

Xzibit F/ King Tee, Tha Alkaholiks

"A Murder of Memories"

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(Spoken)

That's him in the corner of social oblivion
Encompassed by the sweet sense of freedom
That only borders the aura of deep cerebral gouges
Buried in each beat of the heart he was once proud to
home
If only his substance held a higher level of potency
He might be able to drown the portion of his mind
Which is trapped in the infinite hoard
Of his 1972 through '74 tour through the flames of this
hell

Sometimes gunfire is brighter than the sunshine
And sometimes a child's scream influences every
dream
Sometimes we fool ourselves into thinking we've
moved on
But no way, nohow, do we ever forget what we've seen
No way, nohow, do we ever forget what we've seen
No way, nohow, do we ever forget what we've seen
No way, nohow, do we ever forget what we've seen
No way, nohow, do we ever forget what we've seen

It's now twenty-five years later, he's on the brink of
forty-three
Still searching for sanity, surveying the floor of his
distorted sea
He rememebers high-school friends joking about the
war
Never knew what mom was crying for (Never knew what
mom was crying for)
The other piece that shines in his mind was a divine
first love
Sewn-made, beauty, brown-eyed queen he left behind
He remembers holding her tight, watching the sunset
at shore
Never knew what she was crying for (Never knew what
she was crying for)
He got the letter in the mail by the middle of his
summer
Wouldn't have had to go if it wasn't for his newborn

brother
He was barely eighteen, murdering people even
younger
And he still ducks and covers every time he hears the
thunder
He still hears the screams, smells the flesh, tastes the
death
Sees the blood, feels the pain, what's to gain, nothing's
left
But the slug that remains in his right calf
The bullet laughs every time he cries, and it drives him
mad
Trying to sleep, but the visions give him a cold sweat
The war's been over for two decades, but he still hasn't
been home yet
And every day he waits and strains to suppress his guilt
And forget the horror and the violence; the "kill or be
killed"
Fists, they always clenched; teeth, they always
grinding
Real life is lost and in a bottle he tries to find it
"It's not fair," he mumbles through a nightmare
Only in a fight for two years and wound up spending
his whole life there

(Chorus)

He was face to face with the devil for the welfare of his
country
Now he's straining to live but his conscience won't let
him
It ain't flashbacks, you have to understand the tragedy,
see
He left the war, but the war never left him, see
He left the war, but the war never left him, see
He left the war, but the war never left him, see
He left the war, but the war never left him, see
He left the war...

It's now twenty-five years later, he's on the edge of a
park bench
He asked God for hope and found his source non-
existant
He sits in the shadows, because the sun burns no more
Now he knows what mom was crying for (Now he knows
what mom was crying for)
I used to watch old man in the park
The sights slowly drove fright through my heart
Wishing I could help but not knowing where to start
I'd walk away, curse the world, gush some love and
curse some more
Now you know who I've been crying for (Now you know

who I've been crying
for)
He threw his medals in the river but they sunk alone
Put shades on his eyes to hide it from the warzone in
the sky
He tried to slit his wrists about a month ago
But he's seen so much death, he's scared to life of
suicide
If there was only some way he could escape this
penitentiary
Goals get bigger and figures it'll chase away his
memory
But the dreams only worsen, the scenes almost burst in
He recalls how training took away his right to be a
person
Put a gun in his hand, left him to die for the land
The plan was the murder of man (The plan was the
murder of man)
Politicians have a dispute to decide to send in troops
But the truth is they just don't understand (They just
don't understand)
Now he's running out of time, and running out of
energy
But 'til the last day he will fight for the murder of his
memories
And although he never got rid of his dog-tags
He still wishes they'd have sent his parents an
American flag

(Chorus)

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