

Death, another waste of plans
I'm shaking, I can't stop my hands
I'm writing words but I still lost my voice
Shoved in the back room with old friends, we had no choice
I never thought I'd see you here

I don't have clothes like days like these
I never thought they'd come to me
But I'm still here
It wasn't hell that turned you black
The ashes did when you got back
I'm sorry

The same six at all the shows
But now that its a funeral
The room has overflowed
So good of you to finally show support when the admissions free

And the congregation shows their gratitude

I don't have clothes like days like these
I never thought they'd come to me
But I'm still here
It wasn't hell that turned you black
The ashes did when you got back
I'm sorry

Would you have said what Father said you'd say?
Is it hard to set words straight once you're away
They made you speak out of your lifeless mouth
I read words you wrote when you were around
You'd want to be a tree strong in the ground
And you would have said, Keep looking where your eyes are looking now