

LLYNCH

WE ARE OUR GHOSTS

LLYRICS

Symbol Repetition

First, this is a hell. Second, we are weak. This is what god has made for you ~grace~.

Better run fast, you won't get time to hide. There's a poison out here so you better stay inside.

Never open your eyes and better lose sight. It's the only way to make things feel right.

We'll keep transferring a craven goodbye. Our heaven is mend, but we're intentionally blind.

Keep asking the question - who is this I?

Just a broken link in a genetic line.

The man that bites his tongue has paws to crush the world. That's why we treat him with respect and comfort his sleep. Now let him shine. His memory has fought him.

In his veins, there's true love to admire.

Think of the world that taught you how and why to be.

Think of your mothers warming smile while you're asleep.

Think that tomorrows gonna bring you back your niche.

Think about what you want and how it's gonna be.

You're already dead. Last chance to get heard.

Last chance to show your face to the world, fucker.

Athena

Something felt wrong - the everyday. Never mind, never fight the colony.

Suck it out father, suck it out dear. I never felt more dead than alive in you. I never felt more dead.

I never gave it up on you my fiend.

So thank god, for our reservoir of the living dead.

Thank god for our reservoir of gold instead.

All of this is mine.

This ground shakes – beneath me – above me – beneath me.

But it's the best suit we wear. Infancy's the best suit we wear. Intimacy's the last suit we wear.

We're coming from old yesterdays, we're the old, the new, the bait, the prey, the will.

It has made me what I...

Eyes Towards Oort

All the moments and days in time. All the friends I felt entwined. The sweet roads and my serpentine.

I've seen this coming through blind eyes. All the moments and days in time.

All the friends I felt entwined. The sweet roads and my serpentine. I've seen this coming through blind eye

All the moments and days this time. Watch me bath in the sunlight. What is yours cannot be mine.

On some days, with the chance to hide, we choose to fly.

Shoot me, boy. shoot me, boy.

That skin isn't red until it's bleeding red.

Lost! Lost!

This is the 'WE'. Consists of 'HE' but never 'SHE'.

I'll make you cry to comprehend. You spit on my canvas and paint it all black.

You paint this all black.

Sharpened knives. Counting scars. Burning hives like we don't know.

Faking smiles. Closing doors.

It is the I that is unknown.

Touching fire. Wounded flights. Learn these sirens sing for us. Damaged minds. Healing time.

The love I gave is not enough.

Lost. Lost. My girl. Lost and found. My bride. Shine.

If it ain't rotten, it ain't mine.

Hey man. Whoever told you that just lied. Amen. Blow the ruins back to life.

I can't see through the glass that made you blind. You've lost yourself in a dazing attempt to fail.

Feel it and make it disappear. Hear it and watch it miss the ear. Taste it and try to soak it up.

Feel it and make it blind the eye.

Show me control. Show me numbness. Have you tried anything? Have you tried anything?

Have you tried anything that makes the intrigue collapse?

And I heard him speak through walls ' Mistress, are we king and queen tonight? '

I heard him speak in the back of my head, that's where our luscious sea leaks.

Why did this grow? Where did we go?

We cut out the heart of our beloved and bury the rest of the unknown.

In the middle I found you still searching for a cause. Still hunting all that's lost.

Still can't see through the devil you. Sing your song, follower. Save your soul, passenger.

I keep on breathing.

Like this was my last chance to awake as somebody else.

A History Of Gentlemen

I found history and deciphered all the dreams that I couldn't find yet.

A good chance for being a liar. Punching rocks to punish the self. We bring all this to an end.

Dismantle and imitate the fakes.

Oh that's sickening, well at least disgust holds you awake.

Can't I own it all for just one day. Can't recall things that I say. My worst friend is on the way.

I'm forced to recognize his sway. Forcing the baritone, down the throat of man.

Details blur down here in this great high. Every inch is frightening somehow.

Makes me tumble and won't let me go far.

You will change. I swear you'll change my dear. For the sake of conformity yeah, you will change.

There's no greater love, than the one for myself.

There's no greater shame, than the one for myself.

There's no greater truth, then the one I can't tell.

There's no greater pain, than the one that shows me what I can never be.

Down the throat of man.

Morla

I fear my hopes will lead me back into the storm.

I fear my dreams will lead me back into the storm. Forgetting. Avoiding. Days like these.

I fear my fear will lead me back into the storm.

I fear my own will bring me down where it devours me.

I know this rock has been moved a thousand times before.

Got to see that it's true: 'The face in the mirror was you'.

Facing sideways, that never leave a trace towards home.

Focus to sidetrack but trying not to lose what I found.

But I'm not here, yes, I'm not here today. So fearful that it steals soul I can never reclaim.

So grateful I found you so please continue to warm me.

I am what I am and it will not change a thing.

I know I can continue though I can't see lights that guide me.

But I can escape.

I know that I can escape.

Things will be alright.

We Are Our Ghosts

When I breath, I breath you. A tired man. A substitute of what he used to share with me.

A hasty grasp, a lonely view, on a predictable end. A never ending chase for bliss.

Left him tired and worn out.

It gets him how he always should have been.

Tired and worn out.

What is there after you? Why is this haunting you? How much inside of you?

Where is the youth in you?

I'm your empty head. Just lay it down in my bed. Open wide, you're force fed.

We are our ghosts.

As if we had another life (and in the end we're still alive).

We are our bones. As if we had another skull (and in the end we feel nothing).

Looking back, down below. Can't find myself. It never showed.

Times the tie. That binds our eyes.

And we may never come to meet the silence that is in our open mouths.

And we may never come to meet the loudness that is in unspoken words.

And we may never come to meet the sharpness that is in our silenced tongues.

And we may never come to meet the coldness that is in our open arms.

And we may never come to see the tremors that are in the gift of doubt.

And we may never come to meet that our sweetest passion's not the one we found.

And we may never come to meet desires that are out of our hands reach.

And we may never come. So it cuts its way to the heart.

And I tear all my doubts apart. And I disarm there for you. It is done.

The 'ME' is gone.

Lizzards

If I had the key to the rhythm, then I'd set it straight.

If I had fire to burn down my routine.

If I had mine and kept it all inside, then I'd need more.

If I could pave those ways by intend.

If I could be the focus of the cameras eye.

If I could leave you crippled and torn, then I'd need more.

If I could take a breath for both of us.

And call this communication, the answer will unfold.

We are a world inside a shell that's falling apart, oh I need more.

If we shared the best.

If you were the best.

If I had the best.

More.

The ME, that wasn't you, we shared the same things for a while.

Do you believe in our freedom of speech, do you believe in our freedom of whatever.

The lucky hand that nourishes itself. The increasing power of the meaningless.

Conditioned to the bone.

Behind the wheel of selfishness. Mine and mine and mine.

Notes about infinity. Mascara dreams and lipstick lies.

Give me your body and I show you what your soul looks like.

Do we know what it's like to be locked in a hole?

Did we ever know what it's like to be?

Shadows on your blue eyes – shivering in daylight.