Showbread "Dinosaur Bones"

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My bones don't click in place When I sit on the machine Not as of late do I integrate Scarcely say what I mean

This thing was built with one of my ribs
I was there when it was given a name
But I've been overpowered by those who took it away
It doesn't even look the same

Those hired in to intervene And supervise it's size Do plot against the weakened will Before the weak ones realize

I found it's bones in my backyard I put them on display I set it up with leering eyes And gave it a voice to say

I am just the voice of one Who's greater than this But I am still a sacred voice I will not be dismissed

The bones still look out on my yard Though the pieces are taken apart They paint it colors I can't stand But they will not touch it's heart

They stick tacky ornaments on it And they sell it to the kids I can barely stand to see it now But there's still a voice in it

When I answer to the one Who gave the bones to me I want to say I cared for them And say it honestly

Those closest to me take it away And twist it out of shape

But the voice within still rattles the bones The voice still resonates

I am just the voice of one Who's greater than this But I am still a sacred voice I will not be dismissed

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