

The Black Ghosts, Tears From A Gun

i feel it on the tip of my tongue, these words fall out like tears from a gun
and down they roll to join up as one, look in and see your own reflection
I hear it in the dead of the night, the bell rings out a beacon of light
Illuminate those deep in their sleep, the fallen down, the mild and the meek
It's as it always has been, pretend to float on the breeze
Insist it's only a dream and never take control
It's clear for all to see, show me something that don't mean
show me something that's not true and it'll come for you
I see it at the end of the road where common sense refuse to be towed
The line is bent back in on itself and gravity is lending its help
It's seeping from the cracks in the wall the overwhelming weight of it all
Is laughing at the sight of the moon that floats above us whistling it's tune
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