

Ghost Trio

Therapy?

The quest is becoming a question Answers are far out of reach Caught in the rolling momentum Watching the falling regime Looking for calm but bewildered Blueprints are ripped out and burned Starting anew from the ashes Hoping that lessons are learned

And chains Chains will be broken

The photographs tell me it happened But I don't remember a thing Conditions that brought revolution The clatter of metal on streets You don't live here you survive this It all comes apart at the seams Mounting disarticulation Conditions increasingly weak

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Setting the earthquakes in motion There's no turning back alter this Whatever has happened stays happened It's the future I want to rephrase I'm grateful for time I've been given Aware of the choices to make The footprints I've left will be covered By footsteps that I've yet to take

And chains Chains will be broken