

Ghost Song

Disarmonia Mundi

As the sorrow is an open invitation
And my story is done, and the character is gone
As the moonlight is nothing but a memory
And my story is done, and the character is gone

[whispering]

As the sorrow is an open invitation
And my story is done, and the character is gone

And they're crying in my soul

Sense your freedom
Together you pretend
Sense your freedom
You're learning for yourself
Sense your freedom, forevermore
Could that be my brother?
Could that be my sister?
Could that be my brother?
Could that be my sister?

Sense your freedom
Together you pretend
Sense your freedom
You're learning for yourself
Sense your freedom, forevermore
Could that be my brother?
Could that be my sister?
Together forevermore.