

## We Still Dream

### "Learn From Losing"

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Why now, why me?  
This heart now beats  
slower and slower,  
life feels so close to being over.

If I give up,  
then I'm just another body.  
The goodbyes are being quoted,  
while the body's being toted.

FOR THE ONES THAT FEEL LIKE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT,  
AND FOR THE ONES THAT HAVE SPOKE FACE TO FACE  
WITH DEATH,  
THE MEMORIES MADE  
ARE NOW IN A GRAVE,  
SIX FEET BELOW  
BUT WHERE DID THEY GO.  
WHEN WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING,  
WE'VE GOT TO LEARN FROM LOSING.

Who would have ever pictured this day a year ago,  
the photo book was to only hold our smiles.  
Now there's just me, wishing that  
I wasn't so drawn to old Kodaks.  
Pictures of the priest  
and he says your life's deceased.

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Another time again,  
a taste of the end,  
and I don't like this feeling at all.  
You're gone,

and I'm all alone,  
and I keep thinking...

It's kinda like magic,  
you're here, then comes the casket.  
My knees are soaked and drenching wet.  
What comes next?

How can I go on without you alive,  
without you by my side,  
I'll learn to let burn,  
and I'll smile while you watch.

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