

# Ghosts

August Burns Red

We are the ghosts of the midway, the beasts of the alley  
We are the living dead, living in your nightmares  
Scraping ourselves from the earth  
Living as though we are dirt  
Staring like you've seen a ghost  
The lowest of the low with nowhere to go

Back from the dead, now we're groveling at your feet  
Handcuffed for lying our heads as we're withering in the streets  
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Fighting for your attention, begging for your generosity  
Looking up just to see you turn your cheek on me  
You walk on by like I'm invisible (Invisible)  
All I want is to be seen as an equal

We fought your battles, and we built your homes  
Sorry if I disturbed you  
I just wish we could live like you do

Even in our most beautiful days it's dark  
Just look at the world around you  
There's a consequence for what we do  
Pass judgment on me as you walk  
Picture perfect ain't my obsession  
You can't sum up my life from a first impression  
Learn your lesson

Act like you know me, but do you even know yourself?  
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose  
Act like you know me, but do you even know yourself?  
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose

I may have no one else to blame, but listen to me  
You and I, we were once the same  
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You and I, we were once the same  
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