

# 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 night  
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  
I want them back  
My photographs

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

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