

# Anatomy Of A Ghost, Distress In The Control Tower

We're surrounded  
JUST DROP THE GUN!  
The fields have been cut off with stars and black windmills  
The ticking clock spins out of control

Erosion claims the monuments  
Wires rust sets the ghost with such hollow empty sound  
Breaking on its touch to eardrums  
Traversing these low vibrations to an awful piercing pitch  
So tear us down so we can cut our throats  
Leaving the words written in sky  
No we won't put these hands down tonight

Breathing takes practice and its practice we missed  
So we die end transmission we're giving up  
Climb the spires in hopes of

The flowing uncut grass climbs up all in efforts to drag us down  
Hidden from the stand off as if they wouldn't look

Turn the lights low  
Wasting precious time  
Wait for no one  
Tell it like it is

(Sudden FULL sudden REVERSE)