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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