

Justin King, March 19th

You were born of fire and you burned straight through
Everyone around here looked up to you
but you gave it all away for a game that you could only lose
Only memories remain and this song is all that I can do
That's all, that's all
What else can you do?
This ain't real, this ain't real
Won't you wake up, wake up?
This ain't real, this ain't real
Won't you wake up, wake up?
You lost more than I'll understand
In you I lost my closest friend
Through the needle came the darkness and the feeling washing over you
I wish there could have been an angel watching over you
That's all, that's all
What else can you do?
This ain't real, this ain't real
Won't you wake up, wake up?
This ain't real, this ain't real
Won't you wake up, wake up?