

With The Wolves

The Ghost Inside

Somewhere along the way we got thrown off track.
Though we tried so hard to keep ourselves in check.
We've grown so used to this lack of sleep. Exhausted from an overwhelming defeat.

Whoa, I can't find my way.
There's no path to guide me. The more I give in, the more it haunts me.
And I've given up control. I suffer just to run with the wolves
.

So I sing these words to the fortunate. The ones who look alive
.
Never living life in disconnect, through someone else's eyes.

Whoa, I can't find my way.
There's no path to guide me. The more I give in, the more it haunts me.
And I like a fool, am burned. I give and give with no return.

Whoa, there's no path to guide me. The more I give in, the more it haunts me.
And I've given up control. I suffer just to run with the wolves
.

Nothing will be earned by skipping stones.
Lessons won't be learned through broken bones.
One by one, we're losing ourselves.
Like a flame burning out, but I have a light.
When you're in the dark and out of doubt, find me.

God, what have I done?
I've lost myself for no one.

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