

Ghostwolves

Calabrese

Yeah, in the water there's a body,
A cold mass of white and red.
There's a man with a cross,
And he's beggin' for his life.

Stench of death on the rise, empty thoughts in your mind.
Bones picked eaten so clean, a mouth full of shark teeth.
Ghosts from the beyond, tales of ancient grounds.
Rob the one's that don't breathe, never heard, never seen.

The frantic heart of a guilty man,
A church on fire in a foreign land.
I know it was not me.
They can search what they'll never find inside.

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