

The Consequence

The Black Ghosts

I know just what you're saying.
But I do not know the consequence of consequence.
Do you know what I am saying?
Why you're wondering how it will work, how it will mend.

Is there more to you than meets the eye?
Is there a reason for your crooked smile?
Congratulations, but I don't know why.
Everyone else is just a ripple in your style.
And does that mean that I'm a vampire?
Have I got nothing to give no internal fire?
Is appearance good enough for you?
Or do you want to read my mind and see if I am true.

I know just what you're saying.
But I do not know the consequence of consequence.
I know the game you're playing.
The rules they make no sense, the rules they make no sense.
And you have shown the way.
I do not know where this will end, where this will end.
Do you know what I am saying?
Why you're wondering how it will work, how it will mend.

And if it is okay, I think we need our space.
Preferably miles apart.
Cause all of this niceness, nervousness, politeness, it is destroying our hearts.
And I've got to give them what they want.
Cause if I don't then someone else will.
I'll not be a hermit, no matter how much truth I inherit.
I'll only be ready(?)

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