

## Ghost

Blue Foundation

Early morning, dreary horizon  
Aching hands are pulling a millstone  
Wailing from the cart  
Moaning from a shattered heart

He's burned down many a bridge  
And he's scared of walking in the dark  
It hurts when the rain falls on his skin

Oh he is worn out from marching  
And he's forgotten for what he's searching  
Yet he keeps up the stride  
God knows that he won't arrive