Mest, Photographs

As he laid there, his life flashed in front of him
He wonders if he can take back some of his past
As he looks back on everything; he's got so much, he feels there's
something missing
I hear the silence but it sounds so strange
I never felt this type of pain

My photographs I want them back My photographs I want them back

So he wanders through all his photographs A tear falls down his face cause he wants it back I hear the silence but it sounds so strange I never felt this type of pain

My photographs I want them back My photographs I want them back

Photographs, my photographs

The blackest night, we never needed more We used to dream of all that we wished for I hear the silence but it sounds so strange I never felt this type of pain

My photographs I want them back I want them back