

Oh, Ghost Of Mine

The Nerve Agents

I hear you dancing upstairs moves,
As swift as astaire I would like to embrace you but,
I'm not in your afterlife oh, ghost of mine!
You haunt these walls forever calling...moaning is there something unsettled?
Were, wounds left wide open to rot?
When you died so many years ago miserable when you died,
So many years ago were,
Your wounds left wide open?
I'm sorry I have no schooling to sew them shut,
For you I'm sorry...oh, ghost of mine.