

# Face First, The Insurrect Years

This is something I will never say to you;  
You've heard it all before.  
The way I feel about those times that I once cried,  
a thousand times before.

Summer's here and I will never speak to you.  
These precious memories and the way you thought  
you'd be from the first time I saw your face,  
to the last time I was in this place.  
You had it all together then until you sold it all to heroin.

And now im giving up.  
I wish I could just say those things you told me  
once before about not giving up.  
I miss you now you've died in dreams a thousand times before.

Like a long rope from an old tree, hangs a good friend.  
But only in dreams, I drip dry tears; when will I see you again?  
I'll never see you again.  
Summer's gone and I will never speak to you.

With a needle in your arm and the red light on,  
would you clean up for a song?  
Well here it is, it's for the better, this one's for Dawn.