Ours is the legacy of waste Waste all the things we turned to dust Simple if we would like to find Punished by words I'm takin Finally pressed youd like to know Known for the trip unfolding Pleasantries building as we go Timid the way ill take it Now memory is over memories over Are you still remembering Never meant to go there Are you still remembered All through the dress I lie awake Tearful as I've been ginding Only in your mind to make Helpful or not I take it Now memory is over memories over Are you still remembering Never meant to go there Are you still remembered