

Suicidal Stones

Caedmon's Call

Outside the city walls
Alone with what I've known
Like a criminal who sly-thieves joy
From his own home

Some just line says I should die by fire
So I'm cutting up the kindling
And the kerosene I cry

Take these suicidal stones from my hand
Suicidal Stones from my hand
Suicidal Stones from my hand

Caught in the
Actor on regret's stage
Soliloquy without sympathy
Is my penance paid

Built on quicksand
Too low to see the ground
Sniveling in a Job-en cry while I look down

Comment scrawled in the dirt
For the pity-boy cowered in hurt
Of a bridge that instead is burning
And a new boy that instead is learning
That it's harder sometimes to be than not
And it's easier forgiven than forgot
He says it's by the tree that you have died
It's by the tree that you're alive