The Cure, Fear Of Ghosts

Like a feeling that I'm down Deep inside my heart Like I'm looking out through Splitting blood red Windows in my heart From a higher up than heaven And a harder down than stone Shake the fear that always clawing Pulls me clawing down alone As I spitting splitting blood red Breaking windows in my heart And the past is taunting Fear of ghosts Is forcing me apart And the further I get From the things that I care about The less I care about How much further away I get...

I am lost again
With everything gone
And more alone
Than I have ever been
I expect you to understand
To feel it too
But I know that even if you will
You cannot ever help me
Nor can I
Ever help you