

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.