

Bleeding Strings

Kluas

The reigning king, high priest of the sonic fire
Baptizing the world with a roaring flame
Lord of the strings,
Born to sweep the world like a fifth wind,
Now gone, but echoing beyond forever

Burning with passion and with grace,
Every night you set the world ablaze
Millions who walked with you through the days
Forever will revere your name
Electric fire from your hands
Burned still on the night your last stand
Breathing life into the world

On the last stage lies a hero with a heart of gold,
Now a fallen warrior with wounds too deep to endure the cold
Your strings still weep as you're taken away too soon,
As you bleed on the strings now the strings bleed with you

With pride he dedicated his life
To keeping the spirit and the flame alive,
Preserving the craft with the power to light millions of hearts
Leaving behind a legacy -
Countless secrets of an art like sorcery,
Now the strings of your followers sing in your honor

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