

The last of our martyrs seeks no adoration  
From his castle in the air of eternal vibration  
We won't lose sight of the lasting words he wrote  
We won't lose sight of what matters most

A shining beacon of wisdom  
Armed to the teeth  
Fearless conviction  
Now that he's gone we're going to miss him

Immortalized between the lines  
Conceived by a human heart inside

He once said to us, my friend hope is a prison  
But the hope his chords sung only spread love  
In a hollow crowned kingdom

There are no fighters left here anymore  
See you on the other side  
Of that open door

We won't lose sight  
We won't lose sight  
Of the lasting words he wrote  
We won't lose sight of what matters most