

Satellites In Fists

Anatomy of a Ghost

Stop to question satellites
Lost in vast expansions of space
Place it in fists
Finding more than we asked
For 'misconceptions' reflective
Glance into what we should have known "it was right there."
If you could have just flown by unnoticed, unchallenged
We would still have careless wonder left in our eyes
Now we just wait to see behind yours
Behind eyes these sidewalks twist and tremble
Under the new found failures
Swirls of red and gray mixtures of the brick inlay,
Tear the clouds
Bring on the rain
Watching faces fall everyday
Letting it wash them down
We never thought too little
Just not enough
So now back to present found at the tops of rock walls
Where the spires climb so tall
The wheat fields growing all to much importance of fate,
Of faith bridges collapse behind us
Leaving no way out
Still lost in thought
We find none of this bothersome not troubling whatsoever
Claim what's ours
The headlights ahead are in blinking confirmation
Offering reassurance we were right
Take it back down
This is me hanging from a nail,
Missing the broken frame
And burnt edges
Face cut out between two worlds,
The first so obviously surreal
And the other so lifelike yet so dead
And true
But which should we choose,
Holding our feet,
Building our cities

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