

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