

The Murder Of My Sweet "Lancaster"

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We paint the city skylines gold
With all the memories that we hold.
Made with friends as close as blood
But nothing will change the fact
That this is home.
It's had it's ups and downs
And turnarounds but we will never regret
The ways we've changed for better for worse.
I am who I am and I'm proud of the progress,
That I've made.
For every joy something beautiful still remains
We wont remember the days, just the moments we
made
It's such an amazing feeling to close our eyes, and
reminisce a while.
A friend is one who takes me for who I am.

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