

Born as Ghosts

Rage Against the Machine

The hills find peace
Locked armed guard posts
Safe from the screams
Of the children born as ghosts
Gates guns and alarms
Shape the calm of the dawn
Peering down into the basin
Where death lives on
When young run foaming at the mouth with hate
When burning batons beat the freezing who shake
Under the toxic sunsets they dine and toast
Of walls deny the terror faced
By the children born as ghosts

Born as ghosts
A warning, you sufferers, begin to speak our word
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Born as ghosts
We're the children born as ghosts

Born as ghosts

One book and forty ghosts stuffed in a room
The school as a tomb
Where home is a wasteland
Taste the razor wire
And thought is locked in the womb
The tales that tear at the myth of the dream
Myth of the dream
Myth of the dream
A suffering that shocks the lives off the screen
Myth of the dream
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