

Crime in Stereo, Almost Ghostless/Above The Ga

We wade out into it.

Dawn of the century.

We're way out, we raise up our arms and wave them in disbelief.

And like brothers we march each other right off, torches lit on the shore.

Midway between the forks in the long face of constant war.

There's a love common to us all.

There's trouble coming from the opposite shore...

It's above us.

I can feel it coming.

We wait out each other, drawn through the centuries.

We're here now.

We raise up our arms and wave them in disbelief.

We're drawing in tight the tiny circles of space, in the constant effort to erase the constant war on y

Despite our deceit...hidden away, still we breathe.

There's a love coming to us all.