In the Woods

Ghost Brigade

Trying to remember the names of the places
Where we used to go when we were young
It's so weird that when you get older
Feels like time is going faster
You just try to hang on
And realize what is realYou built your own graveyard
Left all the tombs open
I wondered who they're waiting for
Until one day I understood
You said every soul needs a home
This is not a boneyard
But a home for broken dreamsWe shared the same bottle
Smokes were all mine
I know you are still here somewhere
But I don't want to find you
Even if you'd like to forget
Some memories will come back
You have to swallow the pain
Despite the tasteYou built your own graveyard
Left all the tombs open
I wondered who they're waiting for
Until one day I understood
You said every soul needs a home
This is not a boneyard
But a home for broken dreams

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