

Tina Dickow, Haunted

Black
Screen
Cold
Clean
Dry
Taste in your mouth
Scene by scene
Sit back and watch your term run out
Why don't you come?
Unsensed
Quick
Cut
Deep as you can
Simple plot
It isn't hard to understand

You're just a story
Too late to be sorry
Too late to untell what you're wishing you could change
I know you're haunted
By all that you wanted
By all that you didn't recognize
When it was yours

Stone face
Heart race
Nailed to the seat
Page by page
Blood driven tale for you to read
Why don't you stay?
Eyes
Time
Lines
Words
Lost in the most silent rhymes
Spun by a man that lost his voice

You're just a story
Too late to be sorry
Too late to untell what you're wishing you could change
I know you're haunted
By all that you wanted
By all that you didn't recognize
When it was yours

It's all that you've got
Now
It's all that you're not
Now

You're a different story
Too good to be sorry
Too good to untell what you're wishing you could change
I know you're haunted
By all that you wanted
By all that you didn't ever recognize
I know you're haunted
By all that you wanted
All that you didn't recognize
When it was yours