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.
Weâ€™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 wonâ€™t be learned through broken bones.
One by one, we're losing ourselves.
Like a flame burning out, but I have a light.
When youâ€™re in the dark and out of doubt, find me.

God, what have I done?
Iâ€™ve lost myself for no one.

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.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/