

# Hair Raising Accounts of Restless Ghosts

Modern Life Is War

I promised myself I wouldn't lead you on.  
So here it is confused and flawed.

As foolish as these words may seem.  
As foolish as I may be.  
See, I'm just a factory worker's son from a railroad town.  
And yeah, I can feel the steel mills rust.  
But I've been doing my time and I've been thinking about getting out.  
I'm running fast the other way down a narrow dead end road.  
I know this won't be the last time I sing  
"These dreams will be my anchor.  
These dreams will be the death of me."  
Through all this I've been feeling like  
I'm slowly burning out...  
Nothing is all bad...  
Nothing is quite right.  
So I kept inking and screaming from my room...  
The only way I know how to...  
I'm calling out to you.  
I'm calling out to you.  
Nerves wrapped tight around my spine.  
I'm past the point of caring what the rest of them think.  
They've got the fear.

They're holding back.  
And this is for the go-for-broke common-muck few.  
And this marks the end of an era and the start of something better.  
What can we do when the war is all around?  
The veins are constricting the pressure is coming down.  
What can we do when the war is all around?  
The veins are constricting.  
The pressure is coming down.  
Everyone knows we're living in a world we just can't trust.  
Left in the wind to die in the dust...  
So we spoke up.  
Crazy, Ugly, Illegitimate...  
Never again.  
We are the symptom.  
We are the torn in the side.  
They scream 'til it hurts.  
They can't sleep.  
I want to be one of them.  
We try.  
We bleed.  
Endless.  
Broken.  
White.  
Lines.  
And we don't care anymore.  
I don't give a fuck.  
'Cause I'm one of them.  
Our rebel hearts will turn restless ghosts.  
They can never truly kill us and we will never truly die.