

# Bad Astronaut, Ghostwrite

I am limbo, waiting on a window  
Stuck inside an interval  
I know it's unattainable  
Covered by a label's name  
Labeled by geography  
On a dying dark horse  
Placing  
I am a plagiarist  
Feeble picking up a pen  
Between a sonic precedent  
Any age I represent  
Old enough to own the store  
The noise I make, like an arrogant ingrate

I'm not noteworthy for a loyalty  
The forefathers who are redeemed  
Most of whom I never revered  
Never needed or never even heard  
Emulating individuals  
Cloning the new originals  
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I am a spokesman for a derivative  
Travelling salesman  
Selling old narrative  
True sounds of liberty  
Straining through my voice  
Only heard in their code  
One noise  
Once an introvert  
Spewing my entire worth  
Regurgitating their words from it

Second coming, a second strings  
They're personating the real thing  
The odd guys that wrote bad songs  
A drug addict's dead and gone  
Who wrote the song that sold my voice  
Forcing to make my choices

And the name they chose for me  
And the name chosen for me

Finally, here I am  
Said to be made again  
Posing weathered statues  
Standing on old attributes  
Getting sick of this  
Feeling ridiculous  
I'm an overtold joke's punchline  
I am limbo, waiting on a window  
Resonating old song  
You're not so long

Scraping the bread off my forehead  
At the speed of nearly dead  
I never found what never made  
To the sound I've already betrayed

It's the name they chose for me  
It's the name they chose for me

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