

# A Girl A Gun A Ghost, Peregrine

When they skinned you alive I was right by your side  
In a single dark room, they were singing the tune,  
You spoke in tongues cut out, mimicked words of those devout.  
No guns, no glory, no heroes in this story.  
Just the words of a fool, the thoughts of a king, and a heart that screams fury.  
I wanna know, if you had this stage what would you say and could I sing along?  
Or would you convince me there's nothing left and that all hope is gone?  
So I need a jump-start, baby. I need a new heart, yeah?  
I need a way to find myself without falling apart.  
So I need a new mask maybe. This face just will not last.  
I will seek you out; I will never bring you back.  
I'm walking around trying how to find the sound  
Of planes crashing and pilots swearing off the ground.  
Mayday! Mayday! We're going down! Our blaze of glory's been found!  
Sound the air raid Siren, hope is dying, hope is dying!  
She was a first-class mistress.  
When they skinned me alive you were not by my side  
In a single dark room, they were singing the tune.  
And when my tongue came out you were nowhere to be found.  
I will not believe! You see you've got something to prove to me.  
I will not, I cannot, I do not believe. You see you've got, you've got something to prove to me.  
So I need a jump-start, baby. I need a new heart, yeah?  
I need a way to find myself without falling apart.  
So I need a new mask maybe. This face just will not last.  
I will seek you out; I will never bring you back.  
I won't say your name.