

# 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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