

## Christian Kjellvander

### "Sons Of The Coast"

Visit "[Sons Of The Coast](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lay and watch an evil man  
An evil man with evil plans  
My god, I am a ghost, by god I am a ghost  
But I am not one of those you are not one of those  
We're like brothers by blood sifting through separate  
floods  
We are not like the sons of the soil on the coast  
We're like the past: so near or not even close  
Hid by binges and or dives or in the feathers of our  
wives  
My god, you are a ghost, by god you are a ghost  
But you are not one of those, no you're not one of those  
We're like brothers by blood sifting through separate  
floods  
We are not like the sons of the soil on the coast  
We're like the past: so near or not even close  
Cruel and young, with borrowed lungs, by deviled  
tongues  
All we have is the grave, jolily and the folks and we'll  
have the past so near  
or not even close.

Visit [Christian Kjellvander](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.