

Ghosts

Front Line Assembly

Ghosts
I'm all alone in my mind
This wretched corpse
Which is blind
This final state
Oppressive views
Fighting depression
What to do
Too small to die
Cowards lie
Never see eye to eye Wasted nights
Deep trauma sounds
This certain moment
Of death around
Nothing to lose
Tired of it all
Where do I fall
Where do I fall I climb the stairs
Wearing my best
Don't want to make
A blood-filled mess
My list is clear
I have no fear
Don't bother shedding
A final tear Wasted nights
Deep trauma sounds
This certain moment
Of death around
Nothing to lose
Tired of it all
Where do I fall
Where do I fall
Wasted nights
Deep trauma sounds
This certain moment
Of death around
Nothing to lose
Tired of it all
Where do I fall
Where do I fall
Paranoid delusions
Lost my mind
Frittered seclusion
Socialized mime Wasted nights
Deep trauma sounds
This certain moment
Of death around
Nothing to lose
Tired of it all
Where do I fall
Where do I fall
Wasted nights
Deep trauma sounds
This certain moment
Of death around (death around)
Nothing to lose
Tired of it all

Where do I fall
Where do I fall?