

Deyarmond Edison

"Bones"

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Bones, lying in a trunk at the foot of my bed
They're always open to show me that they're still dead
And everyday it's harder still
I am footed and unfilled

Pain, I'm good with the ways there are to erase
And I'm pancaked on the floor, you can't see my face
Cuz it's buried like the moon
Sober morning's come too soon

Bruise, it's coming to the surface, like the vessel
It's been hidden for so long, you are the trestle
That's there to hoist me up
Now this world without you is fucked

Skin, and it's warm enough to hold you and keep you
breathing
But it locks me out and makes me lose my needing
And how long to be alone
How will I carry these bones

And I'm so far from not caring

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