

The Diary

Funeral for a Friend

And it came from nothing
But there was always something
And when the sky burned brighter
And the nights grew darker

Hold on to everyone
That I hold dearest
To my heart
And I won't forget them

I won't forget them

Fading, always fading
Never needed more
Waiting, always waiting
Scraped across the wooden floor

And the passing time
Reaches Out
And Covers Me
With Images
Of everyone that I have known
Are ever hard to see

And I won't forget them
And I won't forget them

Fading, always fading
Never needed more
Waiting, always waiting
Scraped across the wooden floor

When the day is done
Another setting sun is down
When the day is done
Another setting sun

Waiting, always waiting
Scraped across the wooden floor

Scraped across the wooden floor
When will you be coming home?
Scraped across the wooden floor
When will you be coming home?
Scraped across the wooden floor
When will you be coming home?

Scraped across the wooden floor