

## Almost Ghostless/Above The Gathering Oceans

Crime In Stereo

We wade out into it, Dawn of the century.  
We're way out, we raise up our arms and wave them in disbelief.  
And like brothers we march each other right off, torches lit on  
the shore.

Midway between the forks in the long face of constant war.

There's a love common to us all  
And there's trouble coming from the opposite shore  
It's above us. I can feel it coming  
We wait out each other, drawn through the centuries  
We're here now  
We raise up our arms and wave them in disbelief  
We're drawing in tight the tiny circles of space  
in the constant effort to erase  
The constant war on your face

(Despite our deceit) Hidden away, still we breathe.

There's a love coming to us all.