

When Exiting Your Vehicle

The Bled

You and I are not survivors, decorated victims of a losing war,
All dressed up in our defensive wounds.
We are the ghosts.
Haunted by the living ones.
Every day apparitions.
Haunted by the sound of our own voices.
We are the ghosts.
Faithlessly wandering around.

And I'll wander around. Yeah, I'll wander around.
Passing through, I'm just passing through.
Stranded here forever.
Caught in the middle of our own exorcism.

The human body is a grave.
This world is purgatory.
We are prisoners of our selves.
Stranded here forever.
Haunted by the living ones.