Ghost Dreaming

Quasi

It won't stop bleeding
Once you've opened up it's skin.
It's not healing - let the games begin.
But a ghost can feel no pain
and a ghost will have no harm.
The blood rolls down the drain;
No substance and no form...
It kept on dreaming
clothed itself in solid form;
A human being; arms and legs & everything.
Sometimes water turns to steam,
Sometimes water turns to ice.
It flows back to the stream.
The stream runs back through paradise...
Is this not flesh and bone?
Or am I just that dreaming ghost I always talk about?
It isn't anything
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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