

# Floating Through

Beta Radio

All the ghosts of my past come in droves  
Digging up the last of my bones  
Hanging on like the moss on the graves  
Then I saw in the air  
Floating you, floating through

Every voice that can whimper will wail  
When every eye witnesses the veil  
But all the ghosts of the past do not hold  
The one who loves them and let's them unfold  
Floating through, floating through

I can't be clear when my head's a mess  
Are there sins yet to confess?  
All the ghosts of my past come in droves  
But I sneak out the back on my tiptoes

I'm drinking pink minks from zebra striped glass  
And I hate the feeling of leaving so fast  
The tide is rising, they come right back in  
It feels like the whole room is floating  
Or is it you, floating through?

Can't be clear when my heads a mess  
Are there sins yet to confess?  
All the ghosts come in droves  
But I haunt them back, with some backsplash prose  
All those ghosts say they must  
Drink my blood and eat my guts  
But they all just cannot hold  
Cannot hold

Floating through  
Floating through  
Floating through...