

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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