

# Phantom/Ghost, Where More Gifted People Cracked

Finally I'm calm just before the storm  
Wipes me away and exposes every lack

Gaze unto the clay. I'm being taken away today  
To a place where more gifted people cracked

Each night relay you keep me away  
Afraid of the face that might show through the haze

You cannot delay the body's decay  
The absolute grey. Don't get lost on my way  
I know, I must look wrecked  
Where more gifted people cracked

You can keep my stuff  
Or give it to the pawnshop  
Or sell to the watchers on my track

Don't try to slash your wrists  
Get a good cord and a therapist  
Go by your memory's back

The absolute grey, closer each day  
The feeling of fake continues to ache  
The absolute grey I can't keep it away  
You don't have to stay. Don't get lost on my way

The rubber ball keeps bouncing back  
Where more gifted people crack  
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