

# Ghost, Diffuser

Bludgeon me with anything worth saying one thousand times  
Bury me in genius I'll welcome the suffocating lines  
Just how much breath can one person waste  
My ears your mouth I'm hearing your sickening taste  
Paint me a movie  
Sing me a book  
Make it non-fiction with the friction and dirty looks  
I cut out my tongue I have bled the wrong words  
We scream into filters just asking to be heard  
Paint me a movie  
Sing me a book  
Make it non-fiction with friction and dirty looks  
All I can give is what you take