

Dead Souls

[burroughs, william s](#)

Someone take these dreams away
That point me to another day
A duel of personalities
That stretch all true reality
They keep calling me
They keep calling me
Keep on calling me
They keep calling me
The figures from the past stand tall
And mocking voices ring the hall
Imperialistic house of prayer
Conquistadors who took their share
They keep calling me
Keep on calling me

They keep calling me
Keeps on calling me
Calling me, calling me
Calling me, calling me
They keep calling me
Keep on calling me
They keep calling me
Keeps on calling me
They keep calling me
Keep on calling me
They keep calling me
Keeps on calling me, yeah

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