

Ghost Alive

Battlecross

Hidden to the naked eye

Poisoned by atrocities

Slow death seeps rotting out of the soilAn empty shell of his former self

A breathing corpse, a ghost alive

The constant onslaught of pity and guilt

That can drive a man to take his own life

Medication blunting the pain

Deaden the urge to escape

To be rid of the horrors this swelling loss of insanityOnly time will heal the wounds

Salvation from becoming a breathing corpse

A ghost aliveA mind left scarred warped and mangled

From the twisted faces of the deadOnly time will heal the wounds

Salvation from becoming a breathing corpse

A ghost aliveEach waking day

Merely a curse in disguise

Subjected to visions

Of blood and murder in repriseCrushing dreams of normalcy

Fleeting thoughts of perseverance

Are barely enough to surviveAn empty shell of his former self

A breathing corpse, a ghost alive

The constant onslaught of pity and guilt

That can drive a man to take his own life

Songwriters

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