

## Living With Ghosts

The Black Pacific

Pardon me if I'm not so discreet  
All these freaks on the street we all got the disease  
Gunshot - why not? When your back's on the wall  
Give it everything you got  
Don't mind me I just find history  
To be full of deceit that's disguised as belief  
That's ok it's the price that we pay  
To enjoy the abundant consumption and fame  
A god given dream - we pour fire on gasoline

Are we so comatose? Are we living with ghosts?  
And do we really know? Give me a little bit  
Are we better than this? We don't know when to quit  
Man is that all there is? Give me a little bit

Come with me 'cause I'd like you to see  
All the dust and debris of what once passed for dreams  
Cheap shot - so what?  
When you suck up abuse man, you never get enough  
Can't you see that it's all fantasy  
And the lies we believe are starting to breed  
That's ok, it's just life day to day  
As we drown out the sorrow of our own decay  
A god given dream - we pour fire on gasoline

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