

# I.

## Roger Quilter

Timid, he was a broken loner  
In this ghost town,  
And it drained the hate from his mind,  
Now there's nothing left inside  
Rumors and lies  
Are all you've got, they're all you've got, are all you've got  
Mother, Father, where have you been?  
I needed you,  
I needed you  
What have we become,  
Mere shadows, standing alone, inside and out,  
This incarceration is tearing me down  
  
What have we become,  
Mere shadows, standing alone, its inside and out,  
This incarceration is tearing me down  
And, oh, have I become a mere shadow standing alone,  
Inside I cry out,  
Screaming I make no sound  
Screams  
He finds,  
I'm the one who haunts her dreams,  
Her life torn at the seams,  
I'm the one who haunts her.

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