

# Ghost, Broken Ears Poison Hearts

All comfort has its consequence  
There is blood in our leisure  
Cold killer is out playing the savior  
Ignorant victims are blind to the crime

The slow ache in my chest is universal  
The soft tremor in your spine, it knows no boundaries  
The pied piper has an agenda  
Of crusades and material incentives  
Survival games for frozen souls  
March along to the chimes of failure

Crowned butcher you're far from civilized  
Claiming progress in poisoned hearts

Our security is stained with suffering  
This is the land of silent tragedy  
Pathetic surrenders cannot be denied  
Our love is drowned in milk and honey

Patriots in the mortuary  
You find your pride in decline  
This culture, or lack thereof  
It is not mine