

Distress In the Control Tower

Anatomy Of A Ghost

We're surrounded... just drop the gun (the fields have been cut off)

 The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills

The ticking clock spins out of control, erosion claims the monuments

 The 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 the sky, No we won't, no we won't put these hands down tonightAnd breathing takes practice and its
 practice we missed

 So we died 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 is. (x 4)Turn the lights low. Wasting precious time.

 Turn out the lights and dream of colors

Wait for no one. Tell it like it is. (x 2)And breathing takes practice and its practice we missed

 So we die end transmission we're giving upClimb the spires in hopes of...

 Climb the spires in hopes that the stand off ends today

 Climb the spires in hopes of...

Climb the spires in hopes that the destruction ends we're savedWe're surrounded... just drop the gun

 The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills

 Sudden full... sudden release!We're surrounded... just drop the gun

 The fields have been cut off, the ticking clock spins out of control

 Suffer face, hands, suffocateWe're surrounded... just drop the gun

 The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills

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 Climb the spires in hopes that the stand off ends today

Lyrics provided by

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