

Ghosts

Paint It Black

We rattle chains.
And we question how we were trained.
We speak words profane.
We'll be banging pots and pans until you understand.
We're following a different plan.
Tried to live the good life.

I just wasn't good enough.
Tried to live the simple life.
I wasn't simple enough.
Tried to live the high life but I couldn't get high enough.
We won't let you forget.