

Pumpkins Smashing

"Glass and The Ghost Children"

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to the center of the earth
or anywhere god decides
full of fever pulling forth
we hear our call as all
and to the center of the earth
as if written in
and dna is reaching out
to your frequency
i want to live
and don't want to die
i want to live
i want to try
all in prayer
prayer in all
all are scared
scared of all
black rooms are calling
to men in leather coats
white labs are cooking
up the silver ghost
the glass migrates under

her translucent skin
and all the spiders wonder
what we've got us in
all is you
you are all
all with you
you in all
i want to live
i don't want to die
i want to live
i want to try
so, it's all very obtuse
because it's all like, like, i don't know
so, like, i started thinking
that everything i operate on
is based on what i believe god was telling me to do
god could be my intuition or whatever
but i always assume
i always assume that the voice i hear is the voice of
god
then i started thinking
what if i'm insane
so i'm operating on the premise
that i'm hearing the voice of god
or what i perceive to be god speaking to me
or through me

but maybe i'm completely in...

so all my...

demagoguery in my life about me thinking that my life
has importance

my, my..

thinking that my life has importance

my, my, my thought of it

and the fact that i believe that i'm following my intuition

which in and of itself may be completely false

so then i started freaking out thinking...

of itself may be completely false

and again this creature that believes that he's acting
upon

heavenly intuition, but meanwhile he's totally rampant

and i started thinking maybe this is the cause

of all the negativity against...

and i started thinking maybe this is the cause

of all the negativity against...

and i started thinking maybe this is the cause

of all the negativity against...

so beats the final coda

of our vinyl storm

one more cherry cola

to lift up her dead arms

a dream of soft focus sunsets

filters through the din

we are losing contact
as she dials it in
she can hear glass calling
or is it someone that looks like him
she eyes tv reflection
and nods a knowing look
she says it doesn't matter
she'd never liked her looks
i have seen a thousand fractures
i have seen everything
cause knowing is its own answer
love something in a book
there's not much left to ponder
not much left to cook
as she counted the spiders
as they crawled up inside her
as she counted the spiders
as they crawled up inside her
as she counted the spiders
as they crawled up inside her
as she counted the spiders
as they crawled up inside her
as she counted the spiders
as they crawled up inside her
as she counted the spiders, oh

