

The thunder cracks at the hills and plains,  
The rain does lash at your window pane.  
I am the ghost of your past refrain,  
I'm your conscience, let me in, let me in,  
I'm your conscience, let me in.

You cannot bear to go on this way,  
You've passed many trials,  
But still you sway,  
You know that something has to change,  
And it's weak to sit in blame, let me in.  
Oh it's weak to sit in blame.

No, You cannot bear to go on this way,  
You've passed many trials,  
But still you sway,  
You know that something has to change,  
Or like me soon you'll be a ghost, let me in,  
Or soon you'll be a shade.