

follow the light,  
it will lead you back home  
how can i convince you,  
that you're a ghost

lost in this world, a shadow on the face of a dead child.  
out of this world.  
longing to be, out of this world

death blooms, and blooms like a garden around you  
turning the earth to bury your life

he turn out the lights, and its far too late,  
to try and convince you, that you're a ghost

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out of this world.  
longing to be, out of this world

death blooms, and blooms like a garden around you  
turning the earth to bury your life  
death blooms, and blooms like a garden around you  
turning the earth to bury your life  
tragedy, smothered by the life you chose to end