

# Ghost, A Letter From God

This city is a beehive  
Its deadly and unfortunately simple  
One million tree lined streets  
With branches like haunting arms

You've swallowed your revolution  
You've sold your gift  
The walking dead are all made up of plastic skin  
The walking dead all force their smiles

Your houses are tombstones  
Built on reservation and self neglect  
The windows watch your shadows fade

What have you done?  
How will you numb yourself next?  
Righteousness, you've built yourself a prison  
How I wish you were all as smart as you like to think you are  
You filthy rats what have you done?  
Eat, fight, fuck and sleep, now fill in the blanks

I am floating in space  
I am searching for survivors  
I am looking for answers just like you  
I am watching the mirrors, I spit on my own face  
Anger is like laughing at your own jokes  
When we become what we claim to hate

I tell you this with one foot in the grave  
Here is your cracker jack prize  
This is your American romance  
Read it to your children when you tuck them in...

Its all in the struggle my friend, its bullets and flowers  
Its that soft hum we all hear, but never quite mention  
Your beauty is in your faults, spill your guts and share your scars  
Stop taking your life for granted  
Be honest, be afraid, only you can judge yourself  
Be honest, be afraid, freedom is personal  
The miracle is by your side not in the stars, put faith in your heart

That's it, I'm so sick I can hardly move  
All of the angels have problems of their own  
You always forget that I need you far more than you need me