

Death Comes to Us All

Funeral for a Friend

I'm full of a sinking feeling
like having the weight of these
thought in my legs, while trying
to outrun my conscience as it
shadows my every step.
And my thoughts will always be
slower, slower than my tongue in
teaching me regret for what I've done.
And I'm sorry;
I reserve these feelings for myself and if I could
only wash my hands clean.
You know I'm sorry but I can't keep
this to myself and I wish I could
only keep my head clear
I'm full of sinking feeling
like having the weight of these thoughts.
I see the idea like the dirt under
my nails only really in my head;
it's only in my head.