

Karma Violins

Pale Forest

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

Lyrics provided by

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