Ghosts

One Dead Three Wounded

I used to befriend ghosts like you but time has betrayed us both. These campfire secrets are over dead men's bones with graveyard hopes of seeing home. A mild mannered man with cheap cologne; blanketed by the arctic embrace of this city. Those towers of money, power, and greed are the tombstones of this ghost town. From the cemetery floor we stare up at our legacy, at the concrete reminders that we are but mere pillars of salt with eyes fixated on the moments that most have forgot. No song can capture this moment, No melody can encapsulate or replicate the thoughts. So I'll sit back, relax and drink from the lip of another half empty glass sobered by the fact that you will never be a teacher and I will never be a father. I am the artist of this lie and on this canvas I paint my c

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