

## Holy Branches

Radical Face

When you were young  
You'd bite your tongue  
Calm, always did what you were told  
Never ran your mouth  
Lived life on tiptoes  
Only felt peace if by yourself  
When mistakes don't count

There's a hole in your chest  
From the time that you were born  
One that don't get filled  
'cause you've always known you're nothin' they want

But everybody's bones are just holy branches  
Cast from trees to cut patterns into the world  
And in time we find some shelter  
Spill our leaves and then sleep in the Earth  
And when we're there we'll belong  
'cause the Earth don't give a damn if you're lost

Now I live alone  
Work in the belly of machines  
Wring my soot-black hands  
And I don't sleep much  
Days don't feel much different  
From the nights  
With no goals in mind

There's a hole in my chest  
From the time I walked away  
One I fill with sweat  
So now I know I'm nothin' they want

But everybody's bones are just holy branches  
Ride the breeze to cut patterns in the leaves  
And in time we find some shelter  
Spill our seeds and then wait for our turns  
But for now we're adrift on the waves of discontent  
Trying to carve our place  
All in hopes we'll be something they want  
But I'm not holding my breath

Trace your fingers down my spine  
Make your home behind my eyes  
Line my skull with harmless lies  
I'll bide my time until I'm something they want