

Ghost Bust That

Cancer Bats

These ghosts we have, alive and well
These ghosts have passed, right through your hands
You'll never know, what's really here
You'll never know what's come before
We'll make these graves, unearth these tombs
These ghosts will haunt again
We'll make these graves, unearth these tombs
These ghosts will haunt again
History locked away
Memory locked away
You'll never know what brought us here
These ghosts we asked to lead the way
We'll make these graves, unearth tombs
These ghosts will haunt again
We'll make these graves, unearth tombs
These ghosts will haunt again

All this will be
All this will be forgotten, just give it time
All this will be forgotten
All of us dead and buried
Our breathless phantoms songs
All of us dead and buried, as your attention falls

Left only whispers carried, our breathless phantoms songs
These lambs will slaughter us
These lambs will make us living ghosts