

Funeral For A Friend

"Travelled"

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I'm fucking sick, so sick and tired
Of coming back to these broken places
It leaves a hole in me that can never be filled
Walking these streets alone I'm
tired and I'm jaded some, no this
will never be the same old
I'm staying true to the plans in my head
I'm staying true to the plan
Walking these streets alone I'm
tired and I'm jaded some, no this
will never be the same old.
And all the places and all the people
do you regret it would you even know?
Waking up each day trying to face a
cruel world, violence the power of one over another.
This is not how we are meant to live, and this is
not how we are meant to live well
I refuse to be apart of this disease
and I refuse to play that part.

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