

## Ghostwolves

Calabrese

Yeah, in the water there's a body,  
A cold mass of white and red.  
There's a man with a cross,  
And he's beggin' for his life.

Stench of death on the rise, empty thoughts in your mind.  
Bones picked eaten so clean, a mouth full of shark teeth.  
Ghosts from the beyond, tales of ancient grounds.  
Rob the one's that don't breathe, never heard, never seen.

The frantic heart of a guilty man,  
A church on fire in a foreign land.  
I know it was not me.  
They can search what they'll never find inside.

Stench of death on the rise, empty thoughts in your mind.  
Bones picked eaten so clean, a mouth full of shark teeth.  
Ghosts from the beyond, tales of ancient grounds.  
Rob the one's that don't breathe, never heard, never seen.

Stench of death on the rise, empty thoughts in your mind.  
Bones picked eaten so clean, a mouth full of shark teeth.  
Ghosts from the beyond, tales of ancient grounds.  
Rob the one's that don't breathe, never heard, never seen.