

Eloise And The Bones

Ohbijou

No bodies move,
their colours spill in gutters in my chest
We raise our chins to break the wind while winter
sleeps in cheeks

We are where the seasons meet
We are where the seasons meet

We curse this fog and send it off
in sparks that ride on evil thoughts
This fight is old and reeks of shredding skin,
the rugs worn thin from bodies rolling in

Rolling in
Rolling in
Rolling in

The plague swept through our neighbourhood
Something sinister, something good
And Eloise,
bring the breeze and shake these bones to life

Shake these bones