

LYRICS – HOLY BONES – DIFTONG

Bitter as Bile

Something is not finished
Something is left to be done
The air is weighing down on us
It makes us want to run

There is a message written on the wall
A call the king should heed
Blinded by his anger
His eyes refuse to read

The messenger on the balcony
Breaks his nails on the window pane
The king he does not see or hear
He swears and swings his cane

The tears that should be cried
Are locked inside a cage
He has thrown away the key
No mercy in his rage

The queen got up and headed for the door
The king he moves on his checkered floor
His face is stern
He believes that kings don't cry
(Keeping his cold logic by his side)
And his smile, bitter as bile
Is eating us up inside

Red Rose & White Knight The Emperor of Detroit The Great Mystery

Caught in a beautiful lie
A Red Rose waiting for her White Knight
A flower that changes her ways
With the passing of time

There were sides of her she didn't show
There were sides of her I didn't know
Feeling perfectly safe in my bubble
I rolled with the flow

Now at night my mind goes numb
As the questions outnumber the answers
In the dark my heart rolls the drum
And the rumors start dancing

I tried and I tried and I tried
To believe what she told me each time
I thought I saw the deceit in her eyes
God knows I tried

Now I'm rolling down a dead end street
And grief sits in the passenger seat
And I know I'll have to make a turn
But I can't
Just yet

Caught in a beautiful lie
A Red Rose waiting for her White Knight
A flower that withers away
As the time goes by

Olds and Ford they made it real
Ore was melted into steel
For Model T and Oldsmobile
Sturdy engines spinning wheels

Hardship at assembly lines
Kept it going for a time
Till depression hit the straits
And all the workers moved away

First to go were the well-to-do
They took the money and the bank
The middle classes followed soon
And left the poorest in their ranks

Windows break in broad daylight
It spreads like a creeping blight
Trouble, sorrow, come what may
He tries his best to keep the faith

The emperor struggles to swallow his pride
When he has to face the fact
That empires rise and empires fall
And end up as history text

I am building a contraption
To catch my broken dreams
I really need to mend some, you see
And when I catch one
I'll wipe off the tears
And look for the Great Mystery

A band of hungry warriors
Was crossing the Great Plains
Looking for sanctuary
On the run since the day
The long railroad came
They were lost in the Great Mystery

On the Rosebud River
A man by the name of Crook
A general in the US Cavalry
Planned an attack
On the Cheyennes and Sioux
Unaware of the Great Mystery

Right on the frontier
Mr. Drinker Cope
Was doting on his discoveries
He was digging deep
For them Holy Bones
On his quest for the Great Mystery

Try to catch a fraction
Of all your broken dreams
I'm sure that you can mend some, you see
So, if you catch one
Just wipe off the tears
And look for the Great Mystery

Fisherman's Blues

A restless soul on a fishing trip
His colors nailed to the mast
The strong wind made him lose his grip
His directions didn't last

His trawler scaling the big black sea
All maps untouched in the berth
Fishing for creatures that one might agree
Would be better left undisturbed

His ropes and nets all tangled
He was lost in his own triangle

Crude oil was flattening the waves
The storm had left his city stunned
The Big Easy regaining its ways
As he was sailing into the sun

He fled port after blowing a fuse
For some off-shore contemplation
And the fisherman's blues



Lyrics from the album **Holy Bones** by **Diftong**
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www.diftong.nl

- LYRICS - HOLY BONES - DIFTONG -

Two Sides of a Heart

*I found the trunk of the old beech
It was lying on the ground
I found our names, carved in the bark
On two sides of a heart*

*Did you hear the chainsaw whine
Did it appeal to your dark side
After all that we've been through
Did it mean anything to you*

*I've heard it said that you have gone
Completely around the bend
You were seen with bloodshot eyes
And with sawdust on your hands*

*Two sides of a heart
Carved in the bark
One side was bright
The other side was dark*

Europa

*In a classic testosterone confusion
When all negotiations fail
You can hear this call for a revolution
In the black mood of the heyday male
It's the power of a grand illusion*

*The old-time heroic tale
This call for a revolution
In the black mood of the heyday male*

*Again and again we reach for the gun
When the icing on the cake is thin
When the mental scurvy is kicking in
We need to take some vitamins
We need some kind of healing power
Why not let it be feminine
When the mental scurvy is kicking in
We'd better take some vitamins*

*Let bygones be bygones
We need a resolution
55 Founding Mothers
To draw up a constitution
Pick up the slate and wipe it clean
Leave matters to 55 queens*

*Wipe the slate
Unite the states
Wipe it clean and make way for 55 queens*

*In an ancient abduction case
It's a well documented fact
Europa was carried off by Zeus
Now is the time to bring her back
With one of them male chauvinist Gods
It's just what you can expect
Europa carried off by Zeus
Now's the time to bring her back*

All Dressed Up

*Yeah the man with the cholesterol head
Fills the screen completely and says
A man like him can't have no flaws
He operates within the law*

*And the surfer is out on the net
Lots of cheap thrills to be had
XXX-sites with teenage love
A recipe for a home-made bomb*

*All the sinners, all the saints
Citizen Abe and citizen Cain
They dip their faces in the cream
On the boulevard of low priced dreams*

*All roads lead to Rome, they say
If you like to call it home, you may*

All dressed up and nowhere to go

The King of Kings

*Smell the fear on the breath
Of the impostor on the throne
He has just dialed 666
Nobody answers the phone
And the crowd in the square
Has come to watch his palace burn
They've come to call for
The real King to return*

*It's an excellent time to panic
It's an excellent time to run
Nobody knows how bad it's gonna be
But it sure won't be any fun
Have you seen the look on his face
At the prospect of his subjects
Dancing on his grave
They only care about one thing
The return of the King*

*Camera crews embedded on-site
Defy the heat in the endless line
They'll give just about anything
To catch a glimpse of the new King*

*Somebody has the nerve to ask
Who is this King exactly?
Well, the King of Kings of course
They answer matter-of-factly
The King of Kings*

Wintersong

*The end of summer marked a change
The neighbors they are acting strange
Behind closed curtains they watch the street
Possessed by suspicion as decreed*

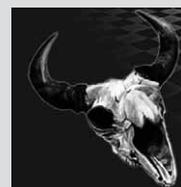
*There's a paper tiger on the loose
Slam the door is what he boosts
He views the world in black and white
Nothing between wrong and right*

*Winter came with a moon
That soaked the world in a cruel light
It drained the color from its face
Austerity in white*

*Met a hapless man in the fall
Selling homeless papers in the cold
And I haven't seen him for two months
I can only hope he's safe and warm*

*Winter came with a moon
That soaked the world in a cruel light
It drained the color from its face
Austerity in white*

*There's a cruel moon in orbit
For wayward immigrants
There's a cruel moon in orbit
For hobos, vagrants, bums*



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