

Ghosts

August Burns Red

We are the ghosts of the midway, the beasts of the alley
We are the living dead, living in your nightmares
Scraping ourselves from the earth
Living as though we are dirt
Staring like you've seen a ghost
The lowest of the low with nowhere to go

Back from the dead, now we're groveling at your feet
Handcuffed for lying our heads as we're withering in the street
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Fighting for your attention, begging for your generosity
Looking up just to see you turn your cheek on me
You walk on by like I'm invisible (Invisible)
All I want is to be seen as an equal

We fought your battles, and we built your homes
Sorry if I disturbed you
I just wish we could live like you do

Even in our most beautiful days it's dark
Just look at the world around you
There's a consequence for what we do
Pass judgment on me as you walk
Picture perfect ain't my obsession
You can't sum up my life from a first impression
Learn your lesson

Act like you know me, but do you even know yourself?
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
Act like you know me, but do you even know yourself?
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose

I may have no one else to blame, but listen to me
You and I, we were once the same
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I may have no one else to blame, but listen to me
You and I, we were once the same