

Despised Icon

"Day Of Mourning"

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A startling phone call led to a night of little sleep,
Counting blessings instead of sheep.
We gathered the next morning.
Renewing a bond weakened by years of separation and
though our worlds had slowly drifted apart.
The early memories we shared still remained timeless
in our hearts.
There was a time when we closely followed each others
footsteps, dreaming of endless summers and
becoming drummers.
Those days are gone.
We mourn the loss of a childhood friend rapped in a
mans fading intellect.
So long, let these tears wash away the blood on your
hands.
So long, you're forgiven for easing her pain.
I can still picture the apartment where it took place.
We used to play hours downstairs, beating drums and
hitting snares.
Embrace those times to endure.
That day felt like your funeral.
Until we meet again, you will never be forgotten.

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