

Deirdre Flint "Marrow Of My Bone"

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Here you are again,
You scaled the wall last night.
I finally let my guard down
And you spared no single room
Every memory stripped and strewn,
Even those long after you.
Climbed back over and you left me all to ruin.
And when I find the strength to rise,
I will find the strength to lie
About this thing I've always known.
You're in me, you're in me
To the marrow of my bone

Who lies woundless in the wake of love.
Who comes through without their life half shed.
But Time, she knows her needle well,
And while the stitch is keenly felt,
There comes the day
You don't remember that you bled.

But as for me, no mark remains,
A wound by one who knows his blade
Too deep for any suture sewn.
You're in me, You're in me
To the marrow of my bone.

I try to tear these memories from me,
But I find they're now a part that makes me whole
You'd just as easily cleave breath from life
Or take a heart and leave a soul.

You're in me, You're in me
To the marrow of my bone

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