

Banshee (Ghost Fame)

letlive.

Well I have to swallow pride,
but it's making me sick.
Well I have to swallow pride,
it's making me make -
Oh!
Well I have to swallow pride,
but it's making me sick.
Well I have to swallow pride,
I'm sick.

We're here to fulfill every one of your dreams.
A small nominal fee, it only costs you your soul.

(When they say, when they say)
Good
(I will say, I will say)

They say, "The older the bullshit, the more offensive
the horn,"
It's another trick, another matador. (I don't want to
be that)
If you can take that, then you can fake that until you
grow a new mouth to say
"I hate the ones that you adore."

Oh yeah,
Swallow pride 'til you feel sick.
My stomach hates the, hates the bitter taste of the
truth.
Well I swallowed pride 'til I felt sick.
Bulimia tastes better when you swallow the truth.

If you're equating fame to religion,
then where your faith at? Where your faith at?
Go ahead and sell yourself when in Rome.
(Now I finally see that)
You can make it, nah,
but you can fake it,
although that skin is uncomfortable.
I'd rather show some skin than bear my soul.

I am the man that existed the year that Hell got cold,
Now that I'm mature enough to feel devil's touch,
we're gonna fuck until we're numb.

Until we're numb.

Oh yeah,
Swallow pride 'til you feel sick.
My stomach hates the, hates the bitter taste of the
truth.
Well I swallowed pride 'til I felt sick.
Bulimia tastes better when you swallow the truth.

How you like that?
How you like me now?
How you like that?

How you like me now, bitch?

We drove a hearse into the ground and took the willing,
A leap of faith with a foot on the ground to wait for
you,

When they say,
when they say,
when they say "go,"
I will say,
I will say "no."

Oh yeah,
Swallow pride 'til you feel sick.
My stomach hates the, hates the bitter taste of the
truth.
Well I swallowed pride 'til I felt sick.
Bulimia tastes better when you swallow the truth.