

# High Holy Days, All My Real Friends

See, believe, forget me  
My playful thoughts contrive  
Nights concede to reckless  
Versions of myself  
All my real friends gather  
Stay my wanting for a shield  
I can't see you real

All I hate and all I fear  
I bring it back to you, do you feel it  
The night is gone and all we get  
A picture for a poem, and we lose her  
Alleged talk and I can't stop  
I'm falling through the gates of resentment

Mine is sworn to think  
In contrast of what we really are  
Please, hiding thoughts  
Life is lost  
My turn at hope transpires  
All my real friends gather  
For their chances to receive  
I can't see you real

CHORUS

Bad news on the doorstep  
I want to put it away  
Real words escape me, I can't name it

CHORUS