

Last Transmission

Anatomy Of A Ghost

so this is my last transmission
the words that soon fall to dust
(no I won't be home on this day)
(no I won't be home on this day)
no I won't be home on this day
and in these fists was held
questions unanswered
and it is killing me (killing me)
and it is killing me (killing me)
kiss of black on our lips
lungs breaking cave in
so forget these words
spoken in sequence
won't be our last
plain wrapped brown package
placed in our arms
tied up with string explodes
scanning horizon feel skin get numb
this begins the fall
words begin the fall
we woke up on the day before
we were handed the open book
(chamber clicks pin breaks the shell)
when hands fell from mid face
to block our eyes from sore
seeing more fingers make
a picket fence holding with
what we know fading slowly
from our eyes to white lights
this was all this was all
this was all this was all
kiss of black on our lips
lungs breaking so cave in
so forget these words
spoken in sequence
plain wrapped brown package
placed in our arms
tied up with string explodes
scanning horizon feel skin get numb
this begins the fall

words begin to fall
way to go
wait it won't be long
wait it won't be long climbing up these mixblade spires
(climbing up these mixblade spires)
in our hopes they would find us
(climbing up these mixblade spires)
(in our hopes they would find us
wait it out drop satellites
(drop satellites)
for just tonight give it up
(for just tonight)
(climbing up these mixblade spires)
(in our hopes they would find us
this was ours this was ours
(this was ours this was ours)plain wrapped brown package
placed in our arms
tied up with string explodes
scanning horizon feel skin get numb
this begins the fall
words begin to fall
plain wrapped brown package
placed in our arms
tied up with string explodes
scanning horizon feel skin get numb
this begins the fall
words begin to fall till the clouds bring on the rain
watch as faces fall everyday
letting it worsen they'll never learn
you knew we knew just not enough
so now back to the pretty ballets
slabs of rockwalls where spires climb
so tall the wheat fields
so tall the wheat fields
growing up too much
trench road says i'm free i'm free
the head bumps ahead bleeding
from burning sunlungs breaking so cave in
lungs breaking
lungs breaking so cave in
lungs breaking
lungs breaking so cave in

so cave in

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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