

# Parlour Steps, Thieves of Memory

This clock's got a hold of us!  
Let me lighten the weight you're lifting.  
This fear's got a hold of us!  
Let me lighten the weight you're believing.

Now who are your heroes?  
Now who will save you?

This past has got a hold of us!  
Don't leave history to the thieves of memory.  
Death has got a hold of us!  
Feel lucky to have loved so deeply.