

# April in the Fall

Suspyre

April has always been a child without love.  
Her parents are in constantly arguing around the  
house and never have any time for her. When she  
is alone in her room she listens to the radio to focus  
her energy on something worthwhile. Her mother is a  
good spirit led astray by her father, but manages to  
buy April a small piano.  
That is where our story begins...

April was never really that good for her  
So Mother and Father would say, as they screamed out  
her name  
A Child they never touch, never talk to  
The instruction of their ways may leave nothing but pain

They say the outside world will only hurt you  
They say the dreams of children die in you  
Still your mother noticed and heard your radio  
The only gift she gave was that piano

So unbridled, she came unfurled  
And who makes her hold it in  
How overwhelming a song can be  
To drive her cold within

She plays for hours  
She practices the day away  
It keeps the noise down  
From constant battles down the hall  
Only her fingers  
Captured in movements of the keys  
Could feel emotion  
From her distorted withdraw

So unbridled, she comes unfurled  
And who makes her hold it in  
How overwhelming a song can be  
To drive her cold within

And through the radio she hears her song  
So she learns it, she embraces it  
Her fingers tremble when she plays the notes  
But she feels it, and she knows it

April needs someone for these feelings  
Piercing down through her head  
Only the darkness in her father  
Came flowing out instead  
As her fingers began so simply  
The father gave his peace  
The bullet that killed her piano  
Was also her mother's release