

Killing Caroline

"Phantoms"

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In tonight's breeze, I can see phantoms.
Swaying with the trees, sounding lone anthems.
But those trees don't sway for me.
Those phantoms don't cry for me.
And I wait, while my

world rends asunder.
I'm not gonna break under
its weight. While the
phantoms sing dirges;
The angels are crying, today.

In tonight's breeze, you can hear crying.
Voices in the leaves, the angels are sighing.
But those angels don't sigh for you.
That crying is coming from you.
And you wait, while your

world rends asunder.
You're not gonna break under
its weight. While the
phantoms sing dirges;
The angels are crying, today.

The beautiful sky is falling.
Can you hear the breeze calling
to you?
And the phantoms are falling.
Can't you hear that I'm calling
to you?
To you....

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