

# Photographs

Mest

As he laid there, his life flashed in front of him  
He wonders if he can take back some of his past  
As he looks back on everything; he's got so much, he feels there's  
Something missing  
I hear the silence but it sounds so strange  
I never felt this type of pain

My photographs  
I want them back  
My photographs  
I want them back

So he wanders through all his photographs  
A tear falls down his face cause he wants it back  
I hear the silence but it sounds so strange  
I never felt this type of pain

My photographs  
I want them back  
My photographs  
I want them back

Photographs, my photographs

The blackest nights, we never needed more  
We used to dream of all that we wished for  
I hear the silence but it sounds so strange  
I never felt this type of pain

My photographs  
I want them back  
My photographs  
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My photographs  
I want them back