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 Í 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