

# 20 Strong

## With Honor

So it's been weeks and I can't help but stop and think,

These rooms seem cold without you.

Memories turned salty cheeks,

I still feel the flames you held beneath my feet.

Life may ever be so good again.

I've been staring at these pictures so long, I swear they're talking back.

Today is for the living.

These songs we're singing are more than moving on,

They're the only ways we're making sense of a world that's small enough to shake.

But it's still strong enough to break us down. I've tried to capture it and never found a way.

'Cause wrapping words around a love that made

Palaces of parking lots and art of ugly hearts

isn't easy.

What we gave, what we had.

Some may never understand how twenty kids in three vans won't ever be the same again.

What we gave, what we had.

Six weeks in the clouds and I'm still not ready, not ready to come down.

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