Ghost

Voxtrot

I'll be the one to let this roof cave in on me
Buried in this house, this wooden graveyard by the sea
We push away our families to understand our needs
The love and all the hate I used to hold in front of me
Restless nights, all dizzy spells, all sand between my sheets
Showing signs of thirst I try down the boardwalk, all blistered feet
And now I know I never knew about you, only me
We carried this inside like some disease we couldn't beat
But we could work, try to live and get by
To make our family in the second-floor apartment
Standing on a threshold, body out in flesh, cold
Go ahead and celebrate the things you lost
Try to breathe, to flex and release
To cry and work out what underrate apartment (?)
Moments are a lifetime
Nothing in a straight line
This will take a little while just to shake things off
Down by water's edge, under the dying tree
I let my body slip, so dead inside of me
But when I came around some kind of milky face
I don't ever want to be alone like this
And I will tuck into you like I always want to be
Shadows just a shade of black now, darkness in degree
Oh it was you who knew we first saw this wasn't meant for kids like me

Some hoodoo natural force we only feel we never see
But as we (?) in time, a brotherly sigh
Their heads got small until they vanished into silence
Sinking into white foam, running to a new home
They can only understand the things we see
Just cease, desist, and leave me like this
Their eyes wide open, the beauty of the bright lights
Standing on a threshold, body out in flesh, cold
I don't ever want to be alone like this, no
I have no choice but to be vicious on my feet
I never sleep, I never eat
I am learning how to be lost completely
I want to be found, be craved like things we push away
These patterns cut like every day
I need you to reach, I need you to need me
Down by water's edge, under a dying tree
I let my body slip, so dead inside of me
But when I came around some kind of milky face
Shaking my bones, put me back in my place
I don't ever want to be alone like this
For me, by the presence of the things I miss
I don't ever want to be alone like this
For me, by the presence of the things I miss
I am becoming a ghost of myself
Oh I am becoming a ghost of myself
Trapped little secrets, little things we never tell
No I am becoming a ghost of myself

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