

Fade Away

Haight-Ashbury;

Heart of Unquenchable Darkness

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Sing no ballads when we Vietnam
veterans are gone.

Nothing you could harmonize
Could right the wrongs, for
Words you cursed us, we still
Remember...

Neither time nor lyrical words can
wish-away the ugly caustic biting-
hate you hurtled—
the day I returned home from
Vietnam.