

The Ghost

"A Letter From God"

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This city is a beehive
Its deadly and unfortunately simple
One million tree lined streets
With branches like haunting arms

You've swallowed your revolution
You've sold your gift
The walking dead are all made up of plastic skin
The walking dead all force their smiles

Your houses are tombstones
Built on reservation and self neglect
The windows watch your shadows fade

What have you done?
How will you numb yourself next?
Righteousness, you've built yourself a prison
How I wish you were all as smart as you like to think you
are
You filthy rats what have you done?
Eat, fight, fuck and sleep, now fill in the blanks

I am floating in space
I am searching for survivors
I am looking for answers just like you
I am watching the mirrors, I spit on my own face
Anger is like laughing at your own jokes
When we become what we claim to hate

I tell you this with one foot in the grave
Here is your cracker jack prize
This is your American romance
Read it to your children when you tuck them in...

Its all in the struggle my friend, its bullets and flowers
Its that soft hum we all hear, but never quite mention
Your beauty is in your faults, spill your guts and share
your scars
Stop taking your life for granted
Be honest, be afraid, only you can judge yourself
Be honest, be afraid, freedom is personal

The miracle is by your side not in the stars, put faith in
your heart

That's it, I'm so sick I can hardly move
All of the angels have problems of their own
You always forget that I need you far more than you
need me

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