

Funeral For A Friend

"45 Amsterdam Conversation"

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Water broken voice
Saturates a microphone
Into a receiver with no tongue
Offering little to what it knows

Then a silence so heavy
Broken hearts fall from throats

Broken Hearts
When heaven is remembered but never seen

Through hearts
Through hearts shaped by kaleidoscopes

Through hearts shaped like kaleidoscopes

Eternally the sun has set to mourning
And contoured are the backgrounds
On the canvas to which our lives are painted

Water broken voice
Saturates a microphone
Into a receiver with no tongue
Offering little to what it knows

Then a silence so heavy
Broken hearts fall from throats
when heaven is remembered but never seen
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Eternally the sun has set to mourning
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Water broken
Through hearts shaped like kaleidoscopes
Voice
Through hearts shaped by kaleidoscopes
Through hearts shaped by kaleidoscopes
Through hearts shaped by kaleidoscopes
By Kaleidoscopes The sun has set to mourning

By Kaleidoscopes The sun has set to mourning
By Kaleidoscopes The sun has set to mourning

The sun has set to mourning

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