

Pillow of Your Bones

Chris Cornell

1. The embers of the saint inside of you,
are growing as I'm bathing in your glow.
I'm swallowing the poison of your flower,
and hanging on the rising of my low.

R: Colorful, and falling from your mouth,
like a painted fever in recoil,
like a lie without the pain.
On a pillow of your bones,
I will lay across the stones
of your shore until the tide comes crawling back.
Throw the pillow on the fire,
make my bed under the eye,
of your moon until the tide comes crawling back.

2. A waning hand on silver granite ways,
will men my broken limbs and bend my haze.
I'm sleeping in the silence of your voice,
I'm cradling the peril of my only choice.

R:

Even though the truth can burn inside,
or fall behind.
I will wander through your open mind,
and you will find,
no lie can hide.

R: