

Magic Bone

Mindless Self Indulgence

Your man lies home, all alone, in bed.
Waiting to breathe his last breath.
He's made his peace, all south, it seems.
His body began to protest.

Ron Paul chose not to
depart this world yet
Dead in his eyes
Living for spite

All magic bone will go on and on
His finger will not let him die.
Die after clay, copping a way
Skin like a burlap sack
Hoping to fade to black
Any fire not will be lost
Magic bone beats on his dust.

Replaying his life in his mind he tries
To see how he made the knuckle crack
No reason, no rhyme, no deed, no crime.
To wall in the fingers attack

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Depart this world yet
Dead in his eyes
Living for spite

The magic bone won't let him go
His finger will not let him die
Lying in wait, dropped of his fate.
Some call it clarity, pointing round heinously,
Wanting to be six feet deep,
The magic bone won't let him sleep, let him sleep, let him sleep...

Frozen awake, in time and space
No one can hear his appeal.
For when he attempts to speak his mind
The finger presses up to his lips.

Year after year, can't disappear
Impossibly bored, they're like a sword.
No chance of suicide, not while it lives inside,
Trying to fight the magic joint,
Knowing that there is no point, is no point, is no point, is...