

Ghost in a Shell

The Claymore

A dream of silence, silence full of it, burning ardour in fantastic skies.

Raining leaves of flowers, dance right before my eyes.
Carry my burden in a capsule, lost in time and space
Always fearing to fall from grace.

Carry on, oh flame storm, keep me burning! Wild and free
Carry on, my kin, be awarded my secret sins.

Like a ghost in a shell living in mind's hell
Straight ahead took the wrong turn, willing to crash and to burn!

The steps are made and the road is paved,
I rode the snake into a silent grave...

With tears in my eyes I dance

A hell for the daytime, a hell in the night,
Caught in the friendzone, in a daily strife.
Of hearts and of lust, of silence and laughter,
Of a day's perfect make-up, of the tumbling thereafter.

Carry on, oh Ice-queen, keep me burning! Wild and free
Carry on, my queen, devour my soul!

Like a ghost in a shell living in mind's hell
Straight ahead took the wrong turn, willing to crash and to burn!

The steps are made and the road is paved,
I rode the snake into a silent grave...

A ghost in a shell... Straight down to hell

Live in the inferno, burn out in the flames.
Never satisfied, never ashamed.
A touch burns like hell, a smile to extinguish.
Never wept tears in my eyes!

Like a ghost in a shell living in mind's hell
Straight ahead took the wrong turn, willing to crash and to burn!

The steps are made and the road is paved,
I rode the snake into a silent grave...