

# Rage Against the Machine, Born As Ghosts

The hills find peace  
Locked armed guard posts  
Safe from the screams  
Of the children born as ghosts  
Gates guns and alarms  
Shape the calm of the dawn  
Peering down into the basin  
Where death lives on  
When young run foaming at the mouth with hate  
When burning batons beat the freezing who shake  
Under the toxic sunsets they dine and toast  
Of walls deny the terror faced  
By the children born as ghosts  
Born as ghosts  
A warning, you sufferers, begin to speak our word  
Born as ghosts  
A warning, you sufferers, begin to speak our word  
Born as ghosts  
A warning, you sufferers, begin to speak our word  
Born as ghosts  
We're the children born as ghosts  
born as ghosts  
One book and forty ghosts stuffed in a room  
The school as a tomb  
Where home is a wasteland  
Taste the razor wire  
And thought is locked in the womb  
The tales that tear at the myth of the dream  
Myth of the dream  
Myth of the dream  
A suffering that shocks the lives off the screen  
Myth of the dream  
Myth of the dream  
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