

# Mountain Halo

## The Appleseed Cast

Father now, listen close.  
You have become another ghost,  
Just like me.  
Just like me.

Now flowers fall from your glass,  
A bitter taste,  
The girl is back  
In dancing lights.

Dancing lights, flowers fall.  
A bitter taste, the glass if full

An empty hand.

Dancing lights,  
Flowers float,  
Bitter taste,  
The glass is full.  
An empty hand.

An empty set of colors crawl  
Through the door and to the hall,  
The knife is dull.  
The knife is dull.

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