

Gardenian, Funeral

So let me wake from this nightmare
This is so wrong
Now when you're gone
What should I do but shed my tears
All night long
This should not have happened
Not this soon
I can not be whole without you
You know

At the times you yelled at me
Correcting all my faults
Taking care of everything
At least now you are well and free

This is your funeral
It's at its last sheds of tears
So now when I'll make my mistakes
Where will you be?
But in my dreams
You were gone before I called
Gone before I tried
Before I realised

This is your funeral
So now I'll make myself
I'm without you numb
You were gone before I called
Gone before I called