

Ghost

I the Mighty

You're a cold and violent wind.
You're an enemy amongst a sea of friends, who will not
soon forget your face.

You're a worm inside a bird.
You're the voice that calls for help that's never
heard.
You linger on your words...what to say?

You're a creek in need of rain.
You're the showers that came just a day too late,
the drought that dried the lake.

But look what you have done. Do you see what you've
become?
You communicate. And its already begun.

You're the dead fur on a coat.
You're the antidote that can but wont be sold.
The cough inside a cold.

You're the emptiness in black.
You're the stolen gold inside a robbers sack who will
not give you back. No, no.

But look what you have done. Do you see what you've
become?
You communicate. And its already begun.

You're the ghost inside this room.
You're the soul who lost its way, we must assume.
And you won't be leaving soon.