

Distress In the Control Tower

Anatomy of a Ghost

We're surrounded... just drop the gun (the fields have been cut off)
The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills
The ticking clock spins out of control, erosion claims the monuments
The wires rust sets the ghost with such hollow empty sound
Breaking on its touch to eardrums
Traversing these low vibrations to an awful piercing pitch
So tear us down so we can cut our throats leaving the words
Written in the sky, No we won't, no we won't put these hands down tonight And breathing takes practice and its
practice we missed
So we died end transmission we're giving up
Climb the spires in hopes of... The flowing uncut grass climbs up all in efforts to drag us down
Hidden from the stand off as if they wouldn't look
Turn the lights low. Wasting precious time.
Wait for no one. Tell it like it is. (x 4) Turn the lights low. Wasting precious time.
Turn out the lights and dream of colors
Wait for no one. Tell it like it is. (x 2) And breathing takes practice and its practice we missed
So we die end transmission we're giving up Climb the spires in hopes of...
Climb the spires in hopes that the stand off ends today
Climb the spires in hopes of...
Climb the spires in hopes that the destruction ends we're saved We're surrounded... just drop the gun
The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills
Sudden full... sudden release! We're surrounded... just drop the gun
The fields have been cut off, the ticking clock spins out of control
Suffer face, hands, suffocate We're surrounded... just drop the gun
The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills
Sudden full... sudden release! We're surrounded... just drop the gun
The fields have been cut off, the ticking clock spins out of control
Suffer face, hands, suffocate And breathing takes practice and its practice we missed
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The fields have been cut off, the ticking clock spins out of control
Suffer face, hands, suffocate
Climb the spires in hopes that the stand off ends today

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