

Funeral For A Friend

"Wrench"

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We look past the obvious
We blind ourselves to the truth
No escape, resistance is futile
The old roads lead back home
A place where I belong
I lay my head where I lay my hat
(Affection, redemption)
A clenched fist screaming
There's pain and then there's living
Both make sense to those who're willing
And there's nothing left to say
We carry on, we carry
(Sacrifice, every day)
To make amends for the debt we pay
(This way)
An instrument of constant struggle
There's nothing left to regret
(A promise is a promise kept)
Whether history will forget
(To open up with friendly arms)
This wrench screaming
There's pain and then there's living
Both make sense to those who're willing
And there's nothing left to say
There's pain and then there's living
Both make sense to those who're willing
And there's nothing left to say
We carry on, we carry
We struggle every single day
Never giving up or giving in
No single sense of self-respect
We turn around and walk away
No sense of community
We fear each and everyday
Behind closed doors and closed minds
We shelter away from our lives
There's pain and then there's living
Both make sense to those who're willing
And there's nothing left to say
We carry on, we carry on
There's pain and then there's living

Both make sense to those who're willing
And there's nothing left to say
We carry on, we carry on
We carry on, we carry on
We carry, we carry on

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