

## Funeral For A Friend

### "Best Friends And Hospital Beds"

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Cold hard lines, across my face  
Into a mirror I don't recognize myself anymore.  
The deepest blacks, the empty greys  
There is no going back, there is no in-between.

How many friends can I loose before it all makes  
sense?  
How many friends can I loose?

Who knows what to say?  
When I'm speaking out to a quiet crowd  
And at the back of the hall the eyes are silent  
[x2]

Words mean nothing but empty providence,  
All for a God that doesn't seem to care  
Who lives and who dies, these are no choices.  
Each like a body broken struck from the face of a man.

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