

Ashley Ember "Go For Your Ghosts"

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So go for your ghosts, or free the birds.
Do what you gotta do, you can't unspeak your words.

There's a demon inside of you and he's haunting your
dreams.
This portrait before you just is not what it seems.

A figment of imagination, a fragment of imitation.
Imitation flavored life, what is real, what is real?

A splice in reality, A pinch in security.
A dime in your pocket in the hole in your knees.
Take a shot of intoxication, a momentary mind
vacation.
Is this what you wanted, is this what you need?

A need of physical connection to tell you you're ok.
A moment of affection to make it through the day.

You're lost, you're blind, now tell me can you see.
Now tell me is this what you wanted in a memory.

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