

## Grievous Angel

Black

Born long before the second war  
Then drafted only weeks before it ends  
To sit for eighteen months in England  
My mother's blond and wall-eyed boy has gone for good  
He's understood too much of life is gone that's not forgotten  
Remember, remember  
Berlin like a bride in early Springtime bathed in the April rain

I am a brash and painted whore; consume the world still needing more  
To spend myself then walk into the Big Blue  
I want it all want all you've got  
Your moist and tender hollow spots  
To read the lines of every woman's secret  
Remember, remember  
The songs of the clown and grievous angel  
Ring 'til the end of time

I want the world can never be  
In images I cannot see  
In words that I can hear but not remember  
Remember, remember  
The song of the clowns and grievous angel  
Like the beating of wings and the changing of things  
Will run 'til the end of time