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Motorama "Ghost"

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My hopes, my will Were never a part of you Those days were sad and cold, I'll never want them back again

But in this moment we are close to each other again It's like a merge of different colors In a silver mountain lake And I'm home again It's like dancing in the room with a female ghost It's like falling from the edge To the bed with cold clean pillow

Your voice, is pure and soft It's calling me back to my hopes My ears were deaf and cold Please hold me tight in your arms again

But in this moment we are close to each other again It's like a merge of different colors In a silver mountain lake And I'm home again It's like dancing in the room with a female ghost It's like falling from the edge To the bed with cold clean pillow

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