

Ghost Child

The Residents

We're comin', help me
We're comin', I'm alone
We're comin', it's dark
We're comin', so dark
We're comin', I'm alone
We're comin', help me No blood is spilled in
The land of lost children
But it is friendless
Empty and endless She was neglected
But no one expected
She'd hold her breath for
Ever and ever We're comin', help me
We're comin', I'm alone
We're comin', it's dark
We're comin', so dark
We're comin', I'm alone
We're comin', I'm lost

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