

## Travelled

### Funeral for a Friend

I'm fucking sick, so sick and tired  
Of coming back to these broken places  
It leaves a hole in me that can never be filled  
Walking these streets alone I'm  
tired and I'm jaded some, no this  
will never be the same old  
I'm staying true to the plans in my head  
I'm staying true to the plan  
Walking these streets alone I'm  
tired and I'm jaded some, no this  
will never be the same old.  
And all the places and all the people  
do you regret it would you even know?  
Waking up each day trying to face a  
cruel world, violence the power of one over another.  
This is not how we are meant to live, and this is  
not how we are meant to live well  
I refuse to be apart of this disease  
and I refuse to play that part.