

As Your Ghost Takes Flight

Saves the Day

The last time that I saw you, August of '99,
I should've had my hammer and a few rusty spikes
to nail you on a wall and use bottles to catch your blood
and display you for the neighbors so they know your time had come.
And I'd drink your blood and feel it dripping down my throat
as it heads for my heart.
And as your body sags and the stench rises in vain,
the people on the street are collecting in dismay.
Before your eyes your head lifts towards the sky
and that's the last thing they'll remember of you.
And I'd drink your blood and feel it dripping down my throat
as it heads for my heart.
You've become a ghost.
You're floating somewhere in between
the waking world and a landscape of dreams.
Well it's nothing but dying.
You've got a grenade stuck in your teeth and you're pulling at the pin.
You're an illusion, just a shadow flickering underneath the sun.
And I'd drink your blood and feel it dripping down my throat
as it heads for my heart

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