

## X-marks The Spot

Humanwine

The weight of our heads on our shoulders  
A magnetic pull towards grace

Flesh shedding blood on its way  
A bone yard of retro display

And the bruised hunks of skin  
No longer moved by the wind  
Lead to X marks the spot

Crow collect the toll  
From these time eaten frames  
Mixing dust with dust while cawing new names

Kin on a tightrope  
Hum a carpe diem tune  
I've paid the murder and they brought me to you

At this time I stand and speak of my one regret  
I haven't burnt this map of memories yet  
pointing to X marks the spot  
I have all I want At X Marks the spot