

Roads of gold are forever dulled
Taking stock of what you lost and what you want to take
Roads of time will be straight again
If we stop we can see ahead
The mountains desecrate

So as we caught ourselves astray
We floating on our own
Hoping to reach tomorrow
The ghosts of ours, we sent away
Like refugees no where to stay
On the carasell of fallen days
Like refugees no where to stay

Tried to cross at the quiet edge
Fell asleep at the shallow end
The hours turn to grey
I want to feel like you meant it
I want to think that we held it all
As the fever starts to take

So as we caught ourselves astray
We floating on our own
Hoping to reach tomorrow
The ghosts of ours, we sent away
Like refugees no where to stay
On the carasell of fallen days
Like refugees no where to stay

I put my thoughts through a metal sift
To separeate my truth and illusion
And what I find I will forgive
Cause there aren't really any solutions
You said you felt so alive right at the summer's edge
This moment never resolves there is no end

These ghosts of ours we sent away
Like refugees no where to stay
On a carasell of fallen days
Like refugees, no where to stay
This road is unknown
We let go of these ghosts
This road is unknown
We let go of these ghosts
This road is unknown
We let go of these ghosts
This road is unknown
We let go of these ghosts