

von Grey **"Ghosts"**

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Darkness was creeping down the alley
An army of shadows
I was dancing in the fog
To the songs of the ghosts

I felt your stare
Burning holes in my back
You long to be
One of the raconteurs

Your thoughts will be your cradle
Let me speak to you without my mouth
Can you feel them all around you
Chills you to your bones

Your mind is on edge
Something in your head is askew
I'll show you how to fight
Away the demons that taunt you
Their eyes shine brightly in the dark
Compliment you with a caustic remark

Your thoughts will be your cradle
Let me speak to you without my mouth
Can you feel them all around you
Chills you to your bones

You're in manacles and chains
The world has you enslaved
Be free, be free
Got to let yourself go
Let your mind roam
Be free, be free

But will you come with me
Into the dark

Your thoughts will be your cradle
Let me speak to you without my mouth
Can you feel them all around you
Chills you to your bones

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