

Ghosts Of Light

Sólstafir

Ghosts of light here
Ghosts of light here now
Ghosts of light here
And they still ride

Overlit desert of abstract sounds and sights,
They search the land and they search the sky.
Frozen, in moments they will be bound.
Spiritless they are and they still ride.

Ghosts of light here
Ghosts of light here now
Ghosts of light here
And they still ride

Surreal sights for bleeding eyes
Opening and shutting wide.
If I try I will rise
With the ghosts of light

If I try I will rise
With the ghosts of light!