

Our Ghosts Gather

Death in June

Even though we seem lost
Our ghosts are gathering
Our ghosts are gathering

To take us hand in hand
Even though we seem lost
Our ghosts are gathering

To take us hand in hand
Birds of the white feather
Lie and cheat and steal together

But even though we seem lost
Our ghosts are gathering
Our ghosts are gathering

To take us hand in hand
To each of us have vices
But smugness in their bones
Shall be grind to dust
Grind to dust
To each of us have vices
But smugness in their bones
Shall be grind to dust

Denial is control
The four winds to disperse
Heart of the here and now
Where our ghosts gather

Even though we seem lost
Our ghosts are gathering
Our ghosts are gathering

To take us hand in hand
Our ghosts are gathering

Denial is control
The four winds to disperse
Heart of the here and now
Where our ghosts gather
Where all our ghosts