

## The Ghost

### "Gem Mint Ten"

Visit "[Gem Mint Ten](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

These ribs are now prison bars  
Or a treasure chest, a lock waiting on key  
I found this center inside  
It's being torn apart by arrows pulling in all directions  
Without control you consume me  
This knot of desire in a noose of doubt  
Without control I consume you  
Quarantine me so I will not infect  
My glass skin  
It shivers when  
Your eyes throw looks like stones  
I'm taking names  
I'm placing the blame  
On the one that doesn't exist, it's all on me  
Soldiers at war  
You're what I'm fighting for  
Under friendly fire  
It's kinda funny how a streetlight can dissect me and cut  
me down to size  
It's beauty and reason how a stranger can affect me  
and put this weight on my chest  
Without control you consume me  
A knot of desire in a noose of doubt  
These imperfections we can not accept  
Hold us together bind and connect

Visit [The Ghost](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.