

A Girl A Gun A Ghost, A Distant Brother

This is not the end of us...
And all this time
the angels will find themselves between the living and the dead.
And during this time
We will look back and find your words still echo in our minds...
In our separate places
A wind of bad news spreads.
Like a disease
It consumes me.
Take this message
And know that in
Any given moment
All can be lost...
All can be lost...
This can't be happening...
This can't be the end...
This is the end.
Take this message and know that in
Any given moment we'll be lost within.
Brothers, this night has brought a tragedy,
Hold this in your thoughts
And raise our brothers up;
This is not the end but a moment
For growth and reflection.
We saw you standing and couldn't leave...
Brothers we've become until the end of time
For
Tragedy in the night
Stills this heartbeat...
feeling the effects of your destiny.
On to better things departing in the night,
Spread out your wings,
Take your last flight.
We wish you were here,
It's so hard to accept
The hugs and tears of fear
when your body's all that's left.
Your spirit is at peace;
Now you are at rest.
We'll think of you
When we confront
Whatever happens next...
We won't forget,
We always will miss you.
Will move on,
We always will miss you.
We will have hope,
We always will miss you.
And in our hearts,
We will honor you...
This wind spreads like a disease...
This wind of bad news spreads like a disease;
No it can't be true...
We saw you standing and we could not believe the family we'd become.
And as brothers we stand gathered among these leaves.
This moment in space and time won't soon be forgotten,
No we won't be broken... No we will not...
Until the end of time