

## Birth

## Ghost Brigade

White paper and empty places  
The head between my shoulders,  
wounded and bleeding badly  
I can smell your remorse  
Stains all over

Been outside and seen it all  
You are the master, you know it all  
Made yourself a number  
And your time is now

Holding tight, wish you were nearer  
Lost my voice, don't want to scream no more  
It's like a box and I'm trapped inside  
I've been paralyzed  
This narrow road ends to a ditch

Been outside and seen it all  
You are the master, you know it all  
Made yourself a number  
And your time is now

You fit in the program  
And your blood is fine  
The skin is perfect  
And your heart is in time