

Funeral For A Friend, Constant Illuminations

Where's the emotion?
Tuned to the sound of sincerity
Without connection
The lesson doesn't come for free
Senseless distractions
Your spoken words are just a lie
These interactions
The desperate act of fleeting minds

Constant illuminations
With no hope of preservation
Nothing but friendly fire
Soon you will be home again

Buried expression
They are the heart of everything
Distant impressions
When there is nothing left to say
So damn lucky
To be hear at the end of the end of the day
So damn lucky
When all the streets still cal your name

Constant illuminations
With no hope of preservation
Nothing but friendly fire
Soon you will be home again

(Spirit dies within)

Constant illuminations
With no hope of preservation
Nothing but friendly fire
Soon you will be home again

The spirit, the spirit, the spirit
It dies within