

## High Castles

### Funeral for a Friend

I speak in metaphor it's the only  
thing that makes sense to me a  
description of a time that I'll never  
feel again and hopeless romantics  
they wont save me from pissing on  
the friendships that have made me  
In memory the brightest lights are  
fading I'm on my knees waiting for the changes  
Words are weapons, in this modern  
warfare on a piece of paper or on a billboard.  
It breaks the back it rapes the truth for another fucking  
lie, the words are weapons in these crucial times.  
I'm just trying to figure out if this  
will kill me or make me stronger (every day).  
Words are weapons they are our shields  
Words are weapons, fist by fist.