

## The Black Ghosts

### "Tears From A Gun"

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I feel it on the tip of my tongue, these words fall out like  
tears from a gun  
and down they roll to join up as one, look in and see  
your own reflection  
I hear it in the dead of the night, the bell rings out a  
beacon of light  
Illuminate those deep in their sleep, the fallen down,  
the mild and the meek

It's as it always has been, pretend to float on the  
breeze  
Insist it's only a dream and never take control  
It's clear for all to see, show me something that don't  
mean  
show me something that's not true and it'll come for  
you  
I see it at the end of the road where common sense  
refuse to be towed  
The line is bent back in on itself and gravity is lending  
its help  
It's seeping from the cracks in the wall the  
overwhelming weight of it all  
Is laughing at the sight of the moon that floats above  
us whistling it's tune

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