

## **A Girl A Gun A Ghost "The Fox Is Restless (The Lamb Is Found)"**

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When your breath gets weak and your vision's cloudy  
who's name will you call out?

Their tendons sing like piano wire,  
Their muscles solid, forged from the strongest iron.  
Why am I the last machine?  
Where is my skin graft, so human, pure and so very  
clean?

(Lonely like a memory)  
Why am I finding myself all alone?  
I'm a furnace-fed scarecrow in a field of bones.  
They've all given in what do they have to show?  
Existing in servitude, they'll reap what they've sown.  
I can tell you what it's like to die.  
Stand up to the reaper while burning inside.  
If you don't believe just look in these eyes...  
I can show you what lonely is like.

We are broken, we are rusting slowly.  
We are burning and we are holy.  
Crawling along on these cast-iron knees  
To the coal miner's song soaking up the disease.  
They are changing, but their flesh I'm denied.  
They are mortal; I'm still rusting inside.  
I see the speaker with my X-Ray eyes,  
I see his determined and rotting insides.

With these circumstances I think it's quite obvious,  
He'd like to take a chance to speak for the rest of us.  
"Reach your roots elsewhere, fresh muscles are  
restless!"  
Their shuffling footsteps, like young children,  
helpless...

'Bury the children. Carry the children. They'll be cozy  
in their graves.'

When your breath gets weak and your vision's cloudy  
whose name will you call out?

Their eyes are glazed as they are carried away.

Their wishes have all come true, but their words were  
twisted and construed.

“The grave is waiting for their arrogance!”  
Through barbed wire and borrowed tongues they cry  
“Save us from this penance!”  
Now I’m left behind, but I’m alive!

How I yearned to shed this shell.  
I am alone in this carbon hell.  
They have changed; they’re still to blame  
With the same smile, the same style, and the same  
shame.

I will carry their burdens on my back.  
Remove this label of martyr, that’s all I ask.

“Just who do you think you are?”

They call me Atlas. I am a Titan.  
I’ll be your savior.  
They call me Atlas. I am a Titan.  
Come with me my children...  
We’ll ride the lightning home.

You will return to what you once were.  
Follow the sound of my voice, your prayers have been  
heard.

Innocence is ignorance so run, as fast as you can,  
away from these men;  
These full-moon eyes are for you.

We are all just miserable. We are all just machines.

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