

As I have watched you pass like a shooting star.  
Like the sun, I wonder just where you are.  
I had your back; I thought that you had mine.  
Guess your faith couldn't stand the test of time.  
So bail away your sinking ship of pain.  
Flushing down what's stood for down the drain.  
Sheath your tongue, your words mean nothing at all.  
I will still be there for you when you fall.

It doesn't matter when you ran your race.  
It's not about how you set your pace.  
In the end will you be true?  
And if you can't, I'm forgetting you.

And I have prayed as you passed like falling rain.  
Once a gem, then turned to a speck of grain.  
Don't give it up, blood is thicker than wine.  
Is there any reason to your rhyme?  
Walk the walk and speak what you mean to say.  
Face the facts. Keep walking day by day.  
Let the past die with the troubles of the morn.  
Say farewell to fields of thorns.

It doesn't matter when you ran your race.  
It's not about how you set your pace.  
In the end will you be true?  
If you can't, I'm forgetting you.

Briars of blackthorns! Briars of blackthorns!  
Briars of blackthorns! Briars of blackthorns!

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It doesn't matter how you set the pace.  
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