

# Socratic, Funeral Masses

Dearly beloved,  
We're gathered here to mourn,  
The death of the young one  
The death of your first born  
And he tried, tried to understand  
Why his lungs gave out  
His last dying words went out

And is it enough for your family  
And Is it enough for your father  
But is it enough to break your spirits

And he's breaking  
Like a thousand windows  
But these are the panes  
That keeps the glass from hitting the floor

Hes the kinda guy  
You wish would just leave  
He wears his heart  
On his sleeve  
You won't see in pictures  
With the whole family  
He doesn't wait he just goes  
Out of control and only cops know  
A letter can kill  
Two stones with one bird

Please step back from that highway  
Dont you see it goes my way  
Please step back from that highway

If your number 8  
Then he's number 9  
It adds up  
Half the time  
A teller  
With no fortune  
But he lucked  
Out just fine  
I once was told that white gold  
Looks so pretty on your skin  
But jewlery which covers up  
All the rusting within

Please step back from that highway  
Dont you see it goes my way  
Please step back from that highway

And is it enough for your family  
And Is it enough for your father  
But is it enought to break your spirit

Its kind of like the wind  
You can't see it  
But you feel it  
And thats the only way  
You know it's there  
And how can you leave  
A place you've never been too  
Or run away from something that's not chasing  
And never was

Please step back from that highway

dont you see it goes my way  
Please step back from that highway