

Sunken are the eyes of my creation  
into a glass containing smelly puss  
Whatever sense of gratitude I may have felt  
It went away too soon

He was your son, I was your daughter  
and the dream would last a million years  
Embraced by the song of a million weeping strings  
and all forgotten things

The wheel was my father's  
and mine was the stick

If you ask who made the castle crumble  
and who is left to blame  
I guess my answer to your question  
will most surely be

He played his strings through me  
revealed my symphony

The wheel was my father's  
and mine was the stick