

# Phantasmagoria

Ashbury Heights

Mid-dark thoughts of the grey tombstone  
And all I loved I loved alone  
The second son of a setting sun  
Scores to settle one by one  
Years of love have been forgot  
Years of trouble years of drought  
Years of ever gently tapping  
On your chamber all for naught  
And every ghastly apparition  
Claims to be the soul I'm missing  
Even though I keep on saying  
That chair is empty now  
Can't you see, can't you see?  
That chair is empty now  
Life is phantasmagoria now  
And every shadow is reaching out to me  
Life is phantasmagoria now  
And all that's left is the stranger part of me  
By a shore of silver ashes  
Where a sea of sorrow crashes  
There is someone who remembers  
Someone who bears my resemblance  
Someone who has all the seeming  
Of a ghost forever dreaming  
And when I call it always answers  
"I cannot tell you anything"  
And every ghastly apparition  
Claims to be the soul I'm missing  
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