

Elliot

"Blessed By Your Own Ghost"

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He sits among the rest, buried in his seat.
The clatter of the crowd is drowning out his speech.
He turns to look at us, a mirror burned in deep.
He wonders who you are, you wonder what he means.
We are the matched and numbered ones.
We have been placed in all their codes.
You may be blessed by your own,
You may be blessed by your own ghost.
She makes the driver blush with pains of tongues and
knees.
She opens up the car leaving air to breathe.
The moments all messed up with lanes that bleed in
sheets
That cover up our tracks and lead us to her keep.
We are the matched and numbered ones who live in
constant disrepair.
You may be blessed by your own,
You may be blessed by your own ghost.
Here i'm stressing over fallen angels with cause to
cover.
We are the matched and numbered ones who live in
constant disrepair.
You may be blessed by your own,
You may be blessed by your own ghost.

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