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.