Funeral For A Friend, Best Friends and Hospital E

Cold hard lines, Across my face, into a mirror, I don't recognise myself anymore. The deepest blacks, the empty grey. There is no going back, there is no inbetween.

How many friends, Can I lose, Before it all, Makes sense? How many friends, Can I lose?

Who knows what to say? When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd, and at the back of the hall the eyes are silent /2x

Words mean nothing, But empty providence. All for a God, that doesn't seem to care. Who lives and who dies, these are no choices. Each like a body broken struck from the face of man.

How many friends, Can I lose, Before it all, Makes sense? How many friends, Can I lose?

Who knows what to say?
When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd,
and at the back of the hall the eyes are silent /2x

How many friends, Can I lose, Before it all, Makes sense? /3x How many friends, Can I lose?

Who know's what to say? When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd, and at the back of the hall the eyes are silent /2x

How many friends, Can I lose, Before it all, Makes sense? /2x