

## Shades of the Dead

Words and music by Julia H. West

For years I have known them, the shades of the dead--  
An icy blue flicker, a gleam.  
The chill of the grave in the heat of the day  
A storm of emotion--fear, passion, or hate--  
The remnants of someone's last need.

Ooh, ooh, ooh,  
Shades of the dead.

I thought seeing shades was no more than a curse  
'Til a young woman's shade sought my help.  
Betrayal and murder the tale that she wove;  
More sanity, sense, and alertness she showed  
Than all other shades I'd beheld.

Ooh, ooh, ooh,  
Shades of the dead.

Together we sought to unravel the crime.  
As a colleague she soon proved her worth.  
Such humor, perception, and wit she displayed,  
But when we found her killers, she faded away.  
I sobbed as I watched her disperse.

Ooh, ooh, ooh,  
Shades of the dead.

For years I have known them, the shades of the dead--  
An icy blue flicker, a gleam.  
But the woman I love, and will never forget,  
Had been dead for a year before ever we met.  
Her presence will haunt all my dreams:  
Knowing shades \*is\* a curse, so it seems.

Words and music copyright (c) 2015 by Julia H. West