

Winstanley Manor

The Lathums

Oh we have known
Which none survived
We've outgrown them
We let 'em die

Welcome to the manor
Where the souls occupy
An ectoplasmic intervention
One of which you can't deny (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)

Oh, what a mind
The voice let's decide
Wait till you're inside
The ghastly tales in my mind

What is sombre details
Wash your hands of the dirt
Faded retribution
In the retrospective hurt

There is no intrusion
When you're expecting no good
Vanquished in the warnings
Of a land misunderstood (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)

Oh, what a mind
The voice let's decide
Wait till you're inside
These ghastly tales in my mind

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