

Day of Mourning

Despised Icon

A startling phone call
led to a night of little sleep,
counting blessings instead of sheep.
We gathered the next morning

renewing a bond weakened by years of separation.
And though our worlds had slowly drifted apart,
the early memories we shared still remained timeless in our hearts.
There was a time when we closely followed each other's footsteps,
dreaming of endless summers and becoming drummers.

Those days are gone.
We mourn the loss of a childhood friend
trapped in a man's fading intellect.

So long, let these tears wash away the blood on your hands.
So long, you're forgiven for easing her pain.

I can still picture the apartment
where it took place.
We used to play hours downstairs, beating drums and hitting snares.

Embrace those times to endure. That day felt like your funeral.
Until we meet again.
You will never be forgotten.

Lyrics submitted by Benito.

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