

The Ghost Psalm

Zao

Realization comes through reaping
Reality contained in quite
My companions are walking corpses
I am buried with your words
Turned their backs to me
Scared to see the ghost
Turned and walked away
Scared to see the ghost
Time to go one last look, one last touch. A ghost to those I love
Time to go one last look, one last touch. Goodbye to those I love
So close
So close to separation
A ghost without a grave
A ghost without a name
So close

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