

The Moon Will Rise

Ghost Mice

We must turn into monsters in the moonlight
If we ever plan to fight against our many enemies.
There's no low that they won't sink to,
There's no tactic that they won't use.
I'm afraid we're gonna have to get mean.
We're gonna have to grow some claws and grow some teeth.
The only silver bullet they use is that TV
If your living room and all we've gotta do is pull the plug.
Don't go to the store today, no don't you dare buy anything.
Instead go out and try to fall in love.
We're gonna have to fall in love to win this one.
There is something deep inside us that our enemies have silence
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And I'm afraid we're gonna have to set it loose.
It is angry, it is lonely, it is hungry, it is violent.
Can't you feel it calling you?
Can't you feel it when you look up at the moon?
They put us all in chains and they fucked up all our brains
With the poison and the pills they make us take.
They think they've killed the monsters
And they've taken all of our magic
But they didn't know about our hiding place.
There is something in our hearts that can't be tamed.
It will break free one day and drive them back into their caves
. .
We will be happy. with their hair in our teeth.
And they will rue the day, they put us in a cage.
And the moon will rise. it is waxing in our eyes.