

Kashmir, The Ghost Of No One

(Featuring Randi Laubek)

The good is yet to come
is what I'm hanging from
With frozen fingers
and one parched eye on
the match box jam below

Still there's something ghatsly
on the tiles above me
A persuasion to give in
You can't caress me
You cannot catch me
The catch is 22

Don't fear the ghost of no one
Down here it's always you and me
Safe grounds you can rely on
Safe hands to guide you when we flee

In the cold intangible
my breath is visible
like silver flakes of snow
I'll gaze at glaciers
Through icy crystals
From this side of the glass

Outside the ghost of no one
wuts for the cracks to let her in
Safe walls you can rely on
I would never let her grace you skin.