

Olivia Chrestomanci, Fire In The Hole

I spent a nighttime chasing poltergeists and I fell down
You told me to stay put till you could bring the car around.
Im waiting in a pitch black parking garage by the side of the Vegas Strip
Im paying for an oversight that you wont admit
And Im not sure who Im talking to right now
It could be you or it could be him
Yeah I think its him.

Come on, a lifetime chasing poltergeists you just break out?
Its a cop-out I didnt stop you though I was ordered to
Whos gonna watch over you now youre out there without us?
You took an out and it nearly broke me in two if I tell it true.
Little brother
Is it a bother
That Ive been calling you?

Oh Western Nevada in the summertime
Is hot and ungodly dry
I see heat shimmer up off the pavement
Like a failed goodbye

Rocksalt, highways, and shit to kill
We pretend its all the same
Hed pull a trigger in a heartbeat
But he cant say your name.

The ghosts of miners whisper down in the tunnels
That are stretched beneath the desert sand like rivers
They belonged to men who hunted silver down in the darkness
Im a man who hunts the dark down with silver.

I fell farther than a person should fall
but Im tough and I pulled through
Just before I hit the ground
I thought of you.
I didnt try to stop you
But I wanted to.

Shotguns, roadmaps, and roach motels
We pretend like nothings changed
Hed pull a trigger in a heartbeat
But he cant say your name.
Its like every mention of you is an act of violence
He cant say your name so Ill say it in silence.
If he really wont say your name then Ill say it in silence.