

Almost Ghostly

Cadaveria

Understood I'm plain when I express myself, suffering when
I must censor myself for unknown reasons
Anything wrong in this?
What's the boundary between be real and faithful to your soul a
nd let things happen how they have to go?
Between free will and destiny?
Feeling time flowing, perceiving life elapsing

Almost ghostly, blindness follows
Light comes from above
They sit on the branches waiting for the wind
Endangered

I will want passion, I want love
We are the center, we came first
Murmur words of fire as we came first
Before everybody, before all

Almost ghostly, blindness follows
Light comes from above
They sit on the branches waiting for the wind
Endangered

I will want passion, I want love
We are the center, we came first
Murmur words of fire as we came first
Before everybody, before all

Almost ghostly, almost blur
Forever faithful to our souls
Almost ghostly, almost blur
The light is coming from above