

## With the Ink of a Ghost

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I know as I see  
Touching through the mist  
All hypocrites they're racing deadlines on the list

Eager to imply  
There were footprints in the rain  
Meeting all tonight  
Telling they're doing great  
Telling they're doing great

Scatter [?]  
And this brings into the air  
Old [?] in the trees  
Praying to stay clear

Some might be afraid of them elegantly  
In the past  
She runs from the deepest valley passed the sun  
Opening p the wall  
Time spending contemplating

And they're missing dawn  
They're burning up the gates  
But once afraid to lose more  
Got the rain in the moment black  
Come to life

He came from the dark to realize  
When it lasts  
She runs from the deepest valley passed the sun  
Opening up the wall  
Witness to the changing times  
It makes sense to all at last

Shape the currents and it has been living in  
All this time witness to the changing time

I don't last a week  
Moving out the tree  
Molding once to be  
Serene with the tile