

## Protagonist "Iamtheghost"

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Some of us are holding on to a life  
That doesn't want us anymore,  
Trapped in a world that forgot us years ago.  
Forever I am destined to walk  
This continuous path that has no ending.  
And so I say a prayer for the living  
Because in this life when you leave,  
You never come back.

Erase my face, take me from this lonely place.  
This is not the path I chose, forever forsaken.  
I am the ghost.

Searching for places that cease to exist,  
And where I won't find any answers.  
We're all just remnants of the past.  
Some grow old and some die young,  
The ones that die young are the fortunate ones.  
And even though my eyes were left open,  
They might as well be shut.

We're the never played symphonies  
Plagued with bitter sweet harmonies.  
And our path is sung in the key of tragedy,  
Our existence is sung in the key of tragedy.

These twisted paintings hang  
And the band plays on.  
These twisted serpents  
Turn his sermon into song.  
These twisted paintings hang,  
And the band plays on.  
These hallowed eyed ghosts;  
They turn his sermon into,  
They turn my sermon into,  
They turn my sermon into song,  
And the band plays on.

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