

Assemblage 23, Ghosts

A thousand footsteps without direction
Adrift like snowfall from winter skies
Aimless parades of burning ambivalence
Selling false hope in certainty's guise

Living and breathing in sorrow's colossus
The teeming masses await a reply
Hoping for something that tastes of deliverance
Waiting for answers to fall from the sky

""CHORUS""

Are we just living ghosts
Waiting to be freed?
Stuck at a tipping point
We never dare exceed
And what if no one comes
To liberate our souls?
And all of this is all there is
To make us whole?

Hidden meanings extracted from vagaries
Fruitless missives predicting an end
Mere conjecture impersonates prophesy
Finding doom in every change of the wind

Inside a culture of spiritual violence
Demons singing like creatures of light
Smiling faces awash in hypocrisy
Vending salvation that no one invites

""(CHORUS)""

A thousand questions in search of an answer
Seeking a meaning in creation's design
A futile wish for an order in randomness
A certain outcome to which we're resigned

Reaching skyward in hope of protection
Leading the weak to the feet of the strong
Unanswered prayers suggest the conclusion
That all we think we know is probably wrong

""(CHORUS)""