

# Zox, Ghostown

I live in this ghostown  
The whispers from the walls fall like feathers to the ground  
I walk upon these cemetery streets  
And i don't speak the language of the skeletons that i meet  
I live in this ghostown  
The acid from the architecture is burning the place down  
I wander through these solitary streets  
They're empty as an afterthought in purple pools of gasoline  
The river's all in flames  
I can't go home again  
This city speaks in rain  
I live in this ghostown  
The coffee burns like kerosene and the color of my world is brown  
I look out on these melancholy streets  
It's quiet as a photograph and lonley as my vanity  
The river's all in flames  
I can't go home again  
This city's rearranged  
I'm never going to leave this ghostown