

Bone Bomb

Brian Eno

My body
So thin
So tired
Beaten for years
Ploughshare to bomb
So hard

Bonebomb
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My town
So dusty
So dry
Buildings pushed over
Lives heat together
Young girls dreaming of beautiful deaths
Pop star pictures above their beds
Above their heads
Troops

Everything stolen
Except my bones
Now I am only bone
I waited for peace
And here is my peace
Here in this still last minute of my life