

Memento Mori

Zero Hour

Yesterday I sat in wonder
at the flowers and the grave
still she's gone
still she's gone

Now there are times I sit and ponder
should I lament kneel and pray
and go on and go on

My tears have become my holy water
stoking dead fires in empty rooms
for so long, so wrong

Should I regret and always atone
after all we all come in
and go out alone
all alone

Even though it's not December
I feel that killing chill
in me as it grows
it always grows
but I say no

The garden that was you now lays fallow
The dust that is me now can't quench its thirst
anymore so long

I'm just a man that wants a ship to heaven
to see her again and again
but I have no wings
no magical means
all I have are my memories

Memories

My tears became my holy water
I was stoking dead fires in empty rooms
for so long, so wrong

Should I regret or even atone
after all we all come in
and go out alone

I never trusted this life for a moment
but I drank it in anyway
the wine-stained pages we each turn
are often seen in black and white

And through the ages I've learned
to clear a space on the shelf and dust off the lies
to read every book and every last line and then burn the page