

# 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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