

# Eno, Brian, Bone Bomb

My body  
So thin  
So tired  
Beaten for years  
Ploughshare to bomb  
So hard

Bonebomb  
Bonebomb  
Bonebomb

My town  
So dusty  
So dry  
Buildings pushed over  
Lives heat together  
Young girls dreaming of beautiful deaths  
Pop star pictures above their beds  
Above their heads  
Troops

Everything stolen  
Except my bones  
Now I am only bone  
I waited for peace  
And here is my peace  
Here in this still last minute of my life