

The Haunted

"The City"

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It's infected, this city's a wasteland
Slow drone reality
Figure heads and scapegoats
Holding back the punch line
To exaggerate just right

We're collecting IOU's and absent apologies
The unspoken sense of betrayal lingers

Everything is expendable here
Mannequins and advert placements
We leave no mark
No lasting impressions

We decay, we cower
We remain silent victims
We argue
We justify our own demise

Inner test market
We suck up the fumes
Meat, bones and bright ideas
It's all insane

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