

I'm A Ghost Of Twilight

Closure in Moscow

Awake to the cracking of bones; to the scratch in my throat.
Awake to every boy and girl, every heart that feels a swell.

It's all so lovely, when you look at it just right.
It's also stabbing me to sleep-
Needles long into the night.
Suspended eventide can only mean one thing:

I'm a ghost of twilight, haunting neither night nor day.
With one foot treading sweet rapture, and one foot in the grave
.

Asleep to the creaks and the groans; to the sounds of their sex
.
Asleep to all the promises, all the blessed days ahead.
I want so much to keep this precious thing from harm.
Then there's a part of me that wants to hold it lifeless in my
arms.

Because I got this chill in my bones, and a warmth on my face.

I'm a ghost of twilight, haunting neither night nor day.
With one foot treading sweet rapture, and one foot in the grave
.

Desperate for resolve, they're closer every day.
The ghosts of twilight call, so now I'm joining them.

I slept with faith, and found a corpse in my arms on awakening.
I drank and danced all night with doubt, and found her a virgin
in the morning.