How Could They

How could they do this, how could they say
We've done the wrong thing
The whole time, they told us, we would be there today
The smiles, they face us, in all the wrong ways

I offered what I could, the smiles they adored
Time broke through to the end, and stroked the loudest
chord
I've seen things, I've felt things, most others cannot
feel
I've smelled the stale smell, the taste of what's not
real
I've gone through my whole life, expecting to be the best
Now I'm living in a dream, along with all the rest
How could they?....How could they say?

How can they tell us that it's not real,
How can they judge the way we feel
How could they really mean that it's not how it seems
How could they really mean that it's just a dream