

Sad song sung with good intent, lessons learned well from our lament. This song goes out to our friends, who got their names etched in wet cement. When you wake up it's erased, you got your pen just in case. Can't rewrite a history, these tragedies aren't in dreams. And never will we forget mistakes made by the ignorant, and mistakes made by us all, the regrets that led to their fall. When you wake up it's erased, you got your pen just in case. Can't rewrite a history, these tragedies aren't in dreams. There are some vague remains, people left behind with hearts in pain. Fridays bring back memories. Heartache. When you wake up it's erased, you got your pen just in case. Can't rewrite a history, these tragedies aren't in dreams.