

# Anathema, Your Possible Pasts

They flutter behind you your possible pasts  
some bright-eyed and crazy some frightened and lost  
a warning to anyone still in command  
of their possible future to take care  
in derelict sidings the poppies entwine  
with cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time  
Do you remember me? how we used to be?  
do you think we should be closer?  
She stood in the doorway the ghost of a smile  
haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign  
her cold eyes imploring the men in their macs  
for the gold in their bags or the knives in their backs  
stepping up boldly one put out his hand  
he said, "I was just a child then now I'm only a man"  
Do you remember me? how we used to be?  
do you think we should be closer?  
By the cold and religious we were taken in hand  
shown how to feel good and told to feel bad  
tongue tied and terrified we learned how to pray  
now our feelings run deep and cold as the clay  
and strung out behind us the banners and flags  
of our possible pasts lie in tatters and rags  
Do you remember me? how we used to be?  
do you think we should be closer?