

Ghost

Coheed and Cambria

At first I fight my curiosity
With welcomed hums and frightened fingers twitched anxiety
Here it comes a clean slate, picture perfect, no mistakes
How am I to keep from blemishing this masterpiece
How am I to know
How am I to know

As a boy, I watched the world through broken eyes
Given to me by a man, his wife, and all they had disguised
Uncertainty now keeps me asking how I lead the most
As they became or will I teach the examples of their ghosts

Free me from this body
I just wanna, wanna be on the outside looking in
Free me from this body
I just wanna, wanna be on the outside looking in

Free me
Free me