

# Funeral For A Friend, Monsters

Scattered seeds and breaking storms  
Won't make a decent lie for you  
Naked and with every breath you climb the stairs

Step by step and I don't need this  
And I don't need to be saved

Five steps away from this cliff top  
And birds sing their praises  
To this weary world that haunts my weary soul

There are monsters here  
And as you scream it makes no sense  
It makes no sense  
It makes no sense at all  
There are monsters here  
And as you scream it makes no sense  
It makes no sense  
It makes no sense at all

And in every despair I'll find you standing there  
Waiting with the bitter taste of envy on your sleeve  
'Cause tonight is our night  
And I don't want this  
No, so won't you let me go

There are monsters here  
And as you scream it makes no sense  
It makes no sense  
It makes no sense at all  
There are monsters here  
And as you scream it makes no sense  
It makes no sense  
It makes no sense at all

And every animal will find itself a home  
And every man and woman, well they'll just lose control  
And we can make ourselves believe  
That I don't want this, I don't need this  
No, I have this to myself

There are monsters here  
And as you scream it makes no sense  
It makes no sense  
It makes no sense at all  
With every despair I'll find you standing there  
It makes no sense  
It makes no sense at all

Sense at all  
Sense at all