

# Massacre

## Ghost Town

A place for the newly weds and nearly deads  
I'm counting the stones I hope you know I love you.  
Got a lot of friends 6 feet under us.  
Counting down the days till we join the party.

Thoughts of your nightmare projected through mine...

Hatred is something that we're brought up to see.  
Now everybody's looking at me  
I hope they know...  
They won't get their satisfaction.  
Hated is something that we're brought up to be  
Now everybody's looking at me.  
I hope they know...  
That they won't get their satisfaction.

Breathing in these lies is no surprise  
These evil things are all we know  
Lets take these lives where we want to go

The future is our prize, when the stars align  
In the end it's me and you  
Almost there gotta see this through.

Ghouls and ghosts will haunt my soul but they will never take me.  
Before I go, I want to show that we can make a difference.

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Satisfaction...

We've got some dumb perceptions.

But I've got the death connection...

All the hate that you have...  
Just throw it away  
Life is meant for more,  
But we're too distracted...  
Too caught up in the anger and judgment...  
Caught up in the web of lies  
I've heard these things keep our blood boiling,  
Keeps us alive, and moving forward...  
Well FUCK THAT!  
If that's the case I was born a dead man.  
And I'm forever a ghost.

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They won't get their satisfaction.