

Face Ghost

Touché Amoré

there is weight in the words we've said
too heavy to carry in our heads
there's a chance that I thought had gone
but here we are, playing along
I admit I'm scared
so fragile, emotionally impaired (hopeless)
damaged goods
so broken, so misunderstood
(wreckless and careless)
and I can see
that rain cloud that follows me
looks like the one that follows you
and the same ghosts that keep me awake haunt your nights just t
he same
all dressed up in black and grey
we know each other just the same
and every mile that sits between
won't understand what it means
to have one look mean everything
and throw all caution to the sea
I have faith in us if we don't self destruct