

## Battle "Talk Of Ghosts"

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Bet I want you dead, I want my feet again,  
The lights are off I checked, I locked the windows and  
the doors.  
I love your hair, you never play with mine,  
Oh and my sweet lord, I had you figured from the start.  
I had you figured from the start, I had you figured from  
the start.  
But that shouldn't matter now.

Hey, wait your turn, we're all falling,  
You let your children down.  
And high above the undergrowth  
A fleeting moment's gone.

Spare me petty change, you're a poet but a murderer  
you ain't,  
We've all been standing square. Too long in the tooth

And wash our hands of this affair, my darling dear,  
No armies couldn't save you from yourself  
Couldn't save you from yourself  
Armies couldn't save you from yourself.

Oh no, wait your turn, we're all falling,  
You let your children down.  
And high above the undergrowth  
A fleeting moment's gone.  
Now wait your turn, we're all falling,  
You let your children down.  
And high above the undergrowth  
A fleeting moment's gone.

I'll bless you in the dark, my sweetheart,  
My sweetheart,  
My sweetheart,  
My sweetheart

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