

The last of our martyrs seeks no adoration
From his castle in the air of eternal vibration
We won't lose sight of the lasting words he wrote
We won't lose sight of what matters most

A shining beacon of wisdom
Armed to the teeth
Fearless conviction
Now that he's gone we're going to miss him

Immortalized between the lines
Conceived by a human heart inside

He once said to us, my friend hope is a prison
But the hope his chords sung only spread love
In a hollow crowned kingdom

There are no fighters left here anymore
See you on the other side
Of that open door

We won't lose sight
We won't lose sight
Of the lasting words he wrote
We won't lose sight of what matters most