

The Ghosts Of Who We Were

Adair

Bodies littering the streets
Hear the sadness filter through the trees
Makes its way into our lungs and in our dreams
You can bottle up our voice
Sealed and labeled with a made up choice
Sell it on an on until we bleed

Feed the fire
Until there's nothing left to burn
Except ourselves
Except ourselves
Nothing left to burn
Except ourselves
Except ourselves
Nothing left to burn

Buildings rise
Emptying our eyes
Take a number get in line
In this prison we've designed
I see the man
Dying in the spotlight
Carving out his heart
Blood on his guitar

Feed the fire
Until there's nothing left to burn
Except ourselves

We bury ourselves
Under so much formality
Now we dance around each other
Careful not to breathe

We're hiding in the air
In between the rain
Falling with the leaves
Dying where we lay
We are the ghosts of who were
Passing through these walls
Haunting our own hearts
Dead to one and all

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