

Chris Cornell, Pillow Of Your Bones

The embers of the saint inside of you
Are growing as I'm bathing in your glow
I'm swallowing the poison of your flower
And hanging on the rising of my low
Colorful and falling from your mouth
Like a painted fever in recoil
Like a lie without the pain
On a pillow of your bones
I will lay across the stones
Of your shore until the tide comes crawling back
Throw my pillow on the fire
Make my bed under the eye
Of your moon until the tide comes crawling back
A waning hand on silver granite ways
Will mend my broken limbs and bend my haze
I'm sleeping in the silence of your voice
I'm cradling the peril of my only choice
Colorful and falling from your mouth
Like a painted fever in recoil
Like a lie without the pain
On a pillow of your bones
I will lay across the stone
Of your shore until the tide comes crawling...
Throw my pillow on the fire
Make my bed under the eye
Of your moon until the tide comes crawling back
Even though the truth can burn inside or fall behind
I will wander through your open mind
And you will find no lie can hide
Until the tide comes crawling