The Ghost I Used to Be

Pallbearer

Strange shards
All relics of the path
That I have followed
To dead ends

Embed in wounds
All doors into the past
They've barred themselves
But scars have failed
Torn open far too soon

And with time
The shards transform to keys
Fit for lowest depths
Unlocked truths to reveal
Sharpened fine
The keys all sink within
My time has come
Accepting fate
Light disappears again

Fading eyes
No paths I see now
I become the ghost
The ghost I used to be

I searched throughout the void
(I chose this)
For the scraps of life I have left behind
Each one has left me knowing
(I feel nothing)
This path may never reach an end for me
And with a spectral breath
I'm begging to be freed

This burden of regret
Kindling to ignite
And a necessary end
To living in a lie
So when all fires burn cold
Leave behind a glowing husk
The ghost that I become again
Glides back into the dusk
Alone