

## **Eyedeia**

# **"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 remembers 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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