

Muph & Plutonic f/ Red Ghost

"Lost Ones"

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"Sons and lost gods long forgotten"

[Hook 1 - Red Ghost]

Change in life, moves so fast
Thought delayed, as seconds pass

[Verse 1 - Muph]

Head spinning, blood thinning, close to fainting
These constant circles, whirlpools evaporating
Raining later, similar conversations
The faces change up, we move through to new
relations
I'm taken back, vertebrae working days
And I think that I heard a snap
Crack, there goes another gap to gain some length
Another phase may of just scaled over the fence
Rusted barbed wire impaling the present tense
Still uptight, holding the railing to the heaven scent
We'll never forget the effect left in a path
Another one lost becomes a one with the dark

[Hook 1 - Red Ghost]

[Verse 2 - Muph]

Remember kick to kick at the local oval
When best friends end, now I barely know you
Hopeful you found a piece of that pie
Enough food in that gut to keep you satisfied
Minimal parasites parading your perimeter
Fell on a deaf ear when they told you to give it up
Surely big enough to fight your own battles
But with memory intact, I'll be back to dismantle
The candle, eventually burns down the wick
As quick as they came, flickering flame
Life inflicting change, switch positions
When they finally leave is when we actually start
missing
Been flicking through photo albums
And you want to tell them - what the hell you've been
thinking

[Hook 2 - Red Ghost]

Stepping back, turn away
Days ago, when memories fade
Torn apart, move so close
Right to merge, clothe the most

[Verse 3 - Muph]

Its like absence - might just make the mind grow
stronger
Start to feel fonder about part of your heart that'll make
you a monster
Jane Fonda, where the hell you been?
Not on my tellie screen, you ain't helping me
Jealousy often plays a part
Siamese friendships get split in half
Once the grass coloured vibe glazes eyes
The face is a pride with tar and feather endeavour
To get the better of wasted time
Like you ain't no mate of mine, mind your business
Kept up to date with the Jews, only to lose your misses
Next Christmas in the blistering heat
You'll be missing a certain presence
Wondering, I hope they remember me

[Hook 3 - Red Ghost]

Torn apart, move so close
Right to merge, clothe the most
Photographs, they're on display
Hide behind, broken frames

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