

Lawrence Arms, The "Ghost Stories"

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Raindrops fell without rage
Eyes half-closed
Skin like dark gray metal
Inanimate and cold

Another flame to my face
The smell of sulfur lingering away

You're here for the perforation of the heart
Precise incisions; anesthetic dreams

It's broken like a ticking watch that need repairs
Shattered glass, exposed face, waiting to be wound

Wounded like a friend of mine who eased his pain
By killing time, not letting it kill him

When you wake up you won't remember anything
But that night the ghosts wailed in the windstorm

Cries sharp like a crescent moon
A sickle grazed against the skin
My breath fogged up the window
So I let the night breathe in

I let the ghosts into my room and listened to their
screams
Incessant whisperings singing,
singing like music to my ears
Like music to my ears
Like music to my ears

A flash of life like lightning electric blinding blue
Reminded me of you

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