

Ghost, Exorcism In The Key Of A Minor

Writing in circles and tearing out pages
Quietly plotting our fictional lives

Potential unmet when our hands can't seem to move
Secrets well kept when words can't spell our truths
I know that you have been screaming silently
I know that you will find your peace

Collecting the samples and counting the years
Quietly plotting our fictional lives

We embrace and detach, we persist and we cope
We quiver and shiver, we flicker and we hope
I know that you hide your pain under thick skin
We all sing the same song to a different tune

I keep on rephrasing this open invitation
I reinvent myself, we reinvent ourselves

There are demons inside of us
(Internal combustion we will consume ourselves)
(External compulsion we will dilute ourselves)

This is an exorcism
We've got to dance with disaster
We've got to shake off all doubts
We've got to take comfort in chaos
We've got to sing it all out
This is an exorcism