

# Ghost, The Future Is A Foreign Land ('Rite Here

Fifteen years from now  
I know it feels remote  
But picture it somehow  
In your head  
It's 1984  
And knocking on your door  
Is the Brownshirt Stasi guard  
Boom, you're gone  
And in the blood of the Kennedys  
The good ones get shot  
And in the absence of sympathies  
Won't you hear me out?

When it all burns down  
When it all burns down  
I will hold you close for the minute  
Yeah, I'll hold you for the minute it takes

Fifty-five years from now  
I know it sounds insane  
The dark fascist regime might be gone (Might be gone)  
Oh, if you by then have forgiven me  
When push comes to shove  
We don't have to be enemies  
Won't you hear me out?

When it all burns down  
When it all burns down  
I will hold you close for the minute  
For the minute  
When it all burns down  
And the flames devour everything that we are  
I will hold you for the minute  
I will hold you for the minute it takes

With these words at hand  
The future is a foreign land  
So let us pray for more in 2024  
(2024) We could grow old together  
(2024) We could love one another  
(2024) And there will from then be peace forevermore (Forever)  
Peace forevermore (And forever)

But if it all burns down  
If it all burns down  
I will hold you close for the minute  
For the minute  
If it all burns down  
And the flames devour everything that we are  
I will hold you for the minute  
I will hold you for the minute it takes