

Blue And Gold

The Ghost Inside

Make haste and find the future.
We were outcasted so tragically.
Curse the tide, and shun the sun,
who needs it anyway?
Become a black sheep with me.

I stayed up long nights, staring wide-eyed at the sea.
Throwing rocks and yelling but it made a man out of me.

Make haste and find the future.
We were outcasted so tragically.
Or curse the tide and shun the sun.
Become a black sheep with me.

Follow a flock inside to assemble, and rally.
Or fight the flow, and light the fuse...

Fly the banner, blue and gold

Conformity it seems all so wrong
cuz I always knew, that all along,
I'd find solace in things important to me.

And that's the way I want it to be...