

Your Ghost

The New Amsterdams

Your ghost is haunting the alleyways
Pacing the tracks where you tread
Seeking the solace of sleep
Maybe you don't know you're dead Witness the worst of your history
Only to chase it again
Discreet but curiously
Repeating the act in the end Lonely and grieving will your god take me too
This won't be the memory I will carry of you
I watch the sea, you lied to me
I will wait but the day never comes Tempt me to change things
Because I've got the will and the blade
But my sins have cursed me
So I wander the rest of my days Lonely and grieving will your god take me too
This won't be the memory I will carry of you
I believed it killed me
It's too late for the truth I watch the sea, you lied to me
I will wait but the day never comes
Your ghost is haunting the alleyways
Maybe you don't know you're dead

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