

Polterzeitgeist

Sage Francis

Why you goin' around, trying to keep people outta hell?
I'm goin' around, trying to keep the hell outta people
Your evil sends chills through my bones
And it flows through the back roads of arteries
Genetic mammary fights technology
Administered by moral midgets
This picket sign's in my eyes, when they strike
You'll wanna talk business
Note to self: go for self, go for broke
No one else ever showed you the ropes or helped
and what are they supposed to do?
Of course they gotta rebuild every wall that you broke on through
Drugs wont get my thoughts running,
I need them to make thoughts stop coming
Last night I had dream I shot somone
When I awoke my hands were full of the fluid my heart's pumping
I went to get it tested,
the doctor was not so interested in analyzing the message
He had a pill, that if he issues out
He gets paid on the side, got a lifetime supply(hook)
Maybe he's the ghost, and maybe I'm the host
The polterzietgeist who knows the right price
To pay the priest to release me from these ropes
And maybe I'm the ghost, and maybe he's the host
The polterzietgeist who knows the right price
To pay the priest to release me from these ropes
Fell into a Venus fly trap with a nicotine eye-patch
Tired of the shift sipping Listerine night caps
Disguised her voice with the breath of a clean slate
Awake every morning to the death of my dream date
Selling sex to cheapskates with rusty blades
Fuck it, forget and call it layaway
Got an addiction to thin ice
The whisper of wind pipes
I'm mister insight,
The social costume's skin tight
Nah, I don't believe in you
And you don't believe that I'm leaving you
As you shrink away to nothing in my rear view
Too close to call,
Too far to be hearing you

Singing my melody I heard it subconsciously
You spoke in your sleep,
And it sounded like honesty
When you awoke you said it was not for me
I said "Oh, I know, obviously"
You're not my yo-yo so I cropped the photo
And I rocked this solo
Now you got to go... go! Maybe he's the ghost, and maybe I'm the host
The polterzietgeist who knows the right price
To pay the priest to release me from these ropes
And maybe I'm the ghost, and maybe you're the host
The polterzietgeist who knows the right price
To pay the priest to release me from these ropes Maybe you're a ghost, and I'm the conduit
The kinda thread in every superficial compliment
The loose string in your moral fabric
Holding your logic, hopelessly romantic
And (moves sonic?)
Leaving notes for the next to come
Written in blood from the wound that they'll exit from
I don't compose rows or sonnets,
I just write like my life depends on it
Front like I'm agnostic, but I don't believe in you
You got a transparent nature that I'm seeing through
Somebody spiked the punch that you beat me to
Sometimes I'm not even sure it's even you Maybe you're a ghost, and maybe I'm the host
The polterzietgeist who knows the right price
To pay the priest to release me from these ropes

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