

# Requiem

Ben Abraham

Write us a song, they said  
Tell us your truth you've got nothing to hide  
Well, tell them the truth I did  
And exposed what I had locked inside  
I laid it out across the floor and cried

And so it went down like the poet described  
And they reached for their children and covered their eyes  
This was not a song for angry men  
What I wrote for them... was a requiem

Go on and run she sighed  
I wish you could see all the things I have seen  
Well, here on the other side it feels the same as when I was nineteen  
I should have read up on my Augustine

I ran for the corner the poet described  
And I stood in the sun and I saw myself die  
I was so afraid of angry men  
That what I wrote for them... was a requiem

This is something to remember me by  
Remember me...  
Remember me...