

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