

Ghost Stories

The Lawrence Arms

Raindrops fell without rage, eyes half closed
Skin like dark gray metal, inanimate and cold
Another flame to my face
The smell of sulfur lingering away

You're here for the perforation of the heart
Precise incisions, anesthetic dreams

It's broken like a ticking watch, needs repair
Shattered glass, exposed face, waiting to be wound
Wounded like a friend of mine who eased his pain by killing time
Not letting it kill him

When you wake up, you won't remember anything
But that night the ghosts wailed in the wind storm

Cries sharp like a crescent moon
A sickle grazed against the skin
My breath fogged up the window
So I let the night breathe in

I let the ghosts into my room
And listened to their screams
Incessant whisperings
Singing, singing

Like music to my ears, like music to my ears
Like music to my ears

A flash of life like lightning
Electric blinding blue
Reminding me of you