

Born of two; raised by four  
I guess I took it all for granted  
And only three remain

Even though you're wounded  
I know that you're still here  
I don't blame you  
You just can't face the change

We spend our golden years as living ghosts  
Caught in a constant state of purgatory  
We are only burdened by our memories  
Until the day they cease to exist  
And we follow shortly after

Although I wonder if at any time  
Our minds fell upon the same plane  
I know they did  
I just wish I had a chance to go back and appreciate it  
But we'll always have the winter  
And the snow that got you trapped behind the glass  
You may be only a shell of the man that you used to be  
But I love you just the same  
And I will until the day you're gone

I just never know if I'm communicating with you or the disease  
And even though I curse the idea of an afterlife  
I still hope you're taken care of  
You deserve to be at peace  
Please don't forget my face  
I won't forget to remember you  
Please don't forget my face  
I won't forget to remember you  
Please don't forget my face  
I won't forget to remember you