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 soonHe 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 thingsThe wheel was my father's
and mine was the stickIf you ask who made the castle crumble
and who is left to blame
I guess my answer to your question
will most surely beHe played his strings through me
revealed my symphonyThe wheel was my father's
and mine was the stick

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