

The Everlasting Violinist

He plays his violin at night
It frees him from the daily fright
Yet those notes he plays on the dusty page
Makes them happy, but fills him with rage

A human puppet playing his soul
He remembers his life before it took a toll
His family, the songs once filled him with joy
Now he's playing for demons like their personal toy

Escaping through the music he creates
Going to another world, but it is too late
The fear is too loud to ever escape
He has no room left to even hate

Bow up bow down, play until he dies
For his god is gone, and there is no reason to cry
The chamber will take him, and it won't take long
Until he becomes a thought just like his hopeless song

And now I play the same four strings
Because the joy this instrument brings
And then a tear runs down my face
That joy was once with him, but it was replaced

He knew he would die, he knew they could win
But deep inside there was light growing from his violin
now I'm here and I play for him
And I share with you all his everlasting hymn