

The Ghost Inside "Blue And Gold"

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Make haste and find the future.
We were outcasted so tragically.
Curse the tide, and shun the sun,
Who needs it anyway?
Become a black sheep with me.

I stayed up long nights, staring wide-eyed at the sea.
Throwing rocks and yelling but it made a man out of
me.

Make haste and find the future.
We were outcasted so tragically.
Or curse the tide and shun the sun.
Become a black sheep with me.

Follow a flock inside to assemble, and rally.
Or fight the flow, and light the fuse...

Fly the banner, blue and gold

Conformity it seems all so wrong
Cuz I always knew, that all along,
I'd find solace in things important to me.

And that's the way I want it to be...

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