

Abigail's Ghost "Monochrome"

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She steps outside her tiny box
Doors made of glass with tiny locks
She dreams in monochrome now
Her own world in black and white

She takes her time in redefining me
I'm not convinced and neither is she
It takes so long to get inside of me
What can you see?

She ties me up and brings me flowers

Dead to her I sleep away the hours
In thin air coils we inhale
Two scents of rose

She takes her time in redefining me
I'm not convinced and neither is she
It takes so long to get inside of me
What can you see?
What can you see?

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