

## **“Gone”**

Before it happened there was a group of four,  
Before he walked through heaven's door.  
Molly and I were home with just him,  
We were both so little, so the memory is dim.

An unexpected call, it's what my mom received,  
When she got it she wasn't at all relieved.  
Flashing lights, an ambulance of course,  
My heart was pounding with worry and force.

Thousands of thoughts running through my brain.  
As his life ended I couldn't bear the pain.  
Why did this happen to us, out of everyone?  
But his life was complete and considered done.

It has been almost five years without you,  
The pain has stuck to us just like glue.  
Seven-Seven-Eleven, the day you left for heaven, and from me.  
The day that four turned to three.