

Die already
None defy the one-man walled city
Stone made flesh, veins etched in his hands
88 stance draped in invasive plants
And rain dance unsafely, brace for the supercell
Mutiny or footage for your blooper reel, who can tell
Pours hot tar from the top of the barn
Necktie on his head, condor on his arm
Dog Star in a jar, bordering unsustainable
Mea culpa, mea culpa, maybe I should pray occult
Systematic Catholic or sigil of the Baphomet unraveling
Either way his ID show a snake and skull
Always been a private dude who couldn't keep a tally
Of which lies he told who
Dye his hair, shave, change names and his lazy drawl
Soon enough I will estrange you all
I get ghost

(Now the free throw!)

On Dasher
Half-dead carolers deck a hall, wreck a whole advent calendar
Brother on speakerphone lurking at the Burgerville
Bathrobe hammer toes murdering the curb appeal
Would I be returning or forsaken with the craven and
Carnivorous vegetation that take him for his Steak-umms
I dunno I gotta think about it
Truthfully I don't know which makes me a bigger coward
Either stomach all the hubris, cash in his two cents
Loose lips locked up over a chewed Eucharist
Or, maybe re-appropriate the energy
Holed up, passing the poultry to Hecate
Bullheaded burn out fled his own pedigree
And never better, never would've met your Heaven anyway
Anyway, merry merry go make soup out of bones
Just know when the room go cold
I'm a ghost

G-H-O-S-T
Ghost ghost ghost
He's ghost

Flea comb, exorcism and de-worming
Fitted for a curse and a crown of birds circling
Search party falling forward unthwarted
Meet him at the crossroads drawn and quartered
For a master of puppets, how sad are his cupboards
Non-dairy creamers, can of last supper
And a runneth over cup full of black tap water
Its a marvel of privacy over pack hunter
Raspberry jelly on his Jesus toast
And turn heather gray sweats into Easter clothes
With no immediately measurable crimewave ice-age
Christ children still skin a cat sideways
I don't pick teams or administer bans
I'm in the creek with a pick and a pan, it go
Forcibly ejected or a voluntary death scene

Tell 'em what the out-of-order blinking EMF mean
Ghost

Correct these lyrics

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