

# The Ghost Walks

Arena

This moment seemed so far away  
A thousand long lost yesterdays  
Floating down an endless stream  
Of seconds, minutes, hours and weeks

We search for clues, we work we strive  
To find a meaning in our lives  
But when It's all been said and done  
The end is the same for everyone

And yet as I cross this great divide  
I finally see the other side  
The sum of what i came to be  
My genuine identity

But does it really matter now  
Something we should care about?  
Perhaps it has no meaning here  
Perhaps it has no meaning here