

This Ghost

It Dies Today

Crossing my mind a thousand times
The cost and personal sacrifice
Hateful words in notes and melodies

This excuse, undeniable truth
Reaching ears faster than you can move

(This ghost shall burn my own shelter?)
The last place I expect to cover my eyes from fevered discontent

(If they could change)
Change, would we admit?
These empty promises they give
Never telling us to live
Our will cannot be broken

Plaguing my mind a million times
The loss and personal sacrifice
Spiteful words in chords and melodies

This abuse holds true
Still nothing can escape through the worst of it all
Or just regret

(If they could change)
Change, would we admit?
These empty promises they give
Never telling us to live
Our will cannot be broken

This pride we hold so closely
Our will cannot be broken
Instilled until the day we die
Our will cannot be broken