

scaring the Ghosts away wake me when i'm sane  
on Mardi Gras day the cold of death  
it may tear you from my breast  
yet I know you are the smoke that is my breath  
under the sky to live is to die  
raven black the night and I  
opel on the highway side  
as we pass her a million times this night  
don't seem like no sun exists that could eclipse this  
scaring the Ghosts away wake me when I'm sane  
again you are the smoke that is my breath  
this bouquet of regret  
under the sky to live is to die  
radiation black the night and I  
don't seem like no sun exists that could eclipse this  
don't seem like no sun exists that could eclipse this  
under the sky to live is to die  
radiation black the night and I  
don't seem like no sun exists that could eclipse this  
don't seem like no sun exists that could eclipse this  
don't seem like no sun exists that could ever eclipse this  
don't seem like no sun exists that could eclipse this  
waking up insane on Mardi Gras day  
don't seem like no sun exists that could eclipse this  
just wake me when I'm sane