

Constant Illuminations

Funeral for a Friend

Where's the emotion tuned to the sound of sincerity?
Without connection the lesson doesn't come for free
Senseless distractions, your spoken words are just a lie
These interactions, the desperate act of fleeting minds

Constant illuminations
With no hope of preservation
Nothing but friendly fire
Soon you will be home again

Buried expressions, they are the heart of everything
Distant impressions when there is nothing left to say
So damn lucky to be hear at the end of the end of the day
So damn lucky when all the streets still call your name

Constant illuminations
With no hope of preservation
Nothing but friendly fire
Soon you will be home again

Spirit dies within
Spirit dies within

Constant illuminations
With no hope of preservation
Nothing but friendly fire
Soon you will be home again

The spirit, the spirit, the spirit
It dies within