

Language

Scott Matthew

Memories of secret handshakes, you
It speak my language
Sees, I cease to believe
You're gonna leave.

And acting out a fight
When you're not around
With ease, I cease to exist
I slip through the leaves
We once had to wish

Oh we wished for,
Heaven, It now only seems
Like torture

Oh this ghost
Will win my host it's, lingering
In me, and around my neck
It taps on my head
While i'm asleep

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