

Bear Witness

A Girl A Gun A Ghost

He's just an artist drawing black hearts beating to the rhythm
of napalm;
He's on the attack.
Masquerading as a suicide soldier with all of the technique but
none of the class.

Alert the press! There are no letters left!
Just stolen memories and fragments of a heart, at best!
So hear their cries; their severed ties of stories with a lost
cause,
And sordid memories revised.

Do you believe yourself?
The terms, the lines, the stories told a thousand times before?
You'll just steal yourself
A hook, a rhyme, I've heard your words a thousand times.
The times are changing...

Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?
Your heart's on disconnect. We pulled the plug; flat lined the
beat.
Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?
Now we have nothing left apart from stolen memories.

We're treading water! We've dug our own graves!
Hopelessly devoid of machine-gun I Love You's,
Treating lonely like a disease.

Tonight we paint this town dead.
We are alive! With a golden tongue and an ivory pride!
The corpse will stand and sing along
To the confessions of his living hand who wrote the saddest son
g.

Do you believe yourself?
The terms, the lines, the stories told a thousand times before?
You'll just steal yourself
A hook, a rhyme, I've heard your words a thousand times.
The times are changing...

Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?
Your heart's on disconnect. We pulled the plug; flat lined the
beat.
Whatever happened to the way everything used to be?
Now we have nothing left apart from stolen memories.

Goodnight. Goodbye.