

# The Conductor's Departure

Anata

Drawn by a sad melody  
I enter this old theater  
I walk through corridors  
But for the music all is still  
I reckon I'm late for the show  
Strange to say there is no crowd  
But enchanted by the sound  
I start to walk down one of two aisles

But as I reach the stage  
I find the orchestra motionless  
Like frozen in their play  
All covered up in cobwebs  
Indicating the time that passed

All in their evening attire  
Beautiful  
Like an old monochrome photograph

Bows lie still on violins' strings  
The sound comes no longer  
From their instruments  
It's but an echo between these walls  
And has so been for years  
Yet ever so strong

Their eyes focus in the direction  
Where the conductor once was stood  
He'd rule them from the podium  
And they'd anxiously obey  
Any gesture he would make

No one could in their wildest dreams  
Imagine that he while he'd conduct  
Would cast a spell and turn them into  
Stone, statuesque, proud but sad  
The conductor departed but left this dirge  
To accompany their destiny  
I panic as I realize  
The podium was nobody else's place  
But mine

Paralyzed by insight  
I'm viewing my own life  
All my hopes and dreams  
All that could have been  
Turned to stone  
As I stepped down from my throne