

X-marks The Spot

Humanwine

The weight of our heads on our shoulders
A magnetic pull towards grace

Flesh shedding blood on its way
A bone yard of retro display

And the bruised hunks of skin
No longer moved by the wind
Lead to X marks the spot

Crow collect the toll
From these time eaten frames
Mixing dust with dust while cawing new names

Kin on a tightrope
Hum a carpe diem tune
I've paid the murder and they brought me to you

At this time I stand and speak of my one regret
I haven't burnt this map of memories yet
pointing to X marks the spot
I have all I want At X Marks the spot