

Your Ghost

Piano Magic

Your ghost, a white candle in this night
Smile broken, though eyes bright as carnival rides
You wander these streets, punch-drunk on the stars
As the lights are stubbed out in the neighborhood bars

Your voice, thin as smoke, barely exits your mouth
There's blood in your hair and a fire to the south
Your skeleton moves in a waltz with the stairs
And the well of your heart, full of noone who cares

Your words, a white wreath at the cusp of the hill
To mark of the kill, where the blood was spilled
You're the back of the mirror, you're the ghost of the
tide
And i would die twice, if you stayed tonight
(don't stay tonight)