

Patti Smith, Memento Mori

the fans were whirlin'
like the blades of a 'copter
liftin' into the skies above some foreign land
soaked with the bodies of so many friends.

Johnny waved
he was on his way home
he waved goodbye to his comrades in arms,
and all the twisted things he'd seen.
he waved goodbye
and the blades hit
something
maybe just Fate, but the blades hit
the 'copter went up in flames
and Johnny never went marchin' home
Johnny never went marchin' home

they took his name
and they carved it on a slab of marble
with several thousand other names
all the fallen idols
the apples of their mother's eye
just another name

meanwhile
back on that burning shore
Johnny's comrades stood speechless
they looked with uh-uh-uh-uh disbelieving eyes
as those bits of metal and the embers
the embers of his eyes
fanned out into the air
black dust
flames

oh Johnny! some day they'll make a movie about you
and in the making of that movie
some mad apocalypse
it will become even stranger than the simple act
just a boy going up up up
just a boy going up
in flames in the smoke
just another life
just another breath
and who'll remember
oh eternity now
as eternal as a sheet of marble
eternal as a slab on a green hill
and your name
and all your fallen brothers
and all the ones not cut
all the ones remembered only in the hearts
a mother a father a brother a sister a lover a son a daughter
shall not shall not fade shall not fade

your ancestors salute you
and the gods of your ancestors salute you
having having been formed by the minds of your ancestors
the gods of your ancestors salute you
having been formed by your ancestors
the gods of your ancestors salute you
they draw you in they draw you through
they draw they draw you through that golden door

mornin' boy [come on in boy]

we remember you
we conceived of you
we conceived of your breath
we conceived of the whole human race
and we conceived it to be a beautiful thing
like a tulip bending in the wind
sometimes it comes back to us
in the form of a handful of dust
comes back in the form of a smitten child
our raped daughters, ah the broken bones
souls cleaved from hearts
they come back to us
and our hands are filled with their rotting tissues
but we turn not our backs
we press our lips
into their cancer into the dust into the remains of each one
and that love is there and will greet you, will greet you
mornin' boy [come on in boy]
it's eternal love

well here, go ahead, run through that flame
awww man, running through your mind
you took a cat, you took a life, you took it by the tail
and you swirled it around your head
and you thrashed it, you smashed the life out of it
and you knew that it would be your own
but you wanted to feel, you wanted to feel it die
because you know you would feel your own
you would feel your own
but you're remembered!
you're remembered!
you're remembered DEAD!
you're remembered DEAD!
you're remembered DEAD!
we remember
we remember
we remember
everything
everything