

## 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 others  
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.