

The heart is a haunted home  
Shadows and basement ghosts  
Windows and dead phones  
Piled into closets like altars to love  
The holes in the ceiling grow  
From life's unrelenting storm  
The hurricane sadness  
That rips through your body  
Leaving you breathless  
Numbing the sunshine  
Clouding your senses  
Creeping in softly  
Beneath our defenses  
Haunting the houses  
We build from the wreckage

The beat of black wings in the distance  
Your voice reverses  
I hear it in the wind  
My arms bend backwards  
I feel you turning  
I feel you turning

Past lives unfolding  
Through palm reader clues  
Crawling through mud  
Dragging Horoscope blues  
Mercury slipping  
The phase of the moon  
The bed is an altar  
Reborn in the vision of you

Happiness  
Happiness, together  
I'll share your ghost

When the golden hour ends  
When the heavens stop to spin  
When our summer sun sets west  
I'll share your ghost