

# 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 apon a boy seed  
take em down with a clean shot  
take em down

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Hundred thousand heartbearts  
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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