

# Ghost of Freedom

Iced Earth

Every time you think about it  
It tears you up inside  
You curse the day your mother  
told you, your father died  
Now you're always searching  
Searching for the reason why I've gone  
But I will always be here  
By your side, through the darkest night

Here I'll stand on the firing line  
Here I'll walk through the field where I died  
I will fight and let the voice ring true  
I am the ghost  
Standing next to you

Every night you go to sleep  
You pray the Lord my soul to keep  
You don't know I've not gone away  
You see I watch over fighting men  
So they can have peace again  
And maybe someday you will all be free

Here I'll stand on the firing line  
Here I'll walk through the field where I died  
I will fight and let the voice ring true  
I am the ghost  
Standing next to you

You speak to me  
And I feel your pride  
Assuring me I'll never die  
I write Mother...  
"He's here with me..."  
He's in our minds  
He's in our souls  
Of sacrifice his story's told  
He holds the flame of freedom for all to see

Here we stand on the firing line  
Here I'll walk in the field where I fight  
I will fight or die for liberty  
With the ghost standing next to me

Don't tread on me... live free or die!!!  
To our fallen brothers  
You died to keep us free  
To our fallen brothers  
Who gave us liberty!!!