

Band Of Annuals, Ghosts Of Old

the story is pressed onto sheets of paper
the yellow now, by the years and low haunting failure (?)
the paint is peeling off this old house
the ghost that lingers here of husband and spouse
the fairytale has come to an abrupt end
packin' all of their things and leavin' as friends

the couch is worn down
when you sit you sink right to the ground
and the walls are silent now
and i don't hear a thing
not a single sound
the paint is peeling off this old house
the ghost that lingers here of husband and spouse
the fairytale has come to an abrupt end
packin' all of their things and leavin' as friends

the storybooks were forced a lie (?)
the bullshit that you were spoon fed
close you eyes and pretend you're alright
the sun is setting the day is almost over