Ghostwrite

Bad Astronaut

I am limbo, waiting on a window
Stuck inside an interval
I know it's unattainable
Covered by a label's name
Labeled by geography
On a dying dark horse
Placing
I am a plagiarist
Feeble picking up a pen
Between a sonic precedent
Any age I represent
Old enough to own the store
The noise I make, like an arrogant ingrateI'm not noteworthy for a loyalty
The forefathers who are redeemed
Most of whom I never revered
Never needed or never even heard
Emulating individuals
Cloning the new originals
Follow us for king land ritualsI am a spokesman for a derivative
Travelling salesman
Selling old narrative
True sounds of liberty
Straining through my voice
Only heard in their code
One noise
Once an introvert
Spewing my entire worth
Regurgitating their words from itSecond coming, a second strings
They're personating the real thing
The odd guys that wrote bad songs
A drug addict's dead and gone
Who wrote the song that sold my voice
Forcing to make my choicesAnd the name they chose for me
And the name chosen for meFinally, here I am
Said to be made again
Posing weathered statues
Standing on old attributes
Getting sick of this
Feeling ridiculous

I'm an overtold joke's punchline
I am limbo, waiting on a window
Resonating old song
You're not so longScraping the bread off my forehead
At the speed of nearly dead
I never found what never made
To the sound I've already betrayedIt's the name they chose for me
It's the name they chose for meFollow us for king land ritual

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