

Phantoms

45 Grave

With absence of your lessons
The passion of your crimes
Engulfed in heated fires
Wet from the sweat of your nights endeavors
Does it make any sense to come here tonight
Oh they're trying to confuse you
'Cause nothing works quite right
Surrounded by a secret
Growing old with your lies
You can't compete with it
Where the phantoms reside
Can't run away with it
Those phantoms are your lies
Haunted by voices from deep in your minds
Locked in memories too painful to recall
I want to know the truth
Surrounded by a secret
Growing old with your lies
You can't compete with it
Where the phantoms reside
Can't run away with it
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