

Broken Bones

Sons and Daughters

She was merged she was thin
The case was wide open
I see a heart on her shoulder
With his first name written

And what do lately
Consider to be yourself?
With your outsize hands
Your molten breath

October is the month
We'll pray for the summer
When trees are branching
A long distant murmur

And what do lately
Consider to be yourself?
With your outsize hands
Your molten breath

So keep writing her name
So it's setting in stone
You'll live in the shadow
Of these broken bones