

Ghost, Modern Restless

The movement is dead, we need a resurrection
Erase the market and erase the labels
Counter culture in designer jeans
Rebellion in the high beams

Revolution isn't so obvious
This art has no name

Take your places, social ladders and high horses
Spit your rumors, spit your shit
Our condition is calling for compassion
Our tired bones are aching for change

We owe it to each other
We owe it to ourselves

We need a safe place out of the aim of the ashes
There is action in our architecture
We are not damaged by design

Carry on with your pre-death post-rock
I'll be drinking with the hip hop kids down the block

This pen is a weapon
Your voice could be a threat
I say keep music dangerous
I say keep it all dangerous