

Hundred in the Hands "Ghosts"

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I spit a fierce confusion
Amok, I kick sick with the flies
The demons are all in collusion
The young boys all fires and lies

I'm caught in the quip and commotion
My body a senseless device
Stirred by a faithless devotion
My heart beats the footsteps of mice

I snap back
Only for a moment, and I
Simmer right down
It's you, me
The Lonely Left In Motion and this
Our ghost town

Mostly
I don't seem to slow down
Skulls roll in my wake
I run

I snap back
Only for a moment, and I
Simmer right down
It's you, me
The Lonely Left In Motion and this
Our ghost town

I snap back
Only for a moment, and I
Simmer right down
It's you, me
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