

## **A Girl A Gun A Ghost "Bear Witness"**

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He's just an artist drawing black hearts beating to the  
rhythm of napalm;  
He's on the attack.  
Masquerading as a suicide soldier with all of the  
technique but none of the class.

Alert the press! There are no letters left!  
Just stolen memories and fragments of a heart, at  
best!  
So hear their cries; their severed ties of stories with a  
lost cause,  
And sordid memories revised.

Do you believe yourself?  
The terms, the lines, the stories told a thousand times  
before?  
You'll just steal yourself  
A hook, a rhyme, I've heard your words a thousand  
times.  
The times are changing...

Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?  
Your heart's on disconnect. We pulled the plug; flat  
lined the beat.  
Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?  
Now we have nothing left apart from stolen memories.

We're treading water! We've dug our own graves!  
Hopelessly devoid of machine-gun I Love You's,  
Treating lonely like a disease.

Tonight we paint this town dead.  
We are alive! With a golden tongue and an ivory pride!  
The corpse will stand and sing along  
To the confessions of his living hand who wrote the  
saddest song.  
Do you believe yourself?  
The terms, the lines, the stories told a thousand times  
before?  
You'll just steal yourself  
A hook, a rhyme, I've heard your words a thousand  
times.

The times are changingÂ...  
Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?  
Your heartÂ's on disconnect. We pulled the plug; flat  
lined the beat.  
Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?  
Now we have nothing left apart from stolen memories.

Goodnight. Goodbye.

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