

Mid-dark thoughts of the grey tombstone
And all I loved I loved alone
The second son of a setting sun
Scores to settle one by one
Years of love have been forgot
Years of trouble years of drought
Years of ever gently tapping
On your chamber all for naught
And every ghastly apparition
Claims to be the soul I'm missing
Even though I keep on saying
That chair is empty now
Can't you see, can't you see?
That chair is empty now
Life is phantasmagoria now
And every shadow is reaching out to me
Life is phantasmagoria now
And all that's left is the stranger part of me
By a shore of silver ashes
Where a sea of sorrow crashes
There is someone who remembers
Someone who bears my resemblance
Someone who has all the seeming
Of a ghost forever dreaming
And when I call it always answers
"I cannot tell you anything"
And every ghastly apparition
Claims to be the soul I'm missing
Even though I keep on saying
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