

Craft

"Ghostlands"

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This is our ghostland
Where boundaries come so near
With the sight you can see them
Can understand that they are here
A shadow realm within our land
Where the ancient dead now run
With those who still have yet to feel
The breathe of life or warmth of sun

This is our ghostland
Where you must fear to tread
As one stray path will lead you to
This dreaming land of long lost dead
Where unborn spirits ride once more
And hunt and play and hide
In the wilds that lie so close to home
In the worlds that weve denied.

This is our ghostland
Though its true we hide it well
But its only one short whisper from
The time we all could tell
The dust beneath our feet still is
The same dust they walked on
And just because we cannot see
Does not mean they have gone.

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