

The Ghost

"Banished And Loving It"

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This time I won't be hanging around
I'll sever the ties that have me gagged and bound
(your idle hands have tied you down)
What's to lose, enemies or friends?
What's the lynch mob's verdict, am I truth or am I
trend?
Its easier to judge a voice than it is to use one
Its easier to avoid the sides than it is to choose one
Standards held on peers face their inventors with
doubt
Soap operas rot themselves from the inside out

Your flaws are fooling you
They find themselves in others
I'm a black sheep with a hidden smile
Some things never change
You're a type-cast, with your head low
Secretly jealous and horribly plain

Exiled, from the best of the worst
Your cure is my curse

Your forest needs fire
Your abstinence needs desire
Your rubber neck needs barbed wire

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