

# Ghost Machine

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All hail the siren of our time  
I'm possessed when she passes by  
She drains the best years of my life  
She makes promises  
She could never keep

Ain't it a ghost machine  
Making a ghost out of me  
After of all her lies I'm surprised that I still believe  
She haunts me with her laughter in my dreams  
My ghost machine

Father forgive me because I know  
Exactly how I've spread my soul  
My idolatry is in the pocket of my coat  
I make promises  
I could never keep

Ain't it a ghost machine  
Sucking the life out of me  
I'm still haunted by the faces on the screen  
I swear she's gonna make a dead man out of me

Do you know yourself?  
I heard a voice call out  
We define ourselves  
By the things we can't live without  
I deny that I could quit at any time

But my ghost is a drug  
My ghost is a drug  
She's in my blood  
And I can't give her up

The clock the altar of our time  
Fought the temple of our mind  
I've been sprinkling blood of most my life  
On the altar of my ghost machines

Ain't she my enemy  
My ancient remedy  
After all her lies  
I'm surprised that I still believe  
She haunts me with her laughter in my dreams  
I swear she's gonna make a dead man out of me  
My ghost machine