

Aftertaste

Funeral for a Friend

This is the everlasting
Still life from angry heads
For you to always let me down again
Cold blue in automation
Grave dancers on our beds
Breaking pieces of ourselves again

And the aftertaste, no deposit at the door
Drive me dead, waiting for the end
And the aftertaste, no deposit at the door
Drive me dead, waiting for the end to come

This is our saddest day, the worst things yet to come
Screaming at the top of your lungs
You were the one to take it
The new young residents
It's not the centre of our universe

And the aftertaste, no deposit at the door
Drive me dead, waiting for the end
And the aftertaste, no deposit at the door
Drive me dead, waiting for the end to come

For the end, drive me dead
For the end, drive me dead

Drive me dead

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Screaming at the top of your lungs

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