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

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