

Smith George "Ghostfish"

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Here in the dark
Noone knows what I'm breaking
And often times
Thinking of what I'm needing
If I could do without wanting more of this feeling
Maybe then I won't think of you and what it's taking
I have a way of fucking up all that I'm given
And when I'm brave enough
I think of ways to help me make it
If I wanted to I'd crawl into
But my memory's fading...Im the ghostfish
And I need something to crawl inside
And leave me bleeding
Cos I've had enough of being sick of this inside me
This fucking waste of a life leaves me waiting...I'm the
ghostfish

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