

Killemall

Menomena

Have you met your ghost
He says things that you wont
And the stones that he throws
Are the grudges he holdsIt's the lingering doubt
In the gathering crowd
It's his stones that we love
And the devils cast outFire and flames they are possessed
Lay the spirits down to rest
The spirits are ventriloquists
They say the thing that must be saidDid you strangle your ghost
When she broke in your home
And no time spent awake
Is just time spent alone

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