

Ghost, Respite On The Spitalfields

We're here in the after
Of a murderous crafter
The past is spun like a yarn and mangled
With flesh and blood and bones, I wonder
Did no one hear the distant thunder?

The autumnal reaper
The stains of this creeper
Will last, the shine and the sham entangled
Like salting earth with tears of Jesus
He sliced and diced our dreams to pieces

For the dreams that you dread
Can become just as real
As the blood that was shed
With the slash of his steel
Now the street walking dead
Was quite a scene, wasn't it?
For the lost and mislead
Were promised seats by the pit

We will break away together
I'll be the shadow
You'll be the light
Nothing ever lasts forever
We will go softly
Into the night

We're leaving this city
So this is farewell
Good bye seven sisters
And Saint Jezebel
The moon in the gutter
Has a story to tell
One day he will come back
From the bowels of hell

He appeared to ascend
So we all stood there in awe
Now we have to pretend
We didn't see what we saw
When the curtain unveiled
To the sound of applause
That the king that we hailed
Was the Wizard of Oz

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