

# Scott Matthew, Language

Memory's a secret handshake  
Shakes you with  
It speaks my language  
It ceases, I cease to believe  
You're gonna leave

And acting out of a fight  
When you're not around  
With ease, I cease to exist  
I slip through the leaves  
We once had to wish

Oh we wished for  
Heaven  
It now only seems  
Like torture

Oh this ghost will win my host  
It's lingering  
In me  
And around my neck  
It taps on my head  
While I'm asleep

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