

Song Of Redemption

Woods of Ypres

I am not, that good anymore, and maybe I never was,
But I'll play my heart out for you, one more time.
For in my old age, all I can do is play for you songs from my youth.

So let me share my gift, with you once more,
Just like we had in the past, so many times before.

My hands may shake, my muscles are weak,
I'm not strong as I used to be.
But still I will play for you, and leave you with a song,
For when you have music you're never alone.

Let me share my gift, with you once more
Just like we had in the past, so many times before
The song of redemption is all that I am,
For in the end, the music is all that I have.

And though it feels incomplete, the deadline has come for me.
I must present to you, My 'masterpiece'...
For time is short in my condition, the song of redemption
Will be the final composition, from this tired musician.

Please give me your attention and I will remedy, this silent tension
And I hope that you will remember,
I hope the memories will leave a lasting impression
Of me, when I'm gone. Gone. After I am gone.

I don't need to concentrate, I can close my eyes.
And though you'll hear this song but once,
I've rehearsed it, a thousand times.

But what will you say, after I'm done?
After I've attempted to play the song of redemption.
And what will you say, after I'm gone?
After I've attempted to play the song of redemption.