Between The Lines

The Ghost Inside

But when the spotlight comes, where have the words gone?
The fall from grace is paved with your lies.
Stand strong behind your beliefs, if you can even manage to stand at all.

What happened to the blood pumping through your veins?
Youâ€™ve scattered the ashes of an iron faith.
The sun fades below the horizon, and you say goodbye to what used to be.

They try to hang pictures of perfection on every wall and every corner,
but the negatives fail to transfer to the final print.
Defy the leader.
Step away from the line.

No one will ever get the best of me.

What do you stand for?
Tell me now, what do you stand for?

So sing your song with the highest choir; preach from the top of the world.
Share your voice.
Admiration of the highest degree.

And now I'm washing my hands of this and leaving it all behind.
I'll wash my hands, and leave it behind.

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