

# Erasure, Drama!

One rule for us, for you another  
Do unto yourself as you see fit for yor brother

Is that not within realm of understanding?  
A fifty second capacity of mind, too demanding?

Well the poor unfortunate you  
There are a myriad of things that you can do  
Like pick up a pen and paper or go and talk to a friend  
The history of the future  
No violence or revenge

Chorus:  
Your shame is never . . . ending  
Just one psychological drama after another  
You are guilty and how you ever entered into this life  
God only knows, the infinite complexities of love

We all have the ability  
Our freedom is fragile  
We all laugh and we cry, don't we?  
We all bleed and we smile

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Just one psychological drama after another  
You are guilty and how you ever entered into this life  
God only knows, you're not to sacrifice the art of love

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