

Ghost "Diffuser"

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Bludgen me with anything worth saying one thousand times

Bury me in genius I'll welcome the suffocating lines

Just how much breath can one person waste

My ears your mouth I'm hearing your sickening taste

Paint me a movie

Sing me a book

Make it non-fiction with the friction and dirty looks

I cut out my tounge I have bled the wrong words

We scream into filters just asking to be heard

Paint me a movie

Sing me a book

Make it non-fiction with friction and dirty looks

All I can give is what you take

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