

# Worthless Ode

Humanwine

There's not much left but a sign  
where the crow sits and mocks your sorrows  
of the dead, neatly lined and bumbling through time the stitch and pa  
int dissolve  
but the sign it lingers on while the corpses all await your visit  
no more than 5 seconds long  
As you fumble through your words and stumble over tongue

The houses of the bones got jumbled  
The houses of the bones got jumbled  
The houses of the bones  
The houses of the bones  
The houses of the bones got jumbled

They slip through earth, under dirt  
A Jane becomes a John in mortem  
"Just Seize the Day!" is all they say  
to the living heartless walking dead  
and to the hurt under dirt forgotten in the back of the room  
"Just take my place!"  
This social grace is as Worthless as an Ode it's nothing to these Bon  
es!"

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They were in love, they were young and her father had refused their u  
nion  
he had them killed their blood was spilled  
when his daughter wouldn't marry another  
their bodies lay miles away  
both buried in their families' cemeteries  
but soon one day they would lay with each other's head in hand  
only if they crawled the land

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After their death without their breath  
they make a pact with each other  
forming plans to crawl under land so her bony hands could hold his fo  
rever  
hold his forever  
HOLD HIS FOR...

Tištěno z [www.txp.cz](http://www.txp.cz)  
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