## **Death Comes to Us All**

**Funeral for a Friend** 

I'm full of a sinking feeling like having the weight of these thought in my legs, while trying to outrun my conscience as it shadows my every step. And my thoughts will always be slower, slower than my tongue in teaching me regret for what I've done. And I'm sorry; I reserve these feelings for myself and if I could only wash my hands clean. You know I'm sorry but I can't keep this to myself and I wish I could only keep my head clear I'm full of sinking feeling like having the weight of these thoughts. I see the idea like the dirt under my nails only really in my head; it's only in my head.