

Alliswell "Trees And Tombstones"

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You were as pale as a ghost
In the dead of winter
Your breath rose like smoke,
It very well, could've been
Your soul. That escaped
From your lungs, like a melody left unsung.
You were never meant for this world.

You were never meant for this.

Now I'm knelt down by your headstone
Wondering if you are alone, where you are now.
I think to way way back before you left
To lay down in your flowerbed,
When I held your hand and prayed
That you would stay

Still sometimes I feel the rain even when it's dry

I want to hear you sing,
That song you wrote for me,

You were my anchor, you always kept me steady,
But now I'm lost at sea, and drifting aimlessly
I need to hear your voice to guide me back home
again.

In many ways, I began the grieving process, long
before you left.

In the end, I took harder than my sister and my father,
I just couldn't let you go,
It took took took all I had to give
To stay afloat on a sinking ship,
When we knew very well, just where this would end

"I think it's time, I think it's best for my tired head to
come to rest"

Sing me to sleep,
I'll wait for you in my dreams

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