

Ghost Boy

Widowspeak

I could see through him
His love for the living
He's gone cold - I couldn't forgive him

He couldn't do this
A shade so aimless
Still has all unfinished business

Trouble from the start
Ghost boy and his dead heart

See him late at night
Such a sorry sight
He's see-through, silver and white

Trouble from the start
Ghost boy and his dead heart