

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 backslash 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...