

Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Salt Crown

Now I have your shoes
Today I wear your old black shirt
I have the things that I gave to you
But soon I'll be ready to give them back
Come and get them

Shale-skin, salt-crown, slate-feather, corpse-down
Stone-blood, flesh-bane, life-bone, death-vein, salt-crown

Face the sunrise with eyes made of light
Swallow the early song with eardrums made of the first sound
Break the soft young earth with limbs made of the oldest stone

Through our watery eyes, stone watches itself standing
Alone, forever, against the flickering sky
Through our watery mouths, stone calls itself by a new name
Bones of the earth. Stone
The bones call the stone by name,
Crying, Come, old mother, and cover me.
The stone shows the bones the way of the silent, lifeless salt crown
The bones call the bones of the earth by name
Crying, Come, old mother's father, and bury me.
The stone shows the bones the way of the
Ageless, deathless salt crown

Now you've gone back in
And I'll stay out with your bones, burned and ground to sand
Keep watch with the faces you made with your hands
But soon I'll be ready no I'm not ready to give them back
Come, oh come and get them