

Next To Normal

"Aftershocks"

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Gabe:

They've managed to get rid of me-
Return me to the grave.
ECT, electric chair-
We shock who we can't save.
They've cleared you of my memory,
And many more as well-
You may have wanted some of them,
But who can ever tell?

Your brainwaves are more regular,
The chemistry more pure;
The headaches and the nausea
Will pass and you'll endure;
Your son is gone forever, though,
Of that the doctor's sure.

The memories will wane...
The aftershocks remain.
You wonder which is worse-
The symptom or the cure.

They've managed to get rid of me-
I'm gone without a trace,
But sear the soul and leave a scar
No treatment can erase.
They cut away the cancer,
But forgot to fill the hole;
They moved me from your memory-
I'm still there in your soul.

Your life goes back to normal now,
Or so they all believe.
Your heart is in your chest again,
Not hanging from your sleeve.
They've driven out the demons,
And they've earned you this reprieve:
The memories are gone...
The aftershocks live on...
But with nothing to remember,
Is there nothing left to grieve?

Diana:
With nothing to remember...

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