

Fever The Ghost

it's just the size, it's just the same
sense the peace, the class, the fame, the rule the conscious mind will always change
to integrate the cooks and staying sweet blue you want the obvious, it's you, it's yours
take what you want, no less, no more
leave it here at your front door
keep it all to you cause who wants the truth
there is no truth
with the sinking sun
what's done is done
so break the night
defeat disaster
on the run with my silver gun
aim forever after
yes you hold the key
but yours just won't fit me who wants to play the game
the truth to know that life is strange so few
back away, avert your gaze
soothing touch, simply waste the moon
keep your mind, lose your head
without your brain, they'd call you dead
through corridors, with pumping veins
life goes on through the pain
last to bed, first to rise
not to earth, but to the skies
close your eyes, close your eyes
no one's here, just face demise

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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