

Stoney

"Ghost"

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Looking back through
the window in the door that now has closed,
the looking glass that loss has tinted rose,
at the secrets of the path we never chose.

We lose ourselves there
as we fall into the arms of the unseen,
of all that never was but should have been,
beyond the day that woke us from the dream.

And it's a little late to speculate on what we could have
done.

It's a little late to overstate the obvious.
We considered every move we made,
we did what we thought best
So release the fist of dirt into the grave,
and lay the ghost to rest

Let it go with
the hurt of all the promises unkept,
the pride behind apologies unsaid,
and the tragedy of hope they left for dead.

Because it's as fruitless
as the tears in the sour milk we spilt
on the ruins of the tower that we built
and the silence and the loneliness of guilt.

And it's a little late to speculate on what you could have
done

and so easy now to overstate the obvious.
we considered every move we made
we did what we thought best.
So throw down your fist of dirt into the grave
and lay the ghost to rest.

This one's over
No phoenix from these ashes will arise
so let the tears upon the lashes of your eyes
fall to the desert ground and bring new life.

Walk away now
I'm not saying that we can or should forget
Just don't cloud your every sunrise with regret
The curtain hasn't fallen on us yet
The curtain hasn't fallen on us yet
The curtain hasn't fallen on us yet

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