

## **Rage Against The Machine**

### **"Born Of Ghosts"**

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The hills find a peace  
Locked armed guard posts  
Safe from the screams  
Of the children born as ghosts  
Gates guns and alarms  
Shape the calm of the dawn  
Peering down into the basin  
Where death lives on  
Where young run foaming at the mouth with hate  
Where burning batons beat the freezing who shake  
Under the toxic sunsets they dine and toast  
Their walls deny the terror faced by the children  
Born as ghosts

Born as ghosts

One book and forty ghosts  
Stuffed in a room  
The school as a tomb  
Where home is a wasteland  
Take the razor wire  
And thought is locked in the womb  
The tales that tear at the myth of the dream  
A suffering that shocks the lives off the screen

Born as ghosts

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