

Rebecca Martin, These Bones Are Yours Alone

(R. Martin)

You're not what you say you are
Broken and tired
These bones are yours alone.

The truth doesn't matters
When it's twisted and mired
These bones are yours alone.

No one knows, no one understands
There's comfort in thinking you're alone
Stuffed inside a pearly shell
To keep anyone from getting in
These bones are yours alone.

You're not what you say you are
Voices and choirs
What's yours is soon coming
It's tragic but beautiful
These bones are yours alone.