Birth

Ghost Brigade

White paper and empty places
The head between my shoulders,
wounded and bleeding badly
I can smell your remorse
Stains all overBeen outside and seen it all
You are the master, you know it all
Made yourself a number
And your time is nowHolding tight, wish you were nearer
Lost my voice, don't want to scream no more
It's like a box and I'm trapped inside
I've been paralyzed
This narrow road ends to a ditchBeen outside and seen it all
You are the master, you know it all
Made yourself a number
And your time is now

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