

I might be dead, but I can still feel the shimmering tension that hangs over my city, like a poisonous cloud.

It's choking me and, what's left of this burning town makes me wanna douse myself in kerosene.

And I've been talking to ghosts lately that say: "This is the first Day of the rest of our lives".

The first day of the rest of our lives.

Through vast darkened skies and into the arms of brothers from beyond, I stumbled upon clarity and so this is me, raining on your parade.

This is the first day of the rest of our lives.

You think the wheels run smooth when oiled by bullshit, and a guided tour of Copenhagen never seemed this sad.

So here's a fist, a knife and a handful of coffin nails.

And I've been talking to ghosts lately that say: "This is the first day of the rest of our lives".

Of the rest of our lives.