

## Left Front Tire

### "Memories"

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In the tragic play  
A marionette of the clock  
Pages filled with a chronicle in blood

Scents and sights come back to me  
My life in memories, makes me want to go  
Try and hold on to what's left of all  
The golden scenes I forever want to know

The curtains are lifted  
Reveal a spectacle of rare  
'Til the final act I am your tragic one

Soaring in the wind  
Sounds - so transcendent  
So faint and softly  
Carries me above

Scents and sights...

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