

# Funeral For A Friend, The Diary

And it came from nothing  
But there was always something  
And when the sky burned brighter  
And the nights grew darker

Hold on to everyone  
That I hold dearly  
To my heart  
And I wont forget them

I wont forget them

Fading, always fading  
Never needed more  
Waiting, always waiting  
Scraped across the wooden floor

And the passing time  
Reaches Out  
And Covers Me  
With Images  
Of everyone that i have known  
Are ever hard to see

And I wont forget them  
And I wont forget them

Fading, always fading  
Never needed more  
Waiting, always waiting  
Scraped across the wooden floor

When the day is done  
Another setting sun is down  
When the day is done  
Another setting sun

Waiting, always waiting  
Scraped across the wooden floor

Scraped across the wooden floor  
When will you be coming home?  
Scraped across the wooden floor  
When will you be coming home?  
Scraped across the wooden floor  
When will you be coming home?

Scraped across the wooden floor