## 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 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 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