

Fear of Ghosts

The Cure

Like a feeling that I'm down
Deep inside my heart
Like I'm looking out through splitting blood red
Windows in my heart From a higher up than heaven
And a harder down than stone
Shake the fear that always clawing
Pulls me clawing down alone As I spitting, splitting, blood red
Breaking windows in my heart
And the past is taunting fear of ghosts
Is forcing me apart And the further I get
From the things that I care about
The less I care about
How much further away I get And the further I get
From the things that I care about
The less I care about
How much further away I get I am lost again
With everything gone
And more alone
Than I have ever been I expect you to understand, to feel it too
But I know that even if you will
You cannot ever help me
Nor can I ever help you Nor can I ever help you
Never ever help you

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