

Phantoms In The Sky

Emptyself

this is what you chose: to kill and be enclosed. sheltered by the news
because it's difficult to choose. so let us all decide what you should know,
and stay too busy to keep up with the truth. how about you ignore the world beyond our shores, and leave the
rest to me so you won't feel guilty. see i'm a guy like you... easily confused... so i stick to my guns, and god
tells me where to shoot... and angels guide the bombs straight to guilty homes, so when they hit a child, he was
probably in the wrong. to you they look the same, one threat with different names, and as long as we're at war, i
can count on your support. so keep going to church, keep worshipping words, immerse yourself in work, you'll
get what you deserve. put a fake smile on your face, and find someone to hate, 'cause they need your control,
and they deserve the blame. see, it's easier that way, you never have to feel, and you can close your eyes inside
your house upon the hill, and never have to look into their crying eyes, that wonder why your heart belongs to
phantoms in the sky. instead of your fellow man, who you sentence to die, they wonder why your heart belongs
to phantoms in the sky. instead of your brothers and sisters who you sentence to die, they wonder why your
heart belongs to phantoms in the sky.

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