

# Ghost, Banished And Loving It

This time I won't be hanging around  
I'll sever the ties that have me gagged and bound  
(your idle hands have tied you down)  
Whats to lose, enemies or friends?  
Whats the lynch mob's verdict, am I truth or am I trend?  
Its easier to judge a voice than it is to use one  
Its easier to avoid the sides than it is to choose one  
Standards held on peers face their inventors with doubt  
Soap operas rot themselves from the inside out

Your flaws are fooling you  
They find themselves in others  
I'm a black sheep with a hidden smile  
Some things never change  
You're a type-cast, with your head low  
Secretly jealous and horribly plain

Exiled, from the best of the worst  
Your cure is my curse

Your forest needs fire  
Your abstinence needs desire  
Your rubber neck needs barbed wire