

Your Possible Pasts

Anathema

They flutter behind you, your possible pasts
Some bright-eyed and crazy, some frightened and lost
A warning to anyone still in command
Of their possible future to take care
In derelict sidings the poppies entwine
With cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time
Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be closer?
She stood in the doorway, the ghost of a smile
Haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign
Her cold eyes imploring the men in their macs
For the gold in their bags or the knives in their backs
Stepping up boldly one put out his hand
He said, "I was just a child, then now I'm only a man"
Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be closer?
By the cold and religious, we were taken in hand
Shown how to feel good and told to feel bad
Tongue tied and terrified we learned how to pray
Now our feelings run deep and cold as the clay
And strung out behind us, the banners and flags
Of our possible pasts lie in tatters and rags
Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be closer?

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