

# Mob Rules, Ghost Town

Out of my head things are going mad  
So we cannot return into life  
Out of my mind all eyes are still blind  
And the only impression is pale

We cannot realise the aim  
Just did identify that

There no one in ghost town  
Nobody switched the light on  
A black hole in ghost town  
Just dark and cold rooms for to pray

Inside your bed the rats are still there  
And the poison corroded the frame  
Inside your mouth your tongue starts to shout  
And it swallows the uncertain name

We do not realise the aim  
No one did recognize that

There no one in ghost town  
Nobody switched the light on  
A black hole in ghost town  
Just dark and cold rooms for to pray

We cannot realise the aim  
Just did identify that

There no one in ghost town  
Nobody switched the light on  
A black hole in ghost town  
Just dark and cold rooms for to pray  
A black hole in ghost town  
Just dark and cold rooms for to stay