

# Requiem

Bladée

To the sound of a memory

Silver gloria, yeah, yeah  
Memento mori, yeah, yeah, yeah  
We're victorious, I am very fortunate, ah yeah  
Very destined to exceed  
Very blessed by Elohim  
Please forgive my final plea, know what I mean?

Trauma ties the bond in an unbreakable knot  
The door behind is locked, we forever fall apart  
Love should be like war, and this war must be like art  
War must be like art, war must be like art  
War must be like art, war must be like art  
War must be like art, war must be like art  
Love should be like war, and this war must be like art  
War must be like art, war must be like art (To the sound of a memory)

I'm trapped inside my head, stacking racks on bed  
And my eyes so red, smoking purple haze  
I'm trapped inside my head, stacking racks on bed  
And my eyes so red (To the sound of a memory)  
Downtown Thong Lo, Downtown Thong Lo  
Downtown Thong Lo, Downtown Thong Lo (To the sound of a memory)

Victory is ours, written in the stars  
GTB, we shielded by the mark  
Life is on the line, purpose beyond time  
Destiny, you see the way it shines

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