

So did you lose your faith?  
Did you fall upon your sword?  
I know she took a piece of your heart  
And I know I had a piece of your soul  
And now you follow me into the room  
Filled with echoes and mirrors  
And the sound of something pounding  
As you hang there just watching  
And when the music is gone the silence is still ringing  
With all these conversations between the dead and the living  
For the ghosts become part of us, the ghosts are part of us

Well, you always say you were following your heart  
As it took you through these rainy streets and on into the dark  
But there is some kind of reckoning when everything is done  
For it seems the more that you give, the stronger you become  
And there is so much more left for the giving  
In all these conversations between the dead and the living  
For the ghosts become part of us, the ghosts are part of us