

# Polterzeitgeist

Sage Francis

Why you goin around, trying to keep people outta hell?  
I'm goin around, trying to keep the hell outta people.

Your evil sends chills through my bones  
And it flows through the back roads of arteries.  
Genetic memory fights technology  
Administered by moral midgets  
Theres picket signs in my eyes when they strike  
You'll wanna talk business.  
Note to self; go for self, go for broke  
No one else ever showed you the ropes or helped  
And what are they supposed to do?  
Of course they gotta rebuild every wall that you broke on through.  
Drugs wont get my thoughts running, I need them to make thoughts stop coming  
Last night I had dream I shot someone  
When I awoke my hands were full of the fluid my hearts pumping  
I went to get it tested, the doctor was not so interested in analyzing the m  
essage  
He had a pill, that if he issues out  
He gets paid on the side, Got a lifetime supply.

Maybe hes the ghost, and maybe I'm the host  
The polterzietgeist who knows the right price  
To pay the priest to release me from these ropes  
and  
Maybe I'm the ghost, and maybe hes the host  
The polterzietgeist who knows the right price  
To pay the priest to release me from these ropes

Fell into a Venus fly trap with a nicotine eye-patch  
Pirate of the ship sipping Listerine night caps.  
disguised her voice with the breath of a clean slate  
awake every morning to the death of my dream date.  
selling sex to cheapskates with rusty blades  
fuck to forget and call it layaway  
Got an addiction to thin ice  
the whisper of wind pipes  
I'm mister insight, the social costume's skin tight  
nah, I don't believe in you  
and you don't believe that I'm leaving you.  
as you shrink away to nothing in my rear view  
to close to call, to far to be hearing you  
singing my melody I heard it subconsciously  
you spoke in your sleep, and it sounded like honesty  
When you awoke you said "it was not for me"  
I said "oh, I know obviously"  
You're not my yo-yo so I cropped the photo  
and I rocked this solo now you gots to go

Maybe you're a ghost, and I'm the conduit  
the kinda thread in every superficial compliment  
the loose string in your moral fabric  
holding your logic, hopelessly romantic  
and (going??) psychic  
Leaving notes for the next to come  
written in blood from the wound that they'll exit from  
I don't compose rows or sonnets I just write like my life depends on it

Front like I'm agnostic, but I don't believe in you  
You got a transparent nature that I'm seeing through  
somebody spiked the punch that you beat me to  
sometimes I'm not even sure its even you.