

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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