

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?
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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