

# An Atlas Of Those Our Own

Tiger Lou

A thousand voices weep and moan  
As we burn the parts of those our own  
We burn the parts  
And as the flames so brightly shone  
We followed the ashes followed the ashes  
Followed the ashes into the unknown  
Words of parting heartfelt and dear  
Resonates loudly from our group of peers  
But as the night grows ever so near  
One by one the memories  
One by one they disappear

These are the absolutes  
Single spaced and neatly proofed  
So how does it make you feel  
Does it make you tick like I do  
Where is it you want me to be  
What is it you want me to say  
Nothing not a single thing  
These simple words lingers like fate  
Trying to prove our answers of late  
The noise of our homes  
The wiping of slates  
Keeps me away from the pearly gates

We'll celebrate sing you a song  
Dance on your grave  
And every drink will be a toast  
Remembering your name  
So look for a place where there's no way  
Your eyes could ever reach  
Look for a place where there's no way  
Your eyes could ever reach  
I will await  
I will await

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