

## The Ghost

### "Modern Restless"

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The movement is dead, we need a resurrection  
Erase the market and erase the labels  
Counter culture in designer jeans  
Rebellion in the high beams

Revolution isn't so obvious  
This art has no name

Take your places, social ladders and high horses  
Spit your rumors, spit your shit  
Our condition is calling for compassion  
Our tired bones are aching for change

We owe it to each other  
We owe it to ourselves

We need a safe place out of the aim of the ashes  
There is action in our architecture  
We are not damaged by design

Carry on with your pre-death post-rock  
I'll be drinking with the hip hop kids down the block

This pen is a weapon  
Your voice could be a threat  
I say keep music dangerous  
I say keep it all dangerous

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