

# Beauty Is In Its Embrace

## Anatomy of a Ghost

Inside display of broken wings  
So smooth porcelain face cracks and flakes away  
Turns to pulse flying down telephone lines  
To the pictures on your wall  
Burning on contact And the branches were stripped under winter's numb  
(What was precious gets lost)  
With the breath that was a fire burning through the room  
(What was precious gets lost) Lies! Struggle! Fires! Grow long!  
Something is broken, it's unmend...  
Lies! Struggle! Fires! Grow long!  
Something is broken, it's undone And we won't come back under  
Backdrop of moutnains above pastels in flames  
Flames that crawl up, time won't stop for the hurt And the branches were stripped under winter's numb  
(What was precious gets lost)  
With the breath that was a fire burning through the room  
(What was precious gets lost) It hits the backseat, tearing fabric from the lines  
Till the clouds come to swallow the night  
Leaving less piled on the floor... This one hands you, the all we fall (x 4)  
This one takes life, loose your face!  
This one hurts you, won't wake up!  
This one takes life, loose your face!  
This one hurts you, won't wake up!  
This one hands you, the all we fall (x 4)  
This one hurts you, won't wake up!  
This one hurts you, won't wake up!  
This one hurts you, won't wake up!  
This one hands you, the all we fall

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