

Halfwayhome, Contract With A Ghost

Streaming Sound From Satellites Falling Down Like Rain Tonight
They're Crashing Down All Around Us Just Like Radio Waves
This Poison's My Reception Let It Guide Me Through The Haze
Till The Whole Of Our Words Turns Grey

Pale Skin In Sunlight, An Outfit Just For Show
We Could Leave This World Tonight And Nobody Would Even Know
It Wouldn't Be so Bad If We Could Just Let Go Till The Remedy Takes Hold
But Now There's Silence Till The End
Stay With Me My Dearest Friend I Wont Let You go Until Then
The Sadness Fill Me UP Until I Choke
Left Alone With Just A

Contract With A Ghost
Your Memories Fill My Lungs Like Smoke
I Feel You Crawling Down My Throat
But I Wont Let You In This Time
No More Words Not Steeped in Kindness
No More Words To Not Remind Us What This Life Is For
We Don't Live There Anymore

Silence Is The Enemy, It Travels To Infinity
This Sickness Got The Best Of Me And Kept Me On A Shelf
At Hurting you're A Prodigy
An Artist Of The Tragedy
Abandoning Your Artistry To Take It On Yourself
A Struggle To The Nth Degree That Overwhelmed What Was To Be
I Wonder Why We Couldn't See The Things We Never Saw
Existing As A Mockery, Now Only In Our Memories
The Radiant Transparency Like Any Faith At All Is Gone

A Momentary Consequence Escaping From Your Lips
A Static Apparition Holding On For One Last Kiss
This Negative Impression That Was Doomed For Your Wrists Leave A Deeper Mark Than The Skin
Ever Show
But No One Will Ever Know