

Time Is a Ghost

Harakiri for the Sky

All those who were seen dancing
Were thought to be insane
By those who could not hear the music
Who couldn't hear the silence sing

Every sleepless night - Feels like end times
Every morning wide awake - Feels like end times
Every laughter died away - Feels like end times
Every walk in the sun - Feels like end times

I'm tired of being on the road
Lonely as a sparrow in rain
All its pain, like pieces of glass
In my head all the time
I'm so tired of all the things
That whatever won't kill me
Just make me stronger
Grand a bond, then break it

These are the past upon stories
Our unsettling death letters
Now there's nothing left to burn
Let's set ourselves on fire

All these people tell me, the life I live is a brave one
But fuck, I'm really just running away from the past
Our lives are impressive graveyards of buried hopes
Where we buried them like our dead, but far too shallow

Hope is but mental illness
I once was blind, but now I see
Time is but an abyss
Profound as a thousand nights
The past doesn't exist
Nor does the future
Time is but a ghost
We are just moment after moment

Every sleepless night - Feels like end times
Every slug of whiskey - Feels like end times
Every hasty goodbye - Feels like end times
And every line I write - It just feels like end times

I still got fire inside
But my heart is too cold
I lost something I never had
But yet it hurts as bad

'Cause those who were seen dancing
Were thought to be insane
By those who could not hear the music
Who couldn't hear the silence sing