

Grind My Bones

James Shayfer

I am a moment slowly dying
Soon I will only cross your mind from time to time
I'll be the patterns in your ceiling cracks
As you resist another glass of wine
I am a solitary sentence
I shed on poetry and prose everybody knows
I have no marvelous inflection
Just random letters grouped in lines and rows

And here I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To grind my bones
Love, I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To grind my bones

Now as the walls around us crumble
Watch all the idiots and hypocrites rebel
You are two dashes and a number
And all of your complaining couldn't save you from yourselves

And here I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To grind my bones
While you're praying to the ghost in your blood
To save your souls

And here I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To grind my bones
Love, I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To grind my bones

Luckily I'm not alone
There's many here around me
In every fist, there is a stone that's set to cast
Once upon a time
Oh, I was lost and nothing found me
You better know that when I go
I'm going fast

I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To guide me home
While you're praying to the ghost in your blood
To save your soul
And here I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To grind my bones
Love, I'm waiting for the Lord up above
To grind my bones