

Ghost Machine

Jon Foreman

All hail the siren of our time
I'm possessed when she passes by
She drains the best years of my life
She makes promises
She could never keep

Ain't it a ghost machine
Making a ghost out of me
After of all her lies I'm surprised that I still believe
She haunts me with her laughter in my dreams
My ghost machine

Father forgive me because I know
Exactly how I've spread my soul
My idolatry is in the pocket of my coat
I make promises
I could never keep

Ain't it a ghost machine
Sucking the life out of me
I'm still haunted by the faces on the screen
I swear she's gonna make a dead man out of me

Do you know yourself?
I heard a voice call out
We define ourselves
By the things we can't live without
I deny that I could quit at any time

But my ghost is a drug
My ghost is a drug
She's in my blood
And I can't give her up

The clock the altar of our time
Fought the temple of our mind
I've been sprinkling blood of most my life
On the altar of my ghost machines

Ain't she my enemy
My ancient remedy
After all her lies
I'm surprised that I still believe
She haunts me with her laughter in my dreams
I swear she's gonna make a dead man out of me
My ghost machine