

Best Friends and Hospital Beds

Funeral for a Friend

Cold hard lines, across my face
Into a mirror I don't recognize myself anymore.
The deepest blacks, the empty greys
There is no going back, there is no in-between.

How many friends can I loose before it all makes sense?
How many friends can I loose?

Who knows what to say?
When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd
And at the back of the hall the eyes are silent
(2x)

Words mean nothing but empty providence,
All for a God that doesn't seem to care
Who lives and who dies, these are no choices.
Each like a body broken struck from the face of a man.

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