

Remember My Name

Fucked Up

No truer plea has ever been, than what, through David, we have seen. His turn from a life of frustration to embrace love's condemnation. Better to let love lie than have to see it die. It's better to be alone than feel your heart turn to stone. The flower grows just for the seed as the honey's song composes the bee. Shouldn't a free man's soul rise above these ravenous designs of love? Better to be born blind than see and then lose sight. Better a desolate peace than to fight with your memories. "So take my heart with you to the grave, it just pumps cold blood through my veins. I lost it all in fate's cruel game. Only the devil remembers my name." Only a foolish heart concedes to fate and the trials and turns that it dictates. The only love that will never die is the love that you always deny. Like a barb it clings, the loss forever stings, the pain will never leave, love is a cruel disease. Like a wick that holds to the flame, the path you took to her started the blaze. The match you made is to blame, the steps to love and death were the same. Now that you've loved and lost, would you repay the cost? A price so severe, if you had never loved her she'd be here. "So take my heart with you to the grave, it just pumps cold blood through my veins. I lost it all in fate's cruel game. Only the devil remembers my name."