

Ghosts

New Model Army

So did you lose your faith?
Did you fall upon your sword?
I know she took a piece of your heart
And I know I had a piece of your soul
And now you follow me into the room
Filled with echoes and mirrors
And the sound of something pounding
As you hang there just watching
And when the music is gone the silence is still ringing
With all these conversations between the dead and the living
For the ghosts become part of us, the ghosts are part of us

Well, you always say you were following your heart
As it took you through these rainy streets and on into the dark
But there is some kind of reckoning when everything is done
For it seems the more that you give, the stronger you become
And there is so much more left for the giving
In all these conversations between the dead and the living
For the ghosts become part of us, the ghosts are part of us