

# 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  
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  
(this was ours this was ours )

plain wrapped brown package  
placed in our arms

tied up with string explodes  
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this begins the fall  
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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 so cave in  
lungs breaking so cave in  
lungs breaking so cave in  
lungs breaking  
lungs breaking so cave in  
lungs breaking  
lungs breaking so cave in  
so cave in