

# Tarot, Ghosts Of Me

don't wake this child of lies, he sleeps here in me  
now I'm just his dream  
he sees things with my eyes, things he knows that can't be  
floating in my mindstream  
he's been betrayed by the truth, led astray by answers  
bruised by all that's real  
so sleep my sorrowed youth while I stand guard here  
afraid you'll never heal  
I wouldn't mind if he was lost  
he wouldn't mind if I was free  
I wouldn't mind to take the cost  
strike me blind and leave me be  
you are me  
I wouldn't mind if he was lost  
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strike me blind and leave me be  
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