

## 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.