

Royden, Ghost House 1922

A faded picture etched in glass.
Counting the hours that would not pass.
Crossing the threshold, standing still.
Walk through these halls that once were filled.

These walls ripped down.
They're screaming out.
No one can save us now.

Cursed is the light.
Which enters this place.
Wrapping the dark in curtains and lace.
Hiding whats inside.
The truth we never find.

You'll never make a sound;
no one will hear a sound.
No one can save us now.
We have walked the trail of dead.
We have washed our hands of this night.

Cursing the lives.
That enter this place.
Wrapping their wounds.
In white cotton lace.
Holding whats inside.
The truth we never find.

You'll never make a sound;
no one will hear a sound.
No one can save us now.
We have walked the trail of dead.
We have washed our hands of this night