

## Two Gallants "Damnatio Memoriae"

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Well, it's just the fault of circumstance  
The game of youth, the threat of chance  
And I can't seem to find another way  
To justify my loss of words  
But some day, they say I'll be cured  
But be assured I'll always be this way  
And we all suffer guilt and shame  
In the frame of skin and bones  
Little one, you're not alone  
I think it's time you stepped out of the shade  
But who among your chosen ones?  
Am I to be so bold to the one who can't be told?  
No, don't believe a single thing I say

But I recall that night right well  
You stood the streets while darkness fell  
Said you could tell I had something to say  
Well I tried to leave, but you said no  
That eventually we all must go  
So we search the town to find out why we stay  
But now the day's are growing thin  
And the leaves litter the streets  
And the fog infests my sheets  
And we're each too scared to even greet the day  
And all those resolutions unfulfilled, I'll soon repeat  
Can't escape my own deceit  
Oh I do intend to meet myself someday

It sickens me to see you now  
With your pursed lips and your purchased crowd  
Spouting out self-evidence as proof  
But you are virtue, you are why  
Mothers weep and young men die  
For just the sight of the pyrite of your tombs  
But what shames me the most  
My dear, is the hate you left behind  
In the shadows of my mind  
And the cold outlines,  
Where once you used to lay  
So I'll pour out this potting glass  
And attempt to wash my hands  
Of what your memory demands

No, I never planned for things to end this way

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