

A Punch Of Pacifist "Neutral Bones"

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Lay a cross on the junker, leave a stone in the hall
leaving cracks in words that might someday break yer
fall

this is where the land ends and the lie begins
my neutral bones, my sinking ship
the world on gravestone crutches a great sky full of
dust

full of broken lies and truths that will never rust
chock empty of contour
a preposterous line
and I'm dreaming of someday when I will be fine

life is wasted
on wishful thinkin'

this is where the land ends and the lie begins
my neutral bones, my sinking ship
chock empty of contour
a preposterous line
and I'm dreaming of someday when I will be fine
and I'm dreaming of someday when I will be fine

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