

## Rails at the River

Ghost Brigade

See the skies hanging low  
Up upon walls the crumbling voice  
You ask yourself what is this time  
And what's the meaning of being?  
You ask yourself what is this time  
And what's the meaning of being?

Follow the river at rail  
High hopes pierce our poor souls  
Like the disaster follows another  
No chance to live

In this place gone is your heart  
Have you done your best  
Spent time to wait for nothing  
Now you fail what's left behind

Now the skies hanging lower  
The bubble of growing vice  
You ask yourself what the hell is this  
We were meant to be something  
Like the better day

In this place gone is your heart  
Have you done your best  
Spent time to wait for nothing  
Now you fail what's left behind

Follow the path to the end  
Find your true self with yourself  
To believe what you see