

Ghost, Diffuser

Bludgen me with anything worth saying one thousand times
Bury me in genius I'll welcome the suffocating lines
Just how much breath can one person waste
My ears your mouth I'm hearing your sickening taste
Paint me a movie
Sing me a book
Make it non-fiction with the friction and dirty looks
I cut out my tounge I have bled the wrong words
We scream into filters just asking to be heard
Paint me a movie
Sing me a book
Make it non-fiction with friction and dirty looks
All I can give is what you take