

# Blood Ruby, Bone Garden

I can throw my hands up  
Pleading to the sky.  
I can pound the ground  
Foot and fist  
Demanding why.  
How could they let it end?  
Never the same again.  
How could they let it end?  
Nothing here but pain.

Sticks and stones,  
Nothing grows  
In a bone garden.  
Winds that scrape  
Cross the plains  
Of an old bargain.  
Driftwood trees  
Sway and creak  
In their hard dust beds.

Sticks and stones,  
Nothing grows  
In a bone garden.

I can scream in anger;  
I can cry.  
But god is just as dead  
In the end  
As you or I.  
How could they let it end?  
Never the same again.  
How could they let it end?  
Nothing here but death.

Sticks and stones,  
Nothing grows  
In a bone garden.  
Winds that scrape  
Cross the plains  
Of an old bargain.  
Driftwood trees  
Sway and creak  
In their hard dust beds.

Sticks and stones,  
Nothing grows  
In a bone garden.

Calling all souls.  
Never be the same.

I can throw my hands up  
Pleading to the sky.  
I can pound the ground  
Foot and fist  
Demanding why.

Is anyone there?  
Is anyone there?  
Calling all souls.

Sticks and stones,  
Nothing grows  
In a bone garden.

Lyrics 2001 Cynthia Conrad