

If we give up before we ever fought
If we only do what we are told
And think we know it all, but never really learnt
If we turn the page before the page has turned
If we close doors, we never opened up
If we don't really start a thing before we stop
And never speak the truth although we do not lie
If we're full of plans but never dare to try...
Ghosts we are, made of flesh and bone
With empty minds and hearts of stone
The seed that was not meant to thrive
Existing but not really alive
Ghosts we are, though there's blood in our veins
Born free we chose to live in chains
Thought we were on our way, but in fact we weren't
So we burned out, before we ever burned...
If we take no risk, afraid that we might loose
And neverever make a choice, but let the others choose
If we don't love, afraid we won't be loved
If we long for touch but keep our fingers gloved
If we've got it good but even though feel bad
And should be happy but always feel sad
If we crash down before we tried to fly
Then we are dead so long before we die
Ghosts we are, made of flesh and bone
With empty minds and hearts of stone
The seed that was not meant to thrive
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