Ghost

Blue Foundation

Early morning, dreary horizon
Aching hands are pulling a millstone
Wailing from the cart
Moaning from a shattered heart
He's burned down many a bridge

And he's scared of walking in the dark
It hurts when the rain falls on his skin
Oh he is worn out from marching
And he's forgotten for what he's searching
Yet he keeps up the stride
God knows that he won't arrive

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