

**1208****"Ghostwork"**Visit "[Ghostwork](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

hour hero yes, had showed you there'd be days like  
this...

and you find yourself longing for a certain drastic  
context  
a dreadful circumstance that will tack great lengths  
onto  
your dictionary definition

to soothe your leaden understanding of bread, water,  
and money  
now arriving by an alternate route at where the  
absence  
of such things might leave you  
mind you, this is not more rich confession of a child  
actor  
and as you would agree completely with a gift cyst as it  
appeared in your throat  
the decision to further limit the pain registrar  
and delight your tiny heart a moment with uncontested  
omnipresence will...

you've had the wind knocked out of you by something  
life size  
and you're afraid to say to your face  
you stretch the pen and cheat the sleep

this sort of evening you want to say something your  
words cannot

note: which leaves your ghost blowing up globes  
tying them off with an x axis c-clamp  
and setting them down

for 7 days and 7 nights  
you've sewn a cloth copy of your nervous system  
to a turtle neck and pair tuxedo pants  
outside the city's dry all covered in primer  
you have lost control of your hair  
yesterday you were shot for a magazine cover  
fatigue swapped your body build with all urge and by

the door  
you heard demo's creaking squeezing a squeal from  
your guilt  
against the clinging teeth of their cd-tray  
all beneath the inner half of the door knob  
hissing at its other head  
hung in the sun

you're staring at a quill as the lump sum of its parts  
and it's begun to look brutal

4 walls of day: and that alone  
no empty hallway for you bearing the  
100 bright light blocking doors of luck  
and here in the favor of life i will  
contrive no device against expectation, only announce  
i have learned to respect the color yellow  
for one reason or another.

and in the insurmountable non strength of one's weight

"you're afraid to say to your face  
you stretch the pen and cheat the sleep"

since you all alone  
has always been such the long audience  
you spring forth, full with overconfidence  
as if to say...superman.

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