

Deadringer

This or the Apocalypse

We both have walked as ghosts and we've done it for years.
We saw everything, there's nothing to feel.
Right through meat markets, gold pans, and the steel.
They're using my hands - this is the work of man.
Stand on the broken glass, spread out the fuel we need,
And burn the machine that could have brought us back. You failed.
You held a rose and clung with frozen hands.
You failed. You failed.
Can't fill the grave when the ghost needs to work.
Can't fill the grave when the ghost has to work. Push through the river, the cold is biting my heels.
I see everything; I just can't feel.
I'm my nation's wars, the body count's me;
The beasts at the roots stalking my family tree.
I watch my people in silence as they roll right past.
The heavy footed steps destroy our sacred mass. I failed.
I lost your bones,
Can't dig them up with my hands.
I failed. I failed.
Can't fill the grave when the ghost needs to work. But I've come this far for freedom,
And I won't turn back.
I've come so far.
But I've come this far for freedom,
And there's nothing left.
(But I too am America, and these riots within me.)
Just can't keep going on like this. We failed.
We let you starve and wouldn't stir these idle hands.
We failed. We failed.
But I just can't see you.
I can't see you as anything but the ghost.
It's just this crooked world, man.
It's been tearing us apart. Let's die right now.
Die right now,
And be content with what we've done.

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