

Pencil Pusher

Funeral for a Friend

Pass the fists and I'm pacified
I can hear the dogs bark behind the house
Clean sheets and an empty head
Salt in the wound
All these bad ideas just wear me thin
Like an empty head
Like an empty bed

R: I don't feel anything
 You don't mean anything
 When there's nothing, regret nothing

Just a momentary lapse of judgement
I said something I should have kept to myself
And thought this over
I should think things over

R:

Sometimes I feel buried beneath the skin
Beneath these bones
Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever feel so alone

R: