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 awakeI 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 startBut 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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