

Buried Way Too Shallow

I Am Ghost

This place, still can't believe it
I'll never ever talk of this photograph
A still frame of you lips
This kill, he danced, I kiss and tell
Followed me for seven months
And talked about our death for several years
(I can't stop him)
There's nothing more us than fear

We are buried way too shallow, but it's okay
They'll find us here holding each other tight
The search party is over now
In our last picture the two of us never really died

Your face was so scared to breathe in
I feel your heartbeat like a storm
The cut across your eyes is turning gray
This last day, our last night
I whispered slowly in your ear
"I love you more than life to disappear"
(and I can't stop him)

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In our last picture the two of us never really died

This face is buried shallow; this place is okay,
Our birthday, our last day....
Mother, father....carry your son home tonight
I'm buried shallow, carry your son home....
It doesn't hurt, this kiss will carry me

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