You Lost My Memory

Skyclad

Unstoppable force and immovable object,
repel one another when by chance colliding.
The Brownian-Motion within this love potion,
ensures our opinions are always dividing.
I am from Mars my dear;
you hail from Venus.
A meeting star-crossed
like the Sun and the Moon.
Destined to let this cruel world
come between us.
Our last kiss eclipsed by a shadow at noon.A rose that is built
out of music by moonlight;
petals stained ruby with nightingale blood.
Cast down in disgust
to be crushed by a cart-wheel,
because of mere trivia misunderstood.We quest for a grail of illusive perfection,
each hoping we'll find it some glorious day.
Yet gaze with remorse at our jaded reflection,
that looks like The Picture Of Dorian Gray.[Chorus:]
Siamese Twins who were joined at the heart.
Love's an affliction without a known remedy.
Blunt-bladed fate
deemed to cleave us apart;
Emotional surgery pays no indemnity.
Some seek release with effete anaesthesia,
others adapt to the role of sworn enemy.
You found nepenthe in cheap, sweet amnesia;
It was far easier losing my memory.And the nightingale sang:
"Sing love's lament
with a thorn at your breast.
Impaled by her barb;
cruel and unforgiving.
A million dead poets would gladly attest;
heart-ache's a keepsake
to remind us we're living."[Chorus:]
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