

## **Funeral For A Friend "Serpents In Solitude"**

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Question, nothing will come of it  
Replace, Destroy the parts that never seem to fit  
Cancer spreads through the nerve, through the tissue  
and we burn  
Infecting visuals giving nothing in return  
Resolutions, they never come  
The words come out, like vipers tongues  
Diseases spread through the world with no solution and  
we burn  
Infecting everyone they meet until we're singing the  
same damned song

I have blood on the brain  
I see red like a snake  
Clearing way for the armies of out demise

If you want to believe in, believe in something  
No holy ghost will change your mind

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