

# Peter Hammill, Primo On The Parapet

He crawled on hallowed ground without a map;  
he walks on hollow legs, leaving no footprint;  
drifts like a ghost through the quarters of lost desire,  
breathing underwater, still running through the fire.

Four horsemen drive the coach of Holocaust home  
and with what sense of history do we view our bright new world,  
with the video nasty blasting through the set  
of our next door neighbour? Do we learn to forget?  
Do we learn just to forget?

And raw barbarity sleeps, spore in soil?  
No-one an innocent, no-one entirely immune.  
Still we wait for a saviour, there are no saints as yet.  
Just that guilt badge of survival, we learn to forget.

The blindest eye is turned on the beast we clothe,  
drab in the uniform of silent acquiescence.  
So I'll raise this toast to Primo, climbing up upon the parapet  
with one final word of caution: we must learn not to forget.  
We must learn not to forget.  
We must learn not to forget.

There's pain in remembrance,  
but we must learn not to forget.

Here's a toast to Primo,  
let's learn not to forget.  
Here's a toast to Primo,  
forgive but don't forget.  
Here's a toast to Primo,  
let's learn not to forget.

One last word of caution  
from the very rim of the parapet.  
One last word in remembrance...  
we must learn not to forget.