

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

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