

Garden of the Ghosts

am em G am

You call it garden fair, but it's our cemetery.

em G am dm am  
Your child will skip and dance upon my grave.

dm G C em7 am  
And where the bushes grow, you'll find our stones, they're so old and grey -  
em C G am

Their words are withered, but I know what they do say:

E

The was a castle with black walls and it was our home.

am

We were magicians of wealth and fame.

E

We were the lords of every man, every beast to roam

am

until the night that the fires came.

dm G am dm am

It was so many years ago, yet it's not past...

You call it garden fair, but it's our cemetery ...

The fire came yet who did light it, we'd never learn  
for no one lived till the break of day.

With greedy flames all of our skin, our bones did burn  
and all our magic was cast away.

It was so many years ago, yet it's not past...

You call it garden fair, but it's our cemetery ...

But as we lived to be as evil as one can be  
no peace nor rest did we find in death:

The realms of Heaven we were never allowed to see.

Send us to hell? Better save your breath!

It was so many years ago, yet it's not past...

You call it garden fair, but it's our cemetery ...

Yet if it's winter and your garden lies dead and bare,  
the leaves are gone and the grass won't grow  
and you are sleeping save and sound, o so unaware  
that there's a spark that begins to glow...

You thought the fire to be our foe? We are its lord...

You call it cemetery, but it's our garden fair.

My child will skip and dance upon your grave.

And where your stones do lie, you'll find an elderflower bush in bloom -  
you did forget us, but you won't forget your doom.