

Ghost Town

Tilian

I'm packing for a ghost town
There's meaning in the drag of a cigarette
I'm letting all my woes out now
The calm before the storm's got me soaked in sweat

There's no map to the beating of my soul
No fate that can play to make me stronger
I won't live longer
There's no keys to the kingdom of control
No say in the pain, it makes me older
Makes me colder

All I had was you
You

I never found a reason
I never faked a meaning
I never forced it (forced it, forced it)
Don't need a higher purpose
I'll just enjoy the circus
I never forced it
I'm still alive

Put the gavel away
Can't judge my faith
I don't feel your shame
We ain't the same
No fucks to spare
'Cause ain't nothing fair
At the end of the day
We're both still alive

Go on, pretend you're woke now
Find meaning in the black of a silhouette
You're fiending for some hope now, oh-oh
Whatever makes you feel like you've paid your debt

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