

What I Could've Been

Eron Falbo

The glorious poetic spheres of consciousness

In bayonets and broken corsets

Led me to believe I wouldn't be

All I could be outside the military.

Ah, but i didn't want to fight

For broken empires in disguise,

Nor behind no country.

I wanted siege upon protections of a city,

Become a general before the age of twenty.

Aaah, what a pity!

I could've realised, I should've foreseen!

What I could've been, what I could've been! Ah, the tolling bells that call the minds

To come and find the answers they'll forget tonight,

The sheer delight, the sight of empty halls,

Graffiti'd walls of dirty bathroom stalls,

Create the visions in the slumbered stares,

That can prove nothing and can go nowhere.

They will travel alone,

Pointed directions that can never be shown,

But by the many faces masked of the unknown,

And the surrender to the sweet silent tone.

I could've realised! I should've foreseen!

What I could've been, what I could've been The dangling conversation,

Imaginations of the everlasting strangers,

Complaining of the crimes,

Protesting sighs beyond their non peculiar times:

"Women's rights are misogyny revived,

A brand of slavery just newly contrived"

But I hold no opinion,

Of new confederates losing battles to new unions,

Or new religions slaying children for dominion.

Let me just concentrate on making my first million.

Let me not realise, what I could've foreseen

That I could've been, what I could've been! Ah to control the mess of obviousness,

Of the smooth caress and daily stress of princesses,

I'd give my soul to know the cold

Of hands oppressed by promises too old.

Oh, but I could so easily tell,

That my lips kissed the bars of a cell,

Of sweet abundance,
I would abandon for a partner in the dance,
Like an old king protecting borders from the Lanc-
Etot of fear that would forbid that king a chance.
To have realised, to have foreseen...
What he could've been, what I could've been!

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