

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons "Painting Monsters"

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Miserable hospital bed.
Please don't you take my friend.
We really need him here.
Don't let this be the end.
I was hanging on every word you said,
About how your life was grand and there's beginnings
in ends.
But life is just a little harder down here.
We are all shooting stars.
Hope we can meet again.
I fell apart right there.
The cold floor it met my head.
Overwhelmed by the fear of just not having you here.
And all those monsters you painted.
They all became real and tore you apart in the end.
I won't forget one thing, still remember your face.
I know you are home now.
B-I-L-L-I-E. We won't forget a thing.

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