

# Kashmir, The Ghost Of No One

(Featuring Randi Laubek)

The good is yet to come  
is what I'm hanging from  
With frozen fingers  
and one parched eye on  
the match box jam below

Still there's something ghatsly  
on the tiles above me  
A persuasion to give in  
You can't caress me  
You cannot catch me  
The catch is 22

Don't fear the ghost of no one  
Down here it's always you and me  
Safe grounds you can rely on  
Safe hands to guide you when we flee

In the cold intangible  
my breath is visible  
like silver flakes of snow  
I'll gaze at glaciers  
Through icy crystals  
From this side of the glass

Outside the ghost of no one  
wuts for the cracks to let her in  
Safe walls you can rely on  
I would never let her grace you skin.