

Funeral For A Friend "After Taste"

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This is the everlasting so long from every head,
For you to always hunt me down again.
A couple without emotion, grief dances on our beds,
Breaking the pieces of ourselves again.

And the aftertaste, note it passes at the door,
Drive me dead, waiting for the end.
And the aftertaste, note it passes at the door,
Drive me dead, waiting for the end to come.

This is our saddest day, the worst is yet to come,
Screaming at the top of your lungs.
You are the one I'm taking, the new young residents,
Inside the centre of our universe.

And the aftertaste, note it passes at the door,
Drive me dead, waiting for the end...
And the aftertaste, note it passes at the door,
Drive me dead, waiting for the end to come.

For the end, drive me dead.
For the end, drive me dead.

Drive me dead.

This is our saddest day, the worst is yet to come,
Screaming at the top of your lungs.

And the aftertaste, note it passing at the door,
Drive me dead, waiting for the end...
And the aftertaste, note it passing at the door,
Drive me dead, waiting for the end to come.

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