

Ghost, Broken Ears Poison Hearts

All comfort has its consequence
There is blood in our leisure
Cold killer is out playing the savior
Ignorant victims are blind to the crime

The slow ache in my chest is universal
The soft tremor in your spine, it knows no boundaries
The pied piper has an agenda
Of crusades and material incentives
Survival games for frozen souls
March along to the chimes of failure

Crowned butcher you're far from civilized
Claiming progress in poisoned hearts

Our security is stained with suffering
This is the land of silent tragedy
Pathetic surrenders cannot be denied
Our love is drowned in milk and honey

Patriots in the mortuary
You find your pride in decline
This culture, or lack thereof
It is not mine