

Funeral For A Friend, Best Friends and Hospital Beds

Cold hard lines,
Across my face, into a mirror,
I don't recognise myself anymore.
The deepest blacks, the empty grey.
There is no going back, there is no inbetween.

How many friends,
Can I lose,
Before it all,
Makes sense?
How many friends,
Can I lose?

Who knows what to say?
When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd,
and at the back of the hall the eyes are silent /2x

Words mean nothing,
But empty providence.
All for a God, that doesn't seem to care.
Who lives and who dies, these are no choices.
Each like a body broken struck from the face of man.

How many friends,
Can I lose,
Before it all,
Makes sense?
How many friends,
Can I lose?

Who knows what to say?
When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd,
and at the back of the hall the eyes are silent /2x

How many friends,
Can I lose,
Before it all,
Makes sense? /3x
How many friends,
Can I lose?

Who know's what to say?
When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd,
and at the back of the hall the eyes are silent /2x

How many friends,
Can I lose,
Before it all,
Makes sense? /2x