least minola

Steely sleepers hellbound
surplus lovers sing out
photographs that we cling to
still call our names

Pin your chest with hard times
time torched in bloodlines
every drink that I'm sinking
carries the taste

We sleep on stones
there's a killer in our homes
that drives the night in
We sleep on stones
bitter winter's got our bones
and lord knows
I've been searching

Sleeping through a dust storm
beaten like a wing torn
buttons pop and the heavens roar

Sermons from a pig pen
life rushes from a crack den
injured birds in a closing phase

I see tokens of a mans greed
sown upon a boy seed
take em down with a clean shot
take em down

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Hundred thousand heartbeats
twisting in the bedsheets
made my peace with Jesus long ago

If he sees what I see
then he will forgive me
take em down with a clean shot
take em down

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