

# Thirty Five Hundred Days

[John Galm](#)

Call it a cross  
Been counting the days since you've been lost  
If there's a God, damn, he'd better run  
Your body in black  
I shook all the hands as they came past  
Thanking me for all the things you've done  
And you've been gone for thirty five hundred days  
And I'll keep on, though I won't see you anyway  
The last time I saw you, your eyes with sewn shut with the blood stripped from your veins  
And you were so far away  
Some have said  
That there is a peace found in our dead  
But there was a sadness in your face  
You loved your God  
and now I hate mine just 'cause  
Watching you fall was my fall from grace  
And you've been gone for thirty five hundred days  
And I'll keep on, though I know it's not the same  
The last time I saw you, my mother held tight to her children's hands and prayed  
And you were so far away  
And you've been gone for thirty five hundred days  
And I'll keep on, though I know it's not the same  
The last time I saw you, your hands were set tight to your chest so sound and safe  
And you were so far away

Lyrics Submitted by Dennis Freitas

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