

Ritual, The Ghost Is You

He is on his knees.
Waiting for the stolen days.
Gloom hits his heart.
And he knows the one he holds is a ghost he should let go.

Now he knows.
Now he knows for his sake he must let go.
He knows desolation grows.

From the bottom of his heart he starts to realize
Theres no spirit, theres no love.
Deep inside theres a flaring wish
to hold on to those haunting lips.

He is on his knees.
Trying to catch smoke with bare hands.
He needs to understand
that his life lies in dust and sand.
He needs to understand.

He knows for his sake he must let go.
He knows desolation grows.
He knows for his sake he must let go.
He knows he will die alone.