

To Be a Ghost...

Jeff Rosenstock

Fuck off, the internet
I'm tired of circling amongst apologists
Who love ignoring the reality
Of unarmed civilians executed publicly
They want you to be a ghost
When they rob you of your hope
But you've got power when they're not expecting anything

Born as a data mine for targeted marketing
And no one will listen up until you become a hashtag or a meme
But hate's not a fad that dies with its virality
They want you to be a ghost when they rob you of your hope
But you've got power when they're not expecting anything

I rush to my phone
Because I don't wanna feel alone
They forced us to grow
Into a world without a soul

You're frozen with dread as their chatter becomes deafening
If you're tired of being told
To stop complaining about the cold
Burn those fuckers in their homes

Burst their bubble and break their bones
They want you to be a ghost

They want you to be a ghost
But we've got power
Cause they can't stop the things that they refuse to see