

Ghost Dance

The Bright Light Social Hour

A glowing dawn of crowded eyes
Each a screaming pulsar
Wounded knees, dance 'til clean
The needles in the ghostGrit, sand, silica
Demand perfect porcelain
Distant glimmers' ancient dust
Begs the flesh to riseCut like knives through black exhaust
A terror in full blossom
Whitewash dreams, blowing steam
We have not arrivedGrit, sand, silica
Ground to dense perfection
On the outskirts of consciousness
Together deep inside

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