

# 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 tonightAnd 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 upClimb 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 savedWe'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, suffocateWe're surrounded... just drop the gun

The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills

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