

Papermill, A River Will Wash My Bones

I couldn't run.
(Can't run even now...)
Welcome to my burial,
I'm greeting the ground.
I've always been lying ill,
now I'm lying here, still.
And though every spring i dreamt
i was not even able to sip.

And i still wonder
which river will wash my bones.
And I still wonder
when i will become a ghost.
So I will wander
stumbling like I always did.
And I still wonder
which river will wash my bones.

I'm feeling like
Francis Turner did,
but I'm afraid
there's no Mary for me.
I'm afraid that I'll be alone,
alone among the trees.
But i hope something great
will be written upon my grave.
I hope something great
will be written upon my grave.
Well I don't care if something great
will be written upon my grave