

# Guitar Noir

## Helldorado

The most sensitive string in my soul was tuned  
so high that it menaced to break  
It shivered in fear of its own song,  
but dared not the calm to awake I thought that I had to, my premonition said don't,  
let the song die down in my heart.  
Although I struggle through life for my water and bread  
And have suffered right from the start But the song was so noble, the song was so fine  
with vows of beauty so clean  
It lifted me up from the temporal life  
with the power that lies deep within

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