

Memory

The Tossers

Well oh remember that day, average and gray, you came to me and
then

I heard a kindness like a memory I once felt on a passing wind
Oh but the kindness I've known

From street and stone they still resound your presence and anim
ation

No not negation or affirmation, but positivity and creation
Oh but the kindness I've known

Not destruction but creation in the waning hearts you mended
But the spark of connection that fills the soul when simply you
're befriended

Oh but the kindness I've known

As well I knew in such freedom grew also isolation
Of the pain of knowing so very few who'd not desire your capti
vation

Oh but the kindness I've known

Your love and true and pure desire tireless, endless and sad
I wonder now would I be the same if I'd left what if I had
Oh but the kindness I've known

To discover to the world what I know of you and not unattainabl
e song

That would glorify your attributes like we've done all along
There's a lot more to you than song

and pedestals they cannot describe the torment you've been thro
ugh

And banishment cannot consummate the frustration and monotony we
knew

And song will never ever portray the wonder that you've known
But lyric sticks here like a timeline and it's a mark to show w
e've gone

Oh but the kindness I've known

So I'll represent this kindness since all else is extoiled and p
resent how it does thrive

Like the care and nourishment long forgot in infancy that kept
us alive

Lethal environment does not always justify reactionary violent
behavior

For striking down malevolence takes it's place and our timeline
read the same here

Oh but the kindness I've known

Oh this kindness is what the great search is for not wisdom or
divining
Our subconsionce recognizes it's safe guard form birth
To keep our self absorbed frustrated minds from grinding
Oh but the kindness I've known