

# 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