

Ghosts

Sleeping at Last

If you listen just right, you can almost hear it.
The symphony of secrecy, love and fear.
(Search for love, but finding fear.)

Like a moth to a flame, we become helpless
To the beautiful ghosts
That true love sheds.

We are all running our very own races,
Set out upon the most dangerous of places.
And through it all, we were left
With a void in our chests,
We're aching to fill.

The doves come
To gather our every need,
They lift them up to Heaven
Through the mouths from which we speak.

God, will you help us understand the meaning of it all?
Will you send your Angels down to us, at our every call?
Sometimes it seems the world is passing us
Faster than my eyes can adjust.

I can't decide
If I'm living or I'm dying.
So I test your love and I test your love, I test your love.

The doves come
To gather our every need,
They lift them up to Heaven
Through us now...
The doves come
To gather our every need,
They lift them up to Heaven
Through the mouths from which we speak.

Like a moth to a flame, we become helpless
To the beautiful ghosts
That true love sheds.

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written by OWEN, JOSHUA RYAN / RITCHEY, JIMMY / JONES, CHUCK

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