

# 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