

Bones

To Kill a King

Angels met the ape
God made his mistake
Held a magnifying glass
To his face
He burned, burned, burned, burned
Burned, burned, burned us all
He burned boys and men
Credit cards and Volkswagens
Buses and prams
Virgos and virgins
Syphilis victims, cancer patients
Mothers, fathers, and Americans alike

Hold my hand, I fear this is the end
Every night I'll dream my dreams afraid
Oh

These are my bones
These are my bones
These are my bones broken
Matters you do not mind

He burned Playboys and Pringles
And playin' song charts

Hippies, accountants, and donor hearts
Packed in ice for some poor sod to steal
He burned books of learning and books of lust
Tattered copies of enduring love
He spent too many sleepless nights
To read

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Every night I'll dream my dreams afraid
Oh

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