

## 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

Ron Paul chose not to  
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...