

Living With Ghosts

The Black Pacific

Pardon me if I'm not so descreet
All these freaks on the street we all got the disease
Gunshot - why not? When your back's on the wall
Give it everything you got
Don't mind me I just find history
To be full of deceit that's disguised as belief
That's ok it's the price that we pay
To enjoy the abundant consumption and fame
A god given dream - we pour fire on gasoline

Are we so comatose? Are we living with ghosts?
And do we really know? Give me a little bit
Are we better than this? We don't know when to quit
Man is that all there is? Give me a little bit
Come with me cause I'd like you to see
All the dust and debris of what
once passed for dreams
Cheap shot - so what?
When you suck up abuse, man
You never get enough
Can't you see that it's all fantasy
and the lies we believe are starting to breed
That's Ok - It's just life day to day
As we drown out the sorrow of our own decay
A god given dream - we pour fire on gasoline

Lyrics submitted by b.

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