

Distress In the Control Tower

Anatomy Of A Ghost

We're surrounded
just drop the gun!
the fields have been cut off
with stars and black windmills
the ticking clock spins out of control
Erosion claims the monuments
wires rust sets the ghost
with such hollow empty sound
breaking on its touch to eardrums
traversing these low vibrations
to an awful piercing pitch
so tear us down
so we can cut our throats
leaving the words written in sky
no we won't put these hands down tonight
Breathing takes practice
and it's practice we missed
so we die
end transmission
we're giving up
climb the spires in hopes of
The flowing uncut grass climbs up
all in efforts to drag us down
hidden from the stand off
as if they wouldn't look
Turn the lights low
wasting precious time
wait for no one
tell it like it
Turn the lights low
wasting precious time
wait for no one
tell it like it
Turn the lights low
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wait for no one
tell it like it is
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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