

# Ghost, The Skin We Shed Has Stories To Tell

When every block and tree offered endless chances  
When dreams burned with purity, love, goblins and gods  
Once upon a time they stood on the edge of a black hole,  
with their backs to the blade  
Once upon a time they stood on the edge of a black hole,  
amazed by the sun

Their tiny hands clung to their mothers, fathers and their paper dolls  
One by one they wilted and withered at the bottom of the sandbox

They cried out, but their creators were without an answer  
&quot;What about the promises?&quot;  
&quot;Where have our red balloons floated off to?&quot;  
At best they were replied to with sympathy,  
sadness and distant touches  
Overcome by sorrow, greed and hate  
one time superheroes fell powerless

Soon there after, the world, in all of its magic and splendor,  
Fell victim to they tyranny of zombies and villains

&quot;Oh cruel world, you will not take me tonight&quot;  
&quot;There is a score left unsettled&quot;  
&quot;Oh cruel world, you will not take me tonight&quot;  
&quot;I will slay your dragons with kindness, I will find the tie that binds us&quot;  
&quot;You've taken my Emily's, my Ryan's, Jill's and Jacks&quot;  
&quot;You've taken my laughter and now I'm taking it back&quot;  
&quot;I do not fear your witches, lions or sharks&quot;  
&quot;I have love's lullaby and a night light for a heart&quot;  
&quot;There is a penny in the wishing well and a match left to light&quot;  
&quot;Oh cruel world you're all mine tonight&quot;