

# The Appleseed Cast, Mountain Halo

Father now,  
Listen close.  
You have become  
Another ghost  
Just like me.  
Just like me

The flowers fall  
From your glass.  
The bitter taste.  
The girl is back  
In dancing lights  
In dancing lights.

In dancing lights  
The flowers fall.  
The bitter taste.  
The glass is full.  
An empty hand.  
An empty hand.

An empty set  
Of colors crawl  
Through the door  
Into the hall.  
The knife is dull.  
The knife is dull.