Anatomy Of A Ghost, Last Transmission

so this is my last transmission the words that soon fall to dust (no I won't be home on this day) (no I won't be home on this day) no I won't be home on this day and in these fists was held questions unanswered and it is killing me (killing me) and it is killing me (killing me)

kiss of black on our lips lungs breaking cave in so forget these words spoken in sequence won't be our last plain wrapped brown package placed in our arms tied up with string explodes scanning horizon feel skin get numb this begins the fall words begin the fall

we woke up on the day before we were handed the open book (chamber clicks pin breaks the shell) when hands fell from mid face to block our eyes from sore seeing more fingers make a picket fence holding with what we know fading slowly from our eyes to white lights this was all this was all

kiss of black on our lips
lungs breaking so cave in
so forget these words
spoken in sequence
plain wrapped brown package
placed in our arms
tied up with string explodes
scanning horizon feel skin get numb
this begins the fall
words begin to fall
way to go
wait it won't be long
wait it won't be long

climbing up these mixblade spires (climbing up these mixblade spires) in our hopes they would find us (climbing up these mixblade spires) (in our hopes they would find us wait it out drop satellites (drop satellites) for just tonight give it up (for just tonight) (climbing up these mixblade spires) (in our hopes they would find us this was ours this was ours)

plain wrapped brown package placed in our arms

tied up with string explodes scanning horizon feel skin get numb this begins the fall words begin to fall plain wrapped brown package placed in our arms tied up with string explodes scanning horizon feel skin get numb this begins the fall words begin to fall

till the clouds bring on the rain watch as faces fall everyday letting it worsen they'll never learn you knew we knew just not enough so now back to the pretty ballets slabs of rockwalls where spires climb so tall the wheat fields so tall the wheat fields growing up too much trench road says i'm free i'm free the head bumps ahead bleeding from burning sun

lungs breaking so cave in lungs breaking lungs breaking so cave in lungs breaking lungs breaking lungs breaking so cave in so cave in