

Lost Souls

[Christophe Beck](#)

I'm trying to make some sense of the days

Now that they're all good

Every little thing that they'd say

Well, you know they could

She lies to console

For she cries for a lost soul

You

You know we're gone

We're all so lost, lost

Said I couldn't get out of bed

Is that the law?

Every little thing that I said

You just can't ignore

She lies to console

For she cries for a lost soul

You

You know we're gone

'Cuz we're all so lost

You

You know it's gone, gone

Lost souls

Lost souls

Lost souls

Lost souls

Lost souls

She cries for, she cries for

Lost souls

She cries for the lost souls

Lost souls

We're waiting, the lost souls

Lost souls

This is for the lost souls

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