

Lady Madeline In Her Coffin

I Am Ghost

There was a time when stillness meant nothing to me
Once, silence meant lack of sound;
Fall came once a year
I danced, redcheeked,
Each year's first snow,
Tongue out to taste each flake's welcome sting
I laughed, distinct from nature's cycles,
A scrap of wonder, floating in a torrent
of sorrow I couldn't grasp
That laugh, mouth open, sums up my past,
I craved fulfillment, too shallow to know
I could never be fully filled again

Here we are and it's open,
I lay her down in the glow (half of creation's destruction).
Replaced the moon and the stars with candles
Black and Grey
Is to drown, when yesterday... yesterday...

Fades through broken glass
(I Hate what I've become)
Enclosed, please find Silence.
Fade through broken glass
(I Hate what I've become)
Enclosed, please find Silence.
Everything's shallow,
We're chasing ourselves
beneath a stone.
I am covered in make-up
It won't wash away.
Beneath a stone.
We are joy,
I was just a boy,
Goodnight.

Beauty scar, powdered make-up,
Melting eyes, smile of bone
I replaced the moon and the stars with candles,
We are all the same, when everything... everything...

Fades through broken glass
(I Hate what I've become)
Enclosed, please find Silence
Fade through broken glass
(I Hate what I've become)
Enclosed, please find Silence,
Everything's shallow,
We're chasing ourselves beneath a stone,
I am covered in make-up;
It won't wash away.
Beneath a stone.

We are joy, so take my hand,
We are joy, so take my hand.

Sing inside the shadows,
She surrounds the love I hid,

The beating of a god;
that won't let go.
I know, Black and Grey is to drown in yesterday.
'Cause we are joy, so take my hand,
We are joy, so take my hand.