

Ghosts of Me

Tarot

don't wake this child of lies, he sleeps here in me
now I'm just his dream
he sees things with my eyes, things he knows that can't be
floating in my mindstream
he's been betrayed by the truth, led astray by answers
bruised by all that's real
so sleep my sorrowed youth while I stand guard here
afraid you'll never heal
I wouldn't mind if he was lost
he wouldn't mind if I was free
I wouldn't mind to take the cost
strike me blind and leave me be
you are me
I wouldn't mind if he was lost
he wouldn't mind if I was free
I wouldn't mind to take the cost
strike me blind and leave me be
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