

Even The Ghosts Cry

Ten

Love is something you cannot see,
This illusion that no one can believe,
It feels so good it makes you cry,
True love is a mystery,
How can something as real as love can be
Just disappear before your eyes,

You know
And I know,
Love is just a word that we misuse...

Battered truths, blatant lies,
As we built ourselves this personal Frankenstein,
Nothing but hurt inside,
Caught in the riptide,
Bruised, crucified,
In this broken house where shadows cloak the light,
Now that the love has died,
Even the ghosts cry...

If love was a raging sea,
We'd be wrecked on the rocks of tragedy,
It picks you up to bring you down,
I'm sick of the memories,
Recollections and hopeless parodies
It's better left behind me now

You know
And I know,
Passion only cloaks the naked truth...

Battered truths, blatant lies,
As we built ourselves this personal Frankenstein,
Nothing but hurt inside,
Caught in the riptide,
Bruised, crucified,
In this broken house where shadows cloak the light,
Now that the love has died,
Even the ghosts cry...

You know
And I know,
Love is just a word that we misuse...
You know
It will haunt me now forever,
Passion only cloaks the naked truth...