

Hatesphere

"Clarity"

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I might be dead, but I can still feel the shimmering
tension that hangs over my city, like a poisonous cloud.
It's choking me and, what's left of this burning town
makes me wanna douse myself in kerosene.

And I've been talking to ghosts lately that say: "This is
the first Day of the rest of our lives".
The first day of the rest of our lives.

Through vast darkened skies and into the arms of
brothers from beyond, I stumbled upon clarity and so
this is me, raining on your parade.

This is the first day of the rest of our lives.

You think the wheels run smooth when oiled by bullshit,
and a guided tour of Copenhagen never seemed this
sad.
So here's a fist, a knife and a handful of coffin nails.

And I've been talking to ghosts lately that say: "This is
the first day of the rest of our lives".
Of the rest of our lives.

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