

Funeral

"Let Me Get A Few Practice Stabs"

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Finished.
Then we were all poisoned.
The morning arrives and I'm numb.
Through the fields sheeted in ice.
You'll find me, we'll never have a home again.
And they'll never find me again.
So embrace this, it's what's left.
But I'm still here, and I can still help you.

Though nothing can make this right.
Because words can make this right.
Because words fall short like my breath.
And your faith in me, so I'll finish this myself and tell
You, every word I ever said I meant.

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